THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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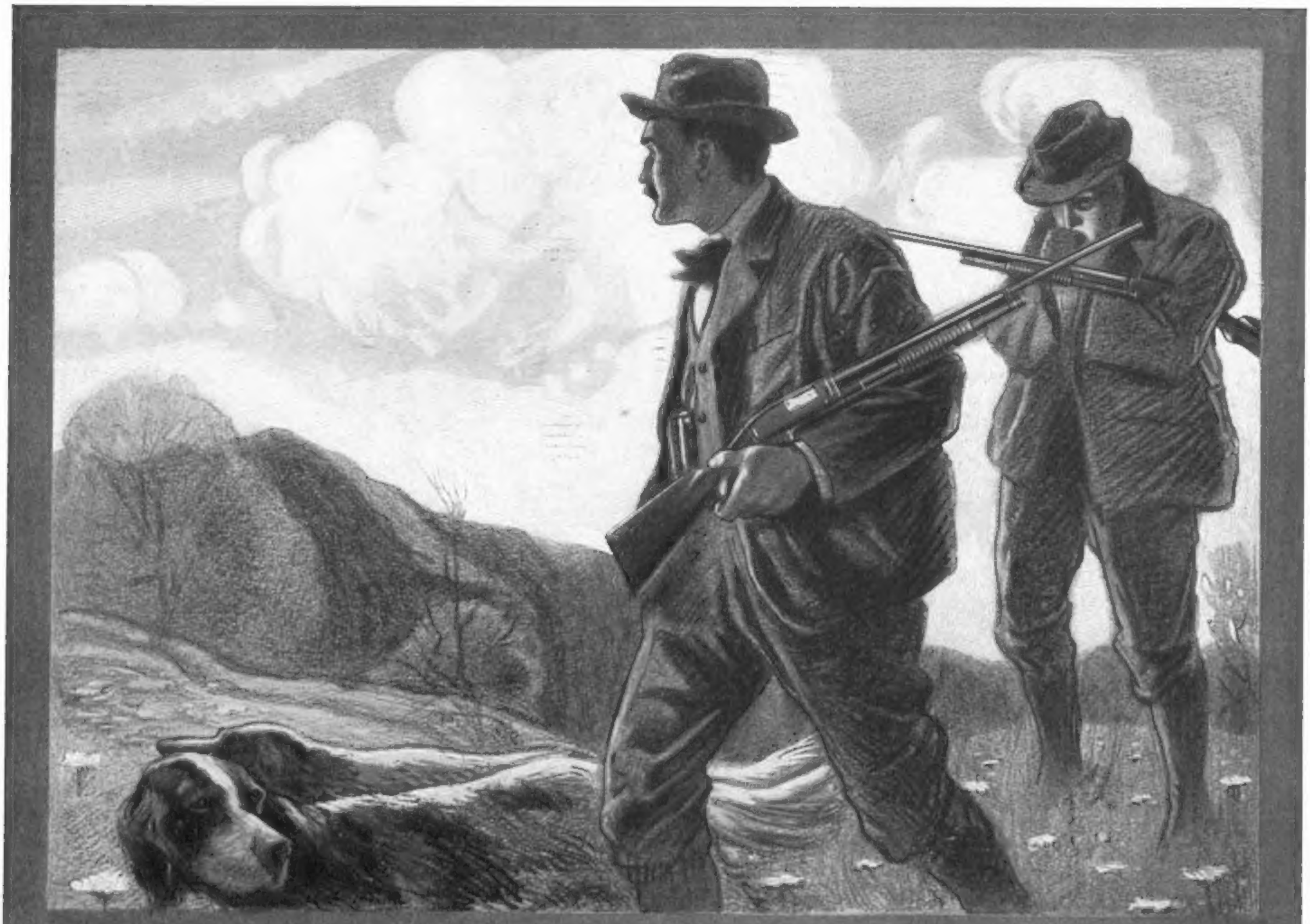
Judge Priest Comes Back—By Irvin S. Cobb



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BY INVITATION MEMBER OF

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Put a Burroughs on the counter where you wrap up the goods. The machine will print and add the figures quicker than your clerk can set them down by pencil. The total can be printed by a pull of the handle, and that

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One mistake prevented each day will pay you a handsome return on your investment. You are now making more than one mistake a day. We stand ready to prove from your own records that you are now paying for a Burroughs in mistakes that can easily be prevented. Whether you're a grocer or

Any other kind of retailer

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Write to any Burroughs Office, or to the factory at Detroit, Michigan, for full information (and easy terms) and for the free Burroughs book for retailers. Branch offices in 170 cities. Your telephone book or your banker will tell you the nearest.

Burroughs

"It is a pleasure to drive a machine that I do not have to stop & visit Each bearing to see how they are getting along." Ed. Demorest

Care-free service, dependability and other inherent qualities cause Hyatt Roller Bearings to withstand the hardest usage in farm tractors as well as in automobiles. These facts are revealed by this straightforward letter from Mr. Demorest.

A tractor is a motor vehicle that is taking the place of the draft horse on the farm, as the automobile has replaced the driving horse on the streets.

It is used at the hardest work—drawing plows, road grading, pulling stumps, dragging logs—work that causes constant and enormous loads and strains upon bearings.

Yet under these, the most severe tests to which bearings may be subjected, Hyatt Roller Bearings give care-free service.

And in the same measure as Hyatt Bearings give care-free service in farm tractors, so do they give care-free service in automobiles.

The experience of thousands of people all over the world who drive Hyatt-equipped automobiles has been that they, too, do not have to give the "bearings a thought." As one prominent car-builder has said: "The better the bearings the less the owner knows about them."

Hyatt Quiet Bearings give care-free service because of their distinctive spiral roller construction. They are self-cleaning and self-lubricating, which minimizes wear. Adjustment, therefore, never is necessary. Lubricated occasionally, Hyatt Bearings run indefinitely without further attention.

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HY-ATT-ROL

Detroit
Chicago
Newark, N. J.

Delaware, Ohio, March 29th, 1915.

Hyatt Roller Bearing Co.,
Chicago.

Gentlemen:

I have received several letters from you, but neglected to answer. I have not had the bearings out since I built the tractor; of course I never give them a thought.

I have pulled three plows 9 inches deep for seven hours without a stop except for corners, which are turned as quick as any team of horses.

In building the present machine I used five of your bearings out of the old machine which I had driven one year; they showed no sign of wear to speak of. I expect to take this machine down after the busy season. We have a county job on road grading that will last till the middle of April and I will plow then till first of May. I have been using the tractor recently in a clearing, pulling stumps, dragging logs, etc. I will let you know later how the bearings look.

It is a pleasure to drive a machine that I do not have to stop and visit each bearing to see how they are getting along.

Yours, without a struggle,
ED. DEMOREST.

HYATT

ROLLER BEARINGS

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JUDGE PRIEST COMES BACK

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

FROM time to time persons of an inquiring turn of mind have been moved audibly to speculate—I might even say to ponder—regarding the enigma underlying the continued presence in the halls of our National Congress of the Honorable Dabney Prentiss. All were as one in agreeing that he had a magnificent delivery, but in this same connection it has repeatedly been pointed out that he so rarely had anything to deliver. Some few among this puzzled contingent, knowing, as they did, the habits and customs of the people down in our country, could understand how in a corner of the land where the gift of tongue is still highly revered and the golden chimings of a full-jeweled throat are not yet entirely lost in the click of cash registers and the whir of looms, within limitations the Honorable Dabney might have been oratorically conspicuous and politically useful, not alone to himself but to others. But as a constructive statesman sent up to Washington, District of Columbia, and there engaged in shaping loose ends of legislation into the welded and the tempered law, they could not seem to see him at all, at all. It was such a one, an editorial writer upon a metropolitan daily, who once referred to Representative Prentiss as The Human Voice. The title stuck, a fact patently testifying to its aptness. That which follows here is an attempt to explain the mystery of this gentleman's elevation to the high places which he recently adorned.

To go back to the very start of things we must first review briefly the case of old Mr. Lysander John Curd, even though he be but an incidental figure in the narrative. He was born to be incidental, I reckon, heredity, breeding and the chance of life all conspiring together to fit him for that inconsequential rôle. He was born to be a background. The one thing he ever did in all his span on earth to bring him for a moment into the front of the picture was that, having reached middle age, he took unto himself a young wife. But since he kept her only long enough to lose her, even this circumstance did not serve to focus the attention of the community upon his uncolored personality for any considerable period of time.

Considering him in all his aspects—as a volunteer soldier in the Great War, as a district school-teacher, as a merchant in our town, as a bachelor of long standing, as a husband for a fleeting space, and as a grass widower for the rest of his days—I have gleaned that he never did anything ignoble or anything conspicuous. Indeed, I myself, who knew him as a half-grown boy may know a middle-aged man, find it hard after the lapse of years to describe him physically for you. I seem to recall that he was neither tall nor short, neither thick nor thin. He had the customary number of limbs and the customary number of features arranged in the customary way—I know that, of course. It strikes me that his eyes were mild and gentle, that he was, as the saying runs, soft-spoken and that his whiskers were straggly and thin, like young second growth in a new clearing; also that he wore his winter overcoat until the hot suns of springtime scorched it, and that he clung to his summer alpaca and his straw hat until the frosts of autumn came along and nipped them with the sumac and the dogwood. That lets me out. Excusing these things, he abides merely as a blur in my memory.

On a certain morning of a certain year, the month being April, Judge Priest sat at his desk in his chamber, so-called, which was a bare wide room behind the circuit courtroom on the right-hand side of the long hall in the old courthouse, as you came in from the Jefferson Street door. He was shoulders deep down in his big chair, with both his plump legs outstretched and one crossed over the other, and he was reading a paper-bound volume dealing in the main with certain inspiring episodes in the spectacular life of a Western person known as Trigger Sam. On his way downtown from home that morning he had stopped by Wilcox & Powell's bookstore and purchased this work at the price of five cents; it was the latest production of the facile pen of a popular and indefatigable author of an earlier day than this, the late Ned Buntline. In his hours of leisure and seclusion the Judge dearly loved a good nickel library, especially one with a lot of shooting and some thrilling rescues in it. Now he was in the middle of one of the most exciting chapters when there came a mild rap at the outer door. Judge Priest slid the Trigger Sam book into a half-open drawer and called out:

"Come right on in, whoever 'tis."

The door opened and old Mr. Lysander John Curd entered, in his overcoat, with his head upon his chest.

"Good morning, Judge Priest," he said in his gentle halting drawl; "could I speak with you in private a minute? It's sort of a personal matter and I wouldn't care to have anybody maybe overhearing."

"You most certainly could," said Judge Priest. He glanced through into the adjoining room at the back, where Circuit Clerk Milam and Sheriff Giles Birdsong, heads together, were busy over the clerical details of the forthcoming term of circuit court. Arising laboriously from his comfortable place he waddled across and kicked the open door between the two rooms shut with a thrust of a foot clad in a box-toed, low-quartered shoe. On his way back to his desk he brushed an accumulation of old papers out of a cane-bottomed chair. "Set down here, Lysandy," he said in that high whiny voice of his, "and let's hear what's on your mind. Nice weather, ain't it?"

An eavesdropper trained, mayhap, in the psychology of tone and gesture might have divined from these small acts and this small utterance that Judge Priest had reasons for suspecting what was on his caller's mind; as though this visit was not entirely unexpected, even though he had had no warning of it. There was in the Judge's words an intangible inflection of understanding, say, or sympathy; no, call it compassion—that would be nearer to it. The two old men—neither of them would ever see sixty-five again—lowered themselves into the two chairs and sat facing each other across the top of the Judge's piled and dusty desk. Through his steel-rimmed glasses the Judge fixed a pair of kindly, but none-the-less keen, blue eyes on Mr. Lysander Curd's sagged and slumped figure. There was despondency and there was embarrassment in all the drooping lines of that elderly frame. Judge Priest's lips drew up tightly, and unconsciously he nodded—the brief nod that a surgeon might employ on privately confirming a private diagnosis.

The other did not detect these things—neither the puckering of the lips nor the small forward bend of the Judge's head. His own chin was in his collar and his own averted eyes were on the floor. One of his hands—agnarly,

"Good Morning, Judge Priest; Could I Speak With You in Private a Minute?"

rather withered hand it must have been—reached forth absently and fumbled at a week-old copy of the Daily Evening News that rested upon a corner of the desk. The twining fingers tore a little strip loose from the margin of a page and rolled it up into a tiny wad.

For perhaps half a minute there was nothing said. Then Judge Priest bent forward suddenly and touched the nearer-most sleeve of Mr. Curd with a gentle little half-pat.

"Well, Lysandy?" he prompted.

"Well, Judge." The words were the first the visitor had uttered since his opening speech, and they came from him reluctantly. "Well, sir, it would seem like I hardly know how to start. This is a mighty personal matter that I've come to see you in regards to—and it's just a little bit hard to speak about it even to somebody that I've known most of my life, same as I've always known you. But things in my home have finally come to a head, and before the issue reaches you in an official capacity as the judge on the bench I sort of felt like it might help some—might make the whole thing pass off easier for all concerned—if I could have a few words with you privately, as a friend and as a former comrade in arms on the field of battle."

"Yes, Lysandy, go ahead. I'm listenin'," stated Judge Priest as the other halted.

Old Mr. Curd raised his face and in his faded eyes there was at once a bewildered appeal and a fixed and definite resolution. He spoke on very slowly and carefully, choosing his words as he went, but without faltering:

"I don't know as you know about it, Judge Priest—the chances are you naturally wouldn't—but in a domestic way things haven't been going very smoothly with me—with us, I should say—for quite a spell back. I reckon after all it's a mistake on the part of a man after he's reached middle age and got set in his ways to be taking a young wife, more especially if he can't take care of her in a way she's been used to, or anyhow in a way in which she'd like to be taken care of. I suppose it's only human nature for a young woman to hanker after considerable many things that a man like me can't always give her—jewelry and pretty things, and social life, and running round and seeing people, and such as that. And Luella—well, Luella really ain't much more than a girl herself yet, is she?"

The question remained unanswered. It was plain, too, that Mr. Curd had expected no answer to it, for he went straight on:

"So I feel as if the blame for what's happened is most of it mine. I reckon I was too old to be thinking about getting married in the first place. And I wasn't very well off then either—not well enough off to have the money I should've had if I expected to make Luella contented. Still, all that part of it's got nothing to do with the matter as it stands—I'm just telling it to you, Judge, as a friend."

"I understand, Lysandy," said Judge Priest almost in the tone which he might have used to an unhappy child. "This is all a strict confidence between us two and this is all the further it'll ever go, so fur as I'm concerned, without you authorize me to speak of it."

He waited for what would come next. It came in slow, steady sentences, with the regularity of a statement painfully rehearsed beforehand:

"Judge Priest, I've never been a believer in divorce as a general thing. It seemed to me there was too much of that sort of thing going on round this country. That's always been my own private doctrine, more or less. But in my own case I've changed my mind. We've been talking it over back and forth and we've decided—Luella and me have—that under the circumstances a divorce is the best thing for both of us; in fact we've decided that it's the only thing. I want that Luella should be happy and I think maybe I'll feel easier in my own mind when it's all over and done with and settled up according to the law. I'm aiming to do what's best for both parties—and I want that Luella should be happy. I want that she should be free to live her own life in her own way without me hampering her. She's young and she's got her whole life before her—that's what I'm thinking of."

He paused and with his tongue he moistened his lips, which seemed dry.

"I don't mind telling you I didn't feel this way about it first-off. It was a pretty tolerable hard jolt to me—the way the proposition first came up. I've spent a good many sleepless nights thinking it over. At least I couldn't sleep very much for thinking of it," he amended with the literal impulse of a literal mind to state things exactly and without exaggeration. "And then finally I saw my way clear to come to this decision. And so ——"

"Lysandy Curd," broke in Judge Priest, "I don't aim to give you any advice. In the first place, you ain't asked fur it; and in the second place, even ef you had asked, I'd hesitate a monstrous long time before I'd undertake to advise any man about his own private family affairs. But I jest want to ask you one thing right here: It wasn't you, was it, that first proposed the idea of this here divorce?"

"Well, no, Judge, I don't believe 'twas," confessed the old man whose misery-reddened eyes looked into Judge Priest's from across the littered desk. "I can't say as it was me that first suggested it. But that's neither here nor there. The point I'm trying to get at is just this:

"The papers have all been drawn up and they'll be bringing them in here sometime to-day to be filed—the lawyers in the case will, Bigger & Quigley. Naturally, with me and Luella agreeing as to everything, there's not going to be any fight made in your court. And after it's all over I'm aiming to sell out my grocery store—it seems like I haven't been able to make it pay these last few months, the same as it used to pay, and debts have sort of piled up on me some way. I reckon the fellow that said two could live as cheap as one didn't figure on one of them being a young woman—pretty herself and wanting pretty things to wear and have round the house. But I shouldn't say that—I've come to see how it's mainly my fault, and I'm figuring on how to spare Luella in every way that it's possible to spare her. So as I was saying, I'm figuring, when it's all over, on selling out my interests here, such as they are, and going back to live on that little farm I own out yonder in the Lone Elm district. It's got a mortgage on it that I put on it here some months back, but I judge I can lift that and get the place clear again, if I'm given a fair amount of time to do it in.

"And now that everything's been made clear to you, I want to ask you, Judge, to do all in your power to make things as easy as you can for Luella. I'd a heap rather there wouldn't be any fuss made over this case in the newspapers. It's just a straight, simple divorce suit, and after all it's just between me and my present wife, and it's more our business than 'tis anybody else's. So, seeing as the case is not going to be defended, I'd take it as a mighty big favor on your part if you'd shove it up on the docket for the coming term of court, starting next Monday, so as we could get it done and over with just as soon as possible. That's my personal wish, and I know it's Luella's wish too. In fact she's right anxious on that particular point. And here's one more thing: I reckon that young Rawlings boy, that's taken a job reporting news items for the Daily Evening News, will be round here in the course of the day, won't he?"

"He likely will," said Judge Priest; "he comes every day—purty near it. Why?"

"Well," said Mr. Curd, "I don't know him myself except by sight, and I don't feel as if I was in a position to be asking him to do anything for me. But I thought, maybe, if you spoke to him yourself when he came, and put it on the grounds of a favor to you, maybe he'd not put any more than just a little short piece in the paper saying suit had been filed—Curd against Curd—for a plain divorce, or maybe he might leave it out of his paper altogether. I'd like to see Luella shielded from any newspaper talk. It ain't as if there was a scandal in it or a fight was going to be made." He bent forward in his eagerness. "Do you reckon you could do that much for me, Judge Priest—for old times' sake?"

"Ah-hah," assented Judge Priest. "I reckin part of it kin be arranged anyway. I kin have Lish Milam set the case forward on the docket at the head of the list of uncontested actions. And I'll mention the matter to that there young Rawlings ef you want me to. Speaking personally, I should think jest a line or two ought to satisfy the readers of the Daily Evenin' News. Of course him being a reporter and all that, he'll probably want to know what the facts are as set forth in your petition—what allegations are made in ——"

He stopped in mid-speech, seeing how the other had flinched at this last. Mr. Curd parted his lips to interrupt, but the old Judge, having no wish to flick wounds already raw, hurried on:

"Don't you worry, Lysandy, I'll be glad to speak to young Rawlings. I jedge you've got no call to feel uneasy about what's goin' to be said in print. You was sayin' jest now that the papers would be filed sometime to-day?"

"They'll be filed to-day, sure."

"And no defense is to be made?" continued Judge Priest, tallying off the points on his fingers. "And you've retained Bigger & Quigley to represent you—that's right, ain't it?"

"Hold on a minute, Judge." Old Mr. Curd was shaking his whity-gray head in dissent. "I've taken up a lot of your valuable time already, and still it would seem like I haven't succeeded in getting this affair all straight in your mind. Bigger & Quigley are not going to represent me. They're going to represent Luella."

He spoke as one stating an accepted and easily understood fact, yet at the words Judge Priest reared back as far as his chair would let him go and his ruddy cheeks swelled out with the breath of amazement.

"Do you mean to tell me," he demanded, "that you ain't the plaintiff here?"

"Why, Judge Priest," answered Mr. Curd, "you didn't think for a minute, did you, that I'd come into court seeking to blacken my wife's good name? She's been thoughtless, maybe, but I know she don't mean no harm by it, and besides look how young she is. It's her, of course, that's asking for this divorce—I thought you understood about that from the beginning."

Still in his posture of astonishment, Judge Priest put another question and put it briskly: "Might it be proper fur me to ask on what grounds this lady is suin' you fur a divorce?"

A wave of dull red ran up old Mr. Curd's throat and flooded his shamed face to the hair line.

"On two grounds," he said—"non-support and drunkenness."

"Non-support?"

"Yes; I haven't been able to take care of her lately as I should like to, on account of my business difficulties and all."

"But look here at me, Lysandy Curd—you ain't no drunkard. You never was one. Don't tell me that!"

"Well, now, Judge Priest," argued Mr. Curd, "you don't know about my private habits, and even if I haven't been drinking in public up to now, that's no sign I'm not fixing to start in doing so. Besides which my keeping silent shows that I admit to everything, don't it? Well, then?" He stood up. "Well, I reckon that's all. I won't be detaining you any longer. I'm much obliged to you, Judge, and I wish you good-day, sir."

For once Judge Priest forgot his manners. He uttered not a syllable, but only stared through his spectacles in stunned and stricken silence while Mr. Curd passed out into the hallway, gently closing the door behind him. Then Judge Priest vented his emotions in a series of snorts.

In modern drama what is technically known as the "stage aside" has gone out of vogue; it is called old-fashioned. Had a latter-day playwright been there then, he would have resented the Judge's thoughtlessness in addressing empty space. Nevertheless that was exactly what the Judge did.

"Under the strict letter of the law I ought to throw that case out of court, I s'pose. But I'm teetotally dam' ef I do any such of a thing! . . . That old man's heart is broke now, and there ain't no earthly reason that I kin

If They Could Strike a Blow at Judge Priest, So Much the Better

The Judge Led the Fight for the Minority

think of why that she-devil should be allowed to tromp on the pieces. And that's jest exactly what she'll do, shore as shootin', unless she's let free mighty soon to go her own gait. . . . Their feet take hold on hell. . . . I'll bet in the Kingdom there'll be many a man that was called a simple-minded fool on this earth that'll wear the biggest, shiniest halo old Peter kin find in stock."

He reached for the Trigger Sam book, but put it back again in the drawer. He reached into a gaping side pocket of his coat for his corncob pipe, but forgot to charge the fire-blackened bowl from the tobacco canister that stood handily upon his desk. Chewing hard upon the discolored cane stem of his pipe, he projected himself toward the back room and opened the door, to find Mr. Milam, the circuit clerk, and Mr. Birdsong, the sheriff, still engaged together in official duties there.

"Lish," he said from the doorway, "young Rawlings generally gits round here about two o'clock in the evenin', don't he?"

"Generally about two or two-thirty," said Mr. Milam.

"I thought so. Well, to-day when he comes tell him, please, I want to see him a minute in my chambers."

"What if you're not here? Couldn't I give him the message?"

"I'll be here," promised the Judge. "And there's one thing more: Bigger & Quigley will file a divorce petition to-day—Curd versus Curd is the title of the suit. Put it at the head of the list of undefended actions, please, Lish, as near the top of the docket as you kin."

"Curd? Is it the Lysander Curds, Judge?" asked Mr. Milam.

"You guessed right the very first pop—it's the Lysandy Curds," said Judge Priest grimly.

"Well, for one I'm not surprised," said Mr. Milam. "If poor old Lysander hadn't stayed blind for about two years after the rest of this town got its eyes wide open this suit would have been filed long before now."

But Judge Priest didn't hear him. He had closed the door.

Mr. Milam looked meaningly at Mr. Birdsong. Mr. Birdsong felt in his hip pocket for his plug and helped himself to a copious chew, meanwhile looking meaningly back at Mr. Milam. With the cud properly bestowed in his right jaw Mr. Birdsong gave vent to what for him was a speech of considerable length:

"Jedge said Bigger & Quigley, didn't he? Well, they're a good smart team of lawyers, but ef I was in Lysander John Curd's shoes I think I'd intrust my interests in this matter to a different firm than them."

"Who's that?" inquired Mr. Milam.

"It's a Yankee firm up North," answered Mr. Birdsong with a sidelong glance down his right flank to where a black rubber butt protruded from his hip pocket. "They ain't lawyers; they make hardware mostly."

It will be noted that our worthy sheriff fell plump into the same error over which Judge Priest's feet had stumbled a few minutes earlier—he assumed offhand, Sheriff Birdsong did, that in this cause of Curd against Curd the husband was to play the rôle of the party aggrieved. Indeed, we may feel safe in assuming that at first blush almost anybody in our town would have been guilty of that same mistake. The real truth in this regard, coming out, as it very shortly did—before sunset of that day, in fact—gave the community a profound shock. From house to house, from street to street and from civic ward to civic ward the tale spread, growing as it went. The Daily Evening News carried merely the barest of bare statements, coupled with the style of the action and the names of the attorneys for the plaintiff; but with spicy added details, pieced out from surmise and common rumor, the amazing tidings traveled across narrow roads and through the panels of partition fences with a rapidity which went far toward proving that the tongue is mightier than the printed line, or at least is speedier.

Hard upon the heels of the first jolting disclosure correlated incidents eventuated, and these, as the saying goes, supplied fuel to the flames. Just before supper-time old Mr. Lysander Curd went with dragging feet and downcast head to Mrs. Teenie Morrill's boarding house, carrying in one hand a rusty valise, and from Mrs. Morrill he straightway engaged board and lodging for an indefinite period. And in the early dusk of the evening Mrs. Lysander Curd drove out in the smart top-phaeton that her husband had given her on her most recent birthday—she sitting very erect and handling the ribbons on her little spirited bay mare very prettily, and being seemingly all oblivious to the hostile eyes which stared at her from sidewalks and porch fronts. About dark she halted at the corner of Clay and Contest, where a row of maples, new fledged with young leaves, made a thick shadow across the road.

Exactly there, as it so chanced, State Senator Horace K. Maydew happened to be loitering about, enjoying the cooling breezes of the spring night, and he lifted his somewhat bulky but athletic forty-year-old form into the phaeton alongside of the lady. In close conversation they were seen to drive out Contest and to turn into the Towhead Road; and—if we may believe what that willing witness, old Mrs. Whitledge, who lived at the corner of Clay and Contest, had to say upon the subject—it was ten minutes of eleven o'clock before they got back again to that corner. Mrs. Whitledge knew the exact hour, because she stayed up in her front room to watch, with one eye out of the bay window and the other on the mantel clock. To be sure, this had happened probably a hundred times before—this meeting of the pair in the shadows of the water maples, this riding in company over quiet country roads until all hours—but by reason of the day's sensational developments it now took on an enhanced significance. Mrs. Whitledge could hardly wait until morning to call up, one by one, the members of her circle of intimate friends. I judge the telephone company never made much money off of Mrs. Whitledge even in ordinary times; she rented her telephone by the month and she used it by the hour.

As we are following the course of things with some regard for their chronological sequence, perhaps I should state here that on the next day but one the Lysander John Curd grocery and feed store was closed on executions sworn out by a coterie of panic-stricken creditors. It is a mistake, I think, to assume that rats always leave a sinking ship. It has been my limited observation that, if they are commercial rats, they stay aboard and nibble more holes in the hull. However, that is neither here nor there.

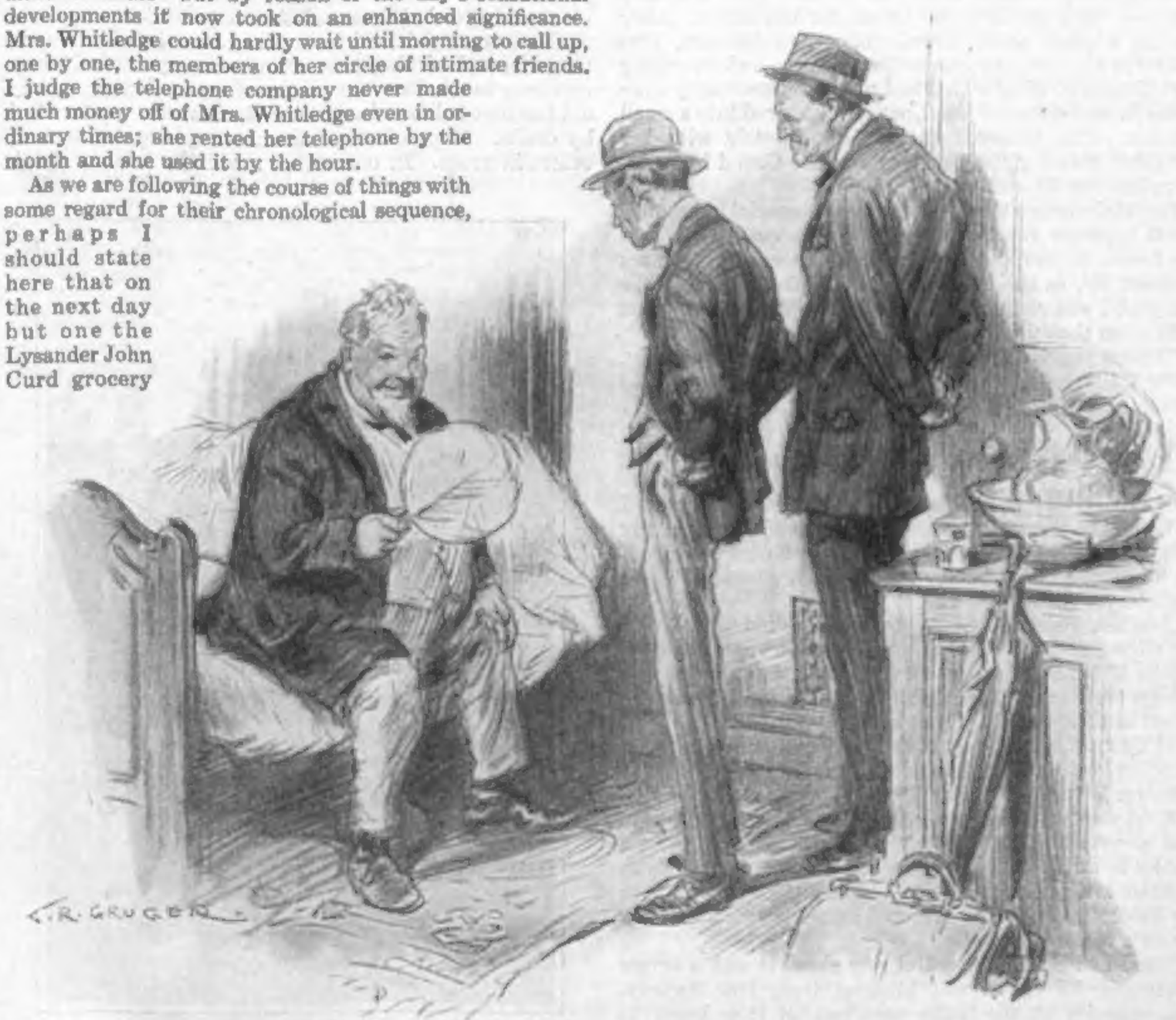
In less than no time at all following this—in less than two weeks thereafter, to be exact—the coils which united Mr. Lysander Curd and Luella his wife in the bonds of matrimony were by due process of the statutory law unloosed and cast off. Being free, the ex-husband promptly gathered together such meager belongings as he might call his own and betook himself to that little mortgage-covered farm of his out Lone Elm way. Being free also, the ex-wife with equal celerity became the bride of State Senator Horace K. Maydew, with a handy justice of the peace to officiate at the ceremony. It was characteristic of State Senator Maydew that he should move briskly in consummating this, the paramount romance of his life. For he was certainly an up-and-coming man.

There was no holding him down, it seemed. Undoubtedly he was a rising light, and the lady who now bore his name was bound and determined that she would rise with him. She might have made one matrimonial mistake, but this time she had hitched her wagon to a star—a star which soared amain and cast its radiance afar. Soon she was driving her own car—and a seven-passenger car at that. They sent to Chicago for an architect to design their new home on Bryant Boulevard and to Louisville for a decorator to decorate it. It wasn't the largest house in town, but it was by long odds the smartest.

The Senator willed that she should have the best of everything, and she had it. For himself he likewise desired much. His was an uneasy ambition, which ate into him like a canker and gave him no peace. Indeed, peace was not of his craving. He watered his desire with the waters of self-appreciation and mulched it with constant energy, and behold it grew like the gourd and bourgeoned like the bay tree. He had been mayor; at this time he was state senator; presently it was to transpire that he would admire to be more than that.

Always his handclasp had been ardent and clinging. Now the inner flames that burned its owner made it feverish to the touch. His smile was as warming as a grate fire and almost as wide. Shoulders were made for him to slap, and children had been created into the world to the end that he might inquire regarding their general health and well doing. Wherefore parents—and particularly young parents—were greatly drawn to him. If there was a lodge he joined it; if there was a church fair he went to it; if there was an oration to be made he made it. His figure broadened and took on a genial dignity. Likewise in the accumulation of worldly goods he waxed amazingly well.

(Continued on Page 45)



With Captain Buck Owings and With Sheriff Giles Birdsong He Was Closeted Perhaps Ten Minutes

The Hohenzollerns at Home

By an Ex-Lady of the German Court

SOME years ago the Kaiser expressed his imperial desire that several ladies of different nationalities should join his official family to assist in the education of the royal children.

The German lady who proposed me—I never knew exactly why, except perhaps because I was a Protestant, could read aloud, and was not suspected of socialistic tendencies—was so well-born, according to ultra-Prussian notions, that the Kaiser and Kaiserin placed great confidence in her judgment. With twenty years' experience of court life behind her, she felt it her duty to warn me of the difficulties of the position of "glorified governess," for which I was a candidate.

"If you live in the palace," she said, "you will have to use one quality from morning until night—tact; more tact; still more tact."

I thought then that she exaggerated the drawbacks of standing near a throne. I imagined emperors and empresses lived with their crowns on from morning until night, so to speak—as we are all apt to do. And I felt certain that those who surrounded them enjoyed a liberty and luxury which were denied to common mortals.

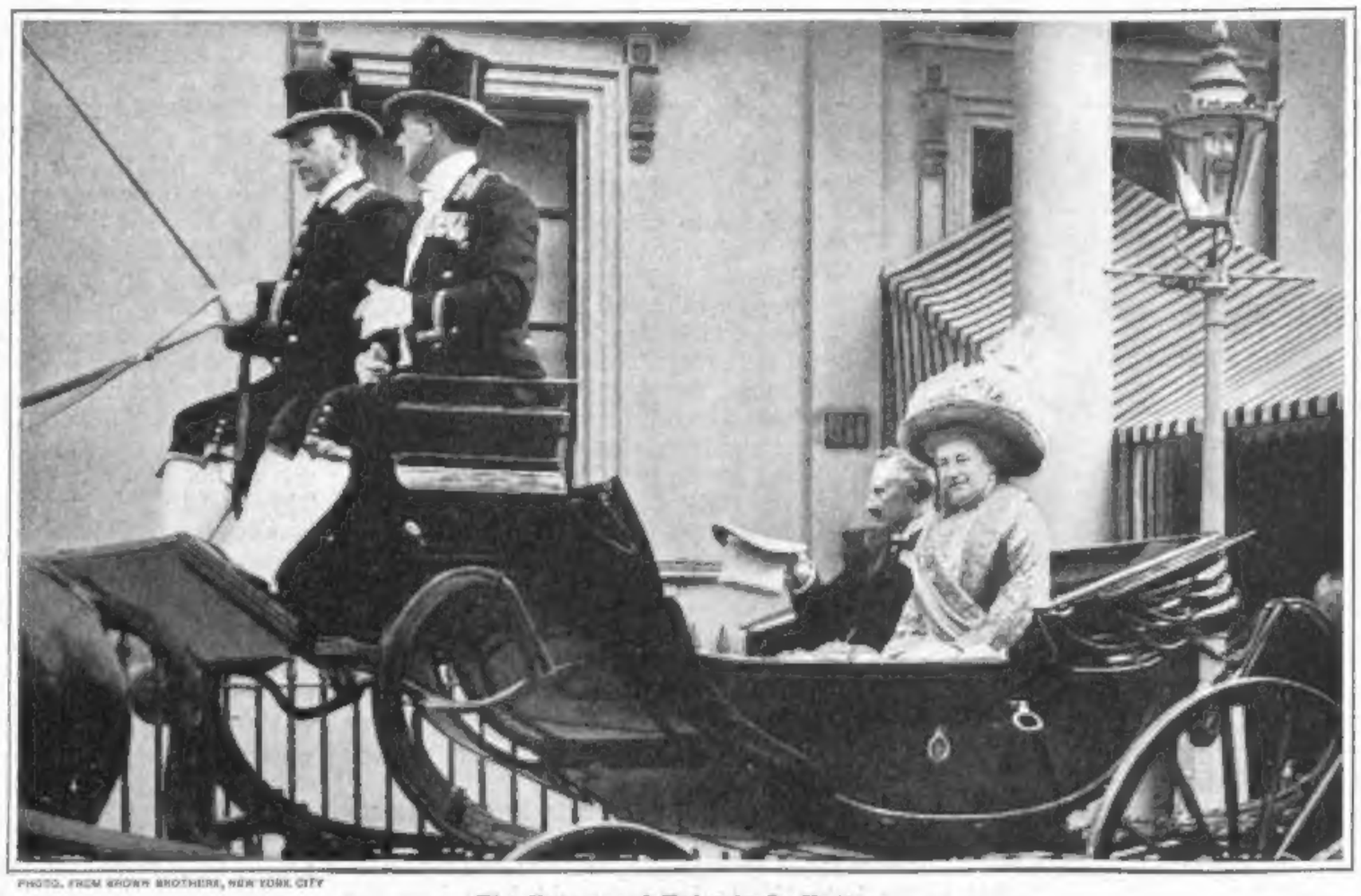


PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The Kaiser and Kaiserin Go Visiting

Vain notions! There was far less luxury at the German Court in those days than in the house of any rich American; far more boredom than in an English country town—and no freedom at all for anybody except the Kaiser. An inmate of a Prussian royal residence was, in fact, simply a prisoner in a gilded cage, with etiquette for a jailer.

This unpleasant truth began to dawn on me only when it was too late to draw back—on the day when Countess von —— took me into the palace for inspection. After passing a great many chamberlains and footmen, who looked to me more like counts than lackeys, and traversing various salons, all of which had no more personality than suites in an expensive hotel, we were ushered into a small boudoir. The Empress entered immediately with her daughter, then a girl of fourteen, and the Grand Mistress, Countess von Brockdorff.

Her Majesty in a kindly manner made careful but roundabout inquiries concerning my religious convictions and my tastes in literature. I suppose my nervous answers satisfied her, as she said immediately afterward that she was glad I was coming to live at court. This was my first intimation that the matter was settled.

"I hope you will be happy here," she added graciously. "Ask Countess von Brockdorff anything you want to know. She will tell you what to do."

All the Discomforts of a Royal Home

THEREUPON she stood up; we kissed her hand; I mumbled something intended for thanks, but in my embarrassment I believe I said, "Many happy returns of the day!" the little princess gave us each a bouquet—and the interview was over.

Countess von Brockdorff afterward invited us to tea in her sitting room, where she impressed on me a hundred details of behavior and ceremonial with as much care as though these insignificant trifles were the most important things in life. Last of all she added:

"You must on no account keep a diary while you are at court or write down anything you see or hear. The Emperor is very particular about this."

What she did not tell me—though I learned it later—was that a certain lady had sent an article on the imperial stables to an English magazine shortly before my arrival, and this article permitted a red-hot Socialist to inquire in the Reichstag why three hundred horses were kept for the Kaiser's use.

There had been a beautiful row about it and a severe reprimand for the Grand Mistress from His Majesty. Consequently all the ladies were put on their honor to write nothing for publication while in residence.

A week later I passed my first night under the Kaiser's roof—and a very unhappy one it was too! The Berlin palace was as gloomy as it was uncomfortable. Of the two hundred rooms all but fifty were open to sight-seers when the imperial family was away; so the public could see for itself the execrable taste displayed in the furnishing of the state apartments.

The private rooms, formerly shown also, until an enterprising visitor managed to steal an autograph letter from the Emperor's desk, were not much better. The imperial bedchamber contained odd pieces that might have been picked up at an auction. A big brass bed, with English blankets instead of the usual German eiderdown, replaced the historic couch in which so many generations of Prussian kings slept. Inclosing it was an ugly arrangement of heavy curtains, much like the rubber sheet encircling certain old-fashioned shower baths—for the Emperor was terrified by drafts. Some of the chairs were upholstered in red; others in green. In one corner stood the famous Death Chest, with portraits of the Emperors William the First and Frederick the Third in their shrouds. Near these gruesome souvenirs was a foolish wicker sofa, with a muslin cushion, and beyond this again an exquisite buhl cabinet, jostling the plain deal table where the Kaiser always kept a loaded revolver.

The Emperor's study was scarcely more attractive, with its hideous black marble mantelpiece, and the heavy walnut desk where he wrote most of those pronunciamentos that have made Europe shiver from time to time.

What was most striking in the Berlin palace was the total lack of modern conveniences of any sort. At that time bathrooms were nonexistent there. William the Absolute used a zinc tub in a dark corridor for his ablutions. He had a passion for cleanliness inherited from his English mother; so his *cabinet de toilette* was a lake every morning and required elaborate baling out by the poor palace servants. If only running water had existed on the upper floors! But no; the huge basins on the Emperor's washstand had to be filled many times a day from buckets carried up three flights of stairs.

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The Kaiser as a Sportsman

Emperor William's Costume Museum

OF COURSE the ladies-in-waiting enjoyed still fewer comforts than their imperial masters. We slept in little rooms that were small and dark. Worse still, we had to traverse stone corridors insufficiently heated in order to reach the royal apartments. As for the servants, they were lodged in poor dormitories; and I often marveled that the elegant lackeys, for whom, to judge by their expression, nothing seemed good enough, would consent to sleep in them.

Only on what contributed to the grandeur of the sovereign was no expense spared. Of this William's uniforms served as a striking example. Thousands of marks yearly were spent for gold lace. The special hall reserved for the Emperor's military trappings was one of the sights of the palace. All the uniforms of the German regiments of which he was honorary chief—not to mention those of foreign corps—hung in glass cases and were under the charge of a special staff, whose position was certainly no sinecure.

How often have I seen the poor official responsible for this costume museum tearing his hair when the Kaiser was about to start on a journey—exact destination not announced until the last minute—or beseeching the ladies to find out from the Empress whether her lord intended to appear at a moment's notice as a British admiral or a Russian colonel.

At table the Emperor's infirmity inconvenienced him; but to counteract it, as far as possible, he used a special fork, the center prong of which was a knife. Shrimps or cherries the Empress herself always shelled or stoned for her husband. I remember hearing her say to Countess von Brockdorff sometimes that she hoped there would be shrimps for *déjeuner*, as they gave her a chance to help the husband she loves so dearly.

"I am so tired of being an Empress," she added; "and I like to fancy occasionally I am like other women—just an ordinary tender wife, instead of a sovereign."

There is no doubt the Empress wearied of the everlasting formality of these court meals; nor could one blame her. She would gladly have sat down to a simple repast of pork chops and potato salad—her favorite dishes—with her husband and the children; but the Emperor considered it necessary to maintain state under all circumstances at any cost—to others. Both lunch and dinner, therefore, were always formal occasions, with many courses and elaborate wines. The Emperor himself enjoyed fancy dishes and drank a glass of champagne. The Empress chose the simplest *plats* and was served with a special cherry

cordial, which I believe the footmen disrespectfully described as Her Majesty's Red Ink.

In my time the entire household was required to appear at the royal table. If anyone was absent the Emperor always noticed it and made some remark to the *Maréchale du Jour*, who did not fail to repeat it to the delinquent. But, in addition to the household, there were generally guests—often brought in at the last minute, to the despair of the palace cooks and the Master of Ceremonies, who had hurriedly to rearrange the order of precedence.

The sociability of these daily banquets depended entirely on the Kaiser's humor. Etiquette forbade anyone but himself to start a subject of conversation. When he felt in the humor for joking he joked and the rest of us laughed; but when he was silent nobody spoke a word and the meal became a funereal function. I remember quite well that at the time of the Agadir crisis the Emperor sat absolutely silent at table for three days, in an atrocious temper, which kept all our nerves on edge. It was reported afterward that he had been preparing a telegram ordering an invasion of France.

No Paris Hats for Crowned Heads

HIS was the kind of nature that did not brook contradiction; consequently when the Chancellor of the Exchequer told His Majesty point-blank that Germany's finances would not admit of war, he visited his displeasure on his *entourage*. Meantime it amused us to read newspaper articles on the Kaiser's peaceful intentions.

Sometimes William's jovial moods were almost as trying as his tempers—for then he was pleased to indulge in humorous sallies—at other people's expense. On one of these occasions a certain absent-minded court lady—who shall be nameless—appeared at dinner without having cleaned her nails. Now the Kaiser, as everybody knew, loved beautiful hands and arms so much that whenever he gave a present to the fair sex it was always a ring or a bracelet, which he claimed the right to put on himself. He was quick to notice the offending finger tips. Taking them in his own he remarked, loud enough for all to hear:

"I am sorry, dear lady, to see you in half-mourning. Allow me to condole with you on your loss—of a nail cleaner."

The "dear lady" looked for a moment as though she were going to cry before everybody; but she managed to swallow her mortification somehow.

Another sally—this time at my own expense—I shall long remember. We had assembled as usual in the green salon before luncheon. Having lately returned from a holiday in Paris I wore a new and, as I thought, very stylish lingerie frock, with an underdress of muslin trimmed with pink ribbons, which showed through at the neck and elbows. The big doors opened. The Emperor and Empress entered. As soon as he caught sight of me the Kaiser came straight across the room.

"Ah, *gnädiges Fräulein*," his sharp voice rang out, "I see you are wearing your nightgown under your *robe du jour*. A capital idea that—to economize time."

Everybody stared and I confess to feeling extremely uncomfortable.

The episode, however, taught me one lesson—never to attempt to dress in the height of the fashion at the Berlin Court. Most of the ladies conservatively kept behind the styles, following the example of the Kaiserin herself, who, though her gowns were of rich materials, looked upholstered rather than dressed. The Empress ordered most of her clothes from Berlin dressmakers. A few came from Vienna, but Paris was taboo. The Crown Princess, by far the best-dressed lady at the court, was the only one who dared to wear French clothes.

"Father-in-law scolded me again today for wearing a Virot hat," she remarked once to the Empress.

They were sitting together with some of the ladies in Her Majesty's boudoir, removing the beautiful feathers—which the Crown Princess sometimes maliciously described as "hearse plumes"—from the Empress' hats for use again.

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The Palace at Berlin

"Now isn't mine a really pretty hat?" Princess Cecilie persisted, referring to the forbidden headgear once more; "so light, so tasteful, so chic!"

"Yes," admitted the Kaiserin with a sigh as she looked at the mountainous erections she herself wore; "yes; but there is nothing worth having if it displeases the Emperor."

From any other person such a remark might have sounded priggish or insincere; but Augusta Victoria meant it, from the bottom of her heart. Her admiration for her brilliant

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The Kaiser's Hunting Lodge

spouse was almost pathetic. His wish was her law, his lightest word a divine command. As the Kaiser's mother used to say:

"My son cannot help running his household as he does his regiments—and his most docile grenadier is the woman who shares his throne."

Her attitude of complete subjection certainly must have done much to encourage William's domineering ways. In plain words, she had spoiled him utterly, domestically speaking. Every member of the family had to yield instant obedience—or there was trouble. The Crown Prince refused to obey on several occasions and horrid rows were the result of his temerity. The Crown Princess was often rebuked like a naughty child. Luckily hers was a disposition that took life easy. She went off now and then incognito for a little trip to the French capital. The matter came to the Emperor's ears. He stormed. The Empress wept. The palace resounded with a first-class family row. And the Crown Princess, with a trunkful of new lingerie safely locked in her bedroom, laughed—even when her husband, for once, sided with his father, because his hatred of everything French exceeded the Kaiser's own.

Like most other masterful men, who prefer to be obeyed rather than loved, the German Emperor was susceptible to one influence—his daughter's. She, and she alone, could wheedle concessions from him. Her brothers were not slow to take advantage of her power, and when she was quite a little child they nicknamed Princess Louise "Miss Intermediary."

"Now, Miss Intermediary," Prince Adalbert would beg, "please get papa to give me some more pocket money." Or Eitel-Friedrich would say: "I want to go to such and such a music hall to-night alone with Herr von S——. Please arrange it with papa." And she generally got her brothers what they wanted.

A Royal Good Time at Court

ON ONE point only the Kaiser steadfastly refused to yield to her pleading. He never would grant permission to his sons to dance the one-step.

"Neither will I allow my own ballroom turned into a bear garden; nor will I permit royal princes to make monkeys of themselves elsewhere," was his imperial ultimatum.

At the Court balls, given several times in the season, one-steps, tangoes and the maxixe were strictly forbidden; and even reversing in the old-fashioned waltz was not allowed. How tedious these official entertainments could be no one accustomed to society events arranged for amusement would believe!

In the first place, they were the most extraordinary mixture of magnificence and simplicity imaginable. The Emperor and Empress, both very bored and concealing it badly, sat stiffly on a dais, while the younger princes opened the festivities with a state quadrille. This over, general dancing began. Officers of the smart regiments and young ladies whose fathers were in the Almanach de Gotha, or sufficiently rich to do without birth, whirled round and round while the music played at a terrific pace. There were no dance cards and no gentleman might engage a partner for an entire waltz. What were known as "turns"—and they were turns in both senses—were the rule—that is, a couple might go twice round the room before convention required that the young lady be stopped, near a chaperon, until a fresh partner clicked his heels in front of her and began revolving her giddily once more.

When the time came to go home many of the elegant young officers retired to the dressing room, changed into old boots, and prepared to walk back to their barracks, unless some kindly chaperon, who rose to the dignity of a carriage, offered them a lift. Fortune's favorites among the young bachelors of Berlin society were those who could boast of a "season lift" with Mrs. Postmaster-General or Mrs. Assistant-Judge So-and-So. A large number of lieutenants or junior captains in crack corps—men who received the equivalent of thirty-five or forty dollars a month—made their dinners off rolls and cocoa in order to buy new uniforms in which to appear at Court. Yet even this rigid economy left them just enough to tip the cloakroom attendant who took charge of their old shoes.

The Kaiser was frequently blamed for running his unfortunate regiments into hopeless debt by his habit of honoring their messes with his presence for dinner. Of course he said loudly beforehand that he desired to partake of potluck, and that no special entertainment must be provided for him. Still, I think he would have been

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The Royal Residence at Potsdam

THE LOCAL CORRESPONDENT

"You Can't Go On Bossing Me"

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY THORNTON D. SKIDMORE

HIS full name was Obadiah Ezekiel Middleton, but everybody called him Obadiah E. He was about fifty-five years old, beaky of nose, as a Yankee should be, and bald, like Julius Cæsar. He was also the ruler of Deckerville—not by the power of his sword but by the sharpness of his tongue and the extraordinary activity of his mind. Wherefore, when he cleared his throat all Deckerville knew it; and when he raised his voice in eloquence the penetrating shrillness of his tones could almost be heard at Ekonk and Shetucket. From anybody else such a pitch of conversation might have been considered noisy, but Obadiah E. was a privileged character, being justice of the peace, station agent, deputy fire warden, village oracle and "correspondent of some twenty different papers and associations, including four New York papers, two in Boston and the Associated Press." But an item in the metropolitan journals was a *chef-d'œuvre*, to be served only on special occasions and then garnished with repression.

Obadiah E. liked better to see himself in the less conventional columns of the country papers, in which he cooked up such continual feasts of news, spiced with so much sauce and pepper, that his name and fame burst the confines of Deckerville and spread in haughty glory throughout our part of New England.

So now perhaps you can better imagine him sitting at the window of the Deckerville depot on the evening when our story opens. In his shrewd blue eyes sparkled creative fire as he wrote his weekly Deckerville Doings for the Washington County Journal:

Ahem!

We told you so!

Ten snows this winter, all foretold in these columns, and a record-breaking gully-buster of a rain on Lincoln's Birthday. Result? The Deckerville Dam is due to break any minute.

If we only had a little more rain we would wish ourselves back in the Ark once again.

Eph. Bradford was a visitor here Thursday and Zeb. Davis dropped in to-day. With grain so high they aren't going to farm any this year, but expect to pass a profitable summer trading horses with each other.

There was a little dog under the wagon.

The Deckerville mill tenements were all vacated yesterday and the furniture moved out. To-night Deckerville is practically deserted for the first time in over a century. As soon as the dam breaks, there'll be a fleet of house boats en route for the Atlantic Ocean and all points east.

That reminds us. When does a farm vehicle need disinfecting? Answer: When it's a little buggy. Ting! Bull's-eye.

At this point, as though exhausted by the strain of composition, Obadiah E. threw down his pen and turned to look through the window at the village below—for all the world like a brisk, wise bird looking out of his cage. At the end of the village was the Deckerville Mill, built of stone in 1817, and on each side of the road was a row of old-fashioned tenements, white-painted, with green shutters and large square chimneys. On the far side of the road was Deep Pond, which received the water from Deckerville Dam. This pond was already so high that the cellars of the houses were flooded, and it needed only a glance to confirm the prediction that when the dam broke the houses would be washed away.

Obadiah's eyes turned to the old Decker mansion, which stood on high ground on the other side of the dam, opposite the station. For thirty years it had been untenanted, its shutters nailed fast to the window sills, squirrels and wasps making their nests in the attic. The last Squire Decker had died in 'eighty-five, and his son had preferred to live in Boston, where he directed the affairs of the banking house of Decker, Coplay & Co.

"Yes, sir!" mused Obadiah E., excitedly rattling the keys in his pocket. "Those tenements will go, as sure as shooting, and so will the bridge. Yes, sir, and the story ought to be worth a good column in every paper I've got. Zowie, but I'll play it up till it's worse than the Johnstown Flood! Hope the old dam'll bust before ten o'clock, though, so I can wire the story into all the dailies."

Arranged on his desk near the telegraph instruments were half a dozen neat piles of copy, the first one beginning: "Deckerville, Connecticut, was suddenly wiped off the map of the United States to-night by one of the most terrifying floods ever seen in New England ——"

"Some doings! Some doings!" exclaimed Obadiah E., hurrying outside. "And here comes number twenty-six, half an hour late!"

With a quick, birdlike turn of his head he looked up to the window over the ticket office where, for many years before her death, his mother had sat and watched the trains go by.

"Here comes number twenty-six, mother!" he cheerily cried. And, first making sure that no one could hear him, he changed his voice to a deeper, rounder note and answered himself: "I'm watching it, Obadiah Ezekiel. It's a little late to-night."

II

THE train stopped for a moment at the Deckerville station and picked up its load again with a querulous spin of its drivers. A single passenger had dropped from the step of the smoker and was walking toward the dam. Obadiah hurried after him.

"What's the hurry, Jimmy?" he shouted. "Didn't expect you back so soon."

Jimmy Powers was the superintendent of the Deckerville Mill and had been to Boston to see Mr. Decker about the failing dam.

"Nothing else to do but come back," replied the superintendent in a howling grumble, with difficulty raising his plaint over the roar of the water.

"Old Man Decker going to have things fixed right away, I suppose?"

The superintendent turned and spat with great disgust.

"No, he's not!" he replied in another howling grumble. "Says if she busts she can stay bust. Says the property here costs more than it's worth anyhow—always out of repair, he says, and wants something doing. So before he'll build another dam and set of buildings, he says he'll move the looms to the new mill at Wellfield and let Deckerville go hang. Says the help can move to Wellfield, too, and better for everybody all the way round."

No one had ever accused Obadiah E. of being dull-witted, and he needed only one flash of thought to show him what this action would mean to Deckerville.

"Why, the old fool's crazy!" he shouted. "Crazy as a bug! Why doesn't he come down here and blow the village up with dynamite and be done with it? You understand me. Why, if the mill shuts down for good ——"

"That's what I told him—if the mill shuts down for good the railway station shuts down for good, too, and that's the end of Deckerville ——"

Obadiah E. said nothing—which alone showed how hard he had been hit; but to himself he was thinking, "It'll come pretty near being the end of me too." For the railway paid him forty dollars a month, while his newspaper

"They're a Couple of Funny-Looking Burglars"

contributions averaged him less than ten. And although the latter brought him fame and honor beyond compare a man has to have board and lodgings, too, especially when he is turning fifty-five and blessed with a Johnsonian appetite.

"By Jovey," he muttered after the superintendent had vanished up the track toward his house on the hill beyond, "I've simply got to save that dam somehow! I'll get the lantern and go take another look."

While turning up the wick his eyes fell upon those several piles of manuscript on his desk. "A catastrophe unequaled in the annals of Eastern Connecticut ——"

"Confound it!" he muttered, making a terrible face at the lantern. "It's a catastrophe unequaled in the annals of Obadiah Ezekiel Middleton too. . . . That is," he added thoughtfully, "next to those dratted birds."

III

THE Deckerville Dam had been built between two closely lying hills of granite, but instead of being curved back to present an arch against the pressure of water the masonry had been built on a straight line. This wall had now bent out at a perilous bulge, and though the stones still held together, every moment threatened to tumble them into the flood below.

"If she'd only stop rising," thought Obadiah E., "the dam might hold together till next summer. It wouldn't be much of a job to straighten it then and fix it up with concrete, but if she goes to pieces now and takes the houses with her —— Good-night, Obey, your fat is in the fire all right!"

He hurried over to the floodgate that was wide open in order to relieve the dam of the last possible gallon of water.

"Mebbe I can raise it another notch," he thought. But though he bent all his strength on the end of the lever the gate refused to rise. "Up to the top now," he thought, and, looking at the marks which he had made on the woodwork that noon, he added: "Keeps on rising too."

Straightening his back he looked down at the empty village below.

"She'll take the old stable first," he thought, "and then she'll take the wooden bridge across the road and sling it into the lower pond, thirty foot deep. And then —— Hello!" he interrupted himself. "Whose machine's that?" A limousine was picking its way through the village below. "Prob'ly some state officials come to look at the dam. Yep, stopping right on that bridge. Guess I'd better go down and chase 'em off before they're swept off. Guess the dam's safe for a few hours yet, but they might as well go up the road a piece."

He returned to the station to lock the door, and then began stepping gingerly down toward the road, keeping his ears most exquisitely tuned to the note of the water above.

"One funny sound," he thought, "and back to the track for me!"

The water, however, continued its deep, sustained roar, and he drew near the waiting car.

"Hey, you!" he shouted in the irritable tones of authority. "Want to drown? Get up on the high land while you can!"

The car remained silent, and a minute later, when Obadiah E. put his head in the door, he found the seats empty. Turning quickly round, he saw a glimmer of light streaming through one of the broken shutters of the old Decker mansion.

"Thieves!" he muttered to himself. "They think, with all the houses empty, they can do as they please." And seeing

the fat items of news in this he rubbed his hands together, rejoicing. "Zowie, what a lot of apace I'm going to have this week!"

IV

THE mind of Obadiah E., running at high gear, leaped to engage with this new problem. If he went away for help, the burglars might escape meanwhile in the waiting car. Plainly that wouldn't do. But if he advanced against them single-handed, armed with only a railway lantern and a just cause, what chance would he have against a body of armed and desperate men?

"I'd like to make the capture single-handed," he thought, "and get a good story out of it. But drat it!—no matter what happens I can make a good story out of it, as long as I don't get hurt. But if I stopped a bullet or two it wouldn't make any difference to me whether somebody else made a good story out of it or not."

In his desk at the depot was an old army pistol almost as large as a modern howitzer. With this venerable property he was wont to impress the small boys of Deckerville and to fire salutes on the Fourth.

"If I had Long Tom I'd feel safer," he thought, "but drat it all!—just as soon as I leave this automobile they may come out and skip."

He walked round the car, studying it intently, his mind at work upon another angle of the problem.

"S'pose I put this car out of business," he thought; "then I'd have their wings clipped certain. They could push it off the bridge by hand, but they couldn't get it far up the hill. Let's see. Mm-m. I guess this round tank at the back holds the gasoline. I'll soon find out." He unscrewed the inlet cap and lowered his nose to the opening. "Gasoline—I thought so. And now there ought to be some way of draining this stuff from the bottom of the tank. Else how could they clean it out if they wanted to?"

His hand, groping underneath the tank, felt the winged nut that constituted the drain plug. This he turned, not wisely but too well, and presently the plug slipped between his fingers, fell on the bridge and bounced through the rails into the water below. The descent of the plug was followed by a cascade of gasoline, which gurgled down and was lost between the planks on the bridge.

"I'll run up to the deppo now," he thought, "and put a light in the window. It won't be long before they come to see where they can get some gasoline! Then I'll send 'em to Paxson and, while they're gone, I'll get Jimmy Powers and one or two others, and we'll capture the whole lot."

Already he was gloating over the snappy items that would appear in next week's Deckerville Doings and over the glorious efforts that would be dispatched to the metropolitan journals. He was phrasing his opening paragraph when he caught a strange glint of color through that broken shutter of the old Decker mansion.

"That's funny," he thought, his phrases suddenly forgotten. "I must have a look at that."

Hiding the lantern under his coat he hurried up the sloping lawn and peeped through the slat. Inside the room was a young man with his back to the window, talking angrily, and opposite this wrathful lord of creation stood a young woman. In her arms was an old silk dress of silver and blue, the color and style of a bygone generation. And in her eyes were the flash of pride—and the tears of mortification.

V

"THEY'RE a couple of funny-looking burglars," thought Obadiah E., and the curling of his beaky nose registered a definite sense of disappointment. Though he himself would have been the first to deny it, his dominant chords were those of melodrama, of romance, of a childlike faith in the wonderful. Wherefore, when he advanced to the window he had thought to experience pleasant but fearful thrills; had hoped—though vaguely—to find a squad of crouching men, masked, whispering "Hist!" perhaps, poking guns into dark corners of the room. But this young couple! "Must be amateurs," he grumbled, "and she's crying because he won't let her take the dress."

In this superior frame of mind he leaned his arms on the window sill and, resting his chin on the backs of his hands, kept his eye tight against the broken slat.

"If there's anything to see I'm here to see it," he comfortably assured himself. "Now then, young fellow! What's that you're saying to her?"

"And I tell you right now," the young man was saying to the girl, "you can't go on bossing me round, the way you've started out to do. You want to get that straight!"

"Bossing you round, Willis?" said the girl. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say! Ever since we left home you've been acting wrong. Won't sit on the seat with me. Can't touch you. And instead of beating it down to Jersey and putting in our twenty-four hours' residence, you make me come up here. Oh, sure! You have to run up here and stand a chance of spoiling everything, and just for what? Just for the sake of a tacky old dress!"

The girl turned her back and began folding the dress together.

"And you might as well know it now as later, Fanny," said the young man, hesitating a little at her name, "we've got to have some money and we've got to have it soon. I've only two dollars myself, and if the car breaks down, or anything like that, we're stranded. So the sooner we get down to Jersey and put in our residence, the better. I've got a tire that needs a little pumping, so come on out as soon as you're ready, and we'll break the record from here to Hoboken. Hurry up now!"

"That's a funny mix-up," thought Obadiah E., dodging back from the window. "What do they want twenty-four hours' residence in Jersey for—these two amateur crooks? Heh! And how does he propose to get that money he needs? Oh, well," he thought as he made his cautious way back to the depot, "he'll be up here soon enough and then I'll get a chance to pump him. I'll put this lantern in the window and—— Heh! Found it out already, has he? . . . Quite a clever young man. . . . Doesn't swear so badly either."

He opened an old freight-classification book and began jotting down a long column of figures. One of his fingers was pressed hard against his forehead, as though pushing the button of thought, and so engrossed was he that he didn't notice the scowling young visitor who slammed into the office and approached the ticket window. Starting suddenly then with utter surprise he looked up from his figuring, but still preserved inviolate the pressure of his finger on his forehead.

"Well, young man," he said severely, "what can I do for you?"

VI

HE WAS a dark, fierce-looking young man with very red lips and a very black mustache, and one could see with half an eye that anybody who liked to read Byron might very well like to read a page of this dark, fierce-looking young man.

"Where's the nearest place I can get some gasoline?" he demanded.

"Depends on how much you want," said Obadiah E., unmoved. "How far do you want to go to-night?"

"Oh, about a hundred and fifty. Got to be there at half past ten too," said the young man with a proud carelessness.

"Ah-ha!" thought Obadiah. "Likes to brag. . . . Takes you city fellows to make the dust fly," he said aloud. "Used to be a young fellow who came through here who thought nothing of running from Boston to New York in one day. Gasoline—gasoline. . . . Let me see. But, of course, he was an extra good driver."

"In one day!" scoffed the young man. "A good driver! Why, say, we didn't leave Boston till two o'clock this afternoon!"

"From Boston," thought Obadiah E. "I calculated 'twas, from the Massachusetts license. Soon as he's gone I'll get the number of his car and telegraph Boston headquarters. Of course," he said aloud, "this young fellow I speak about had a good car ——"

"Say, that's hardly got a thing to do with it—see? It's up to the driver. You take a professional, put him in most any old car and he'd beat most drivers if they had new wonders. Say, I drove an old machine once and used to knock fifty-five out of it regular. And say, one of the fastest cars I ever drove was a taxi, and there wasn't a bike cop round Boston that could catch me when that old boat was feeling good. Where did you say I could get some gasoline?"

"Ha!" thought the other. "A chauffeur! . . . Gasoline?" he cried. "Paxson! Two miles up the track! Seeing it's you, I'll lend you a lantern."

He pressed the lantern upon the young man and hustled him off, eager to interview the girl and lay the further foundation for his story. Soon the jogging lantern had jogged out of sight round the curve that led to Paxson. Obadiah E. was hurrying across to the old Decker mansion when, through the gloom, he caught sight of the girl climbing into the car on the bridge below. He followed down the hill and, rasping his throat with the ring of authority, he smartly rapped on the glass. The girl's face appeared at the door, and he made a truly majestic gesture with his thumb.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"Justice of the peace," announced Obadiah E. in a tone that matched his gesture. "I want you!"

VII

FOR a fraction of a second the girl evidently considered shouting to her escort, but in the same fraction of time it was equally evident that she realized the roaring of the water over the dam would drown her loudest cries, even if her escort hadn't gone for gasoline. So instead of shouting she studied the exalted face of Obadiah E., who was having a moment that was near to grandeur.

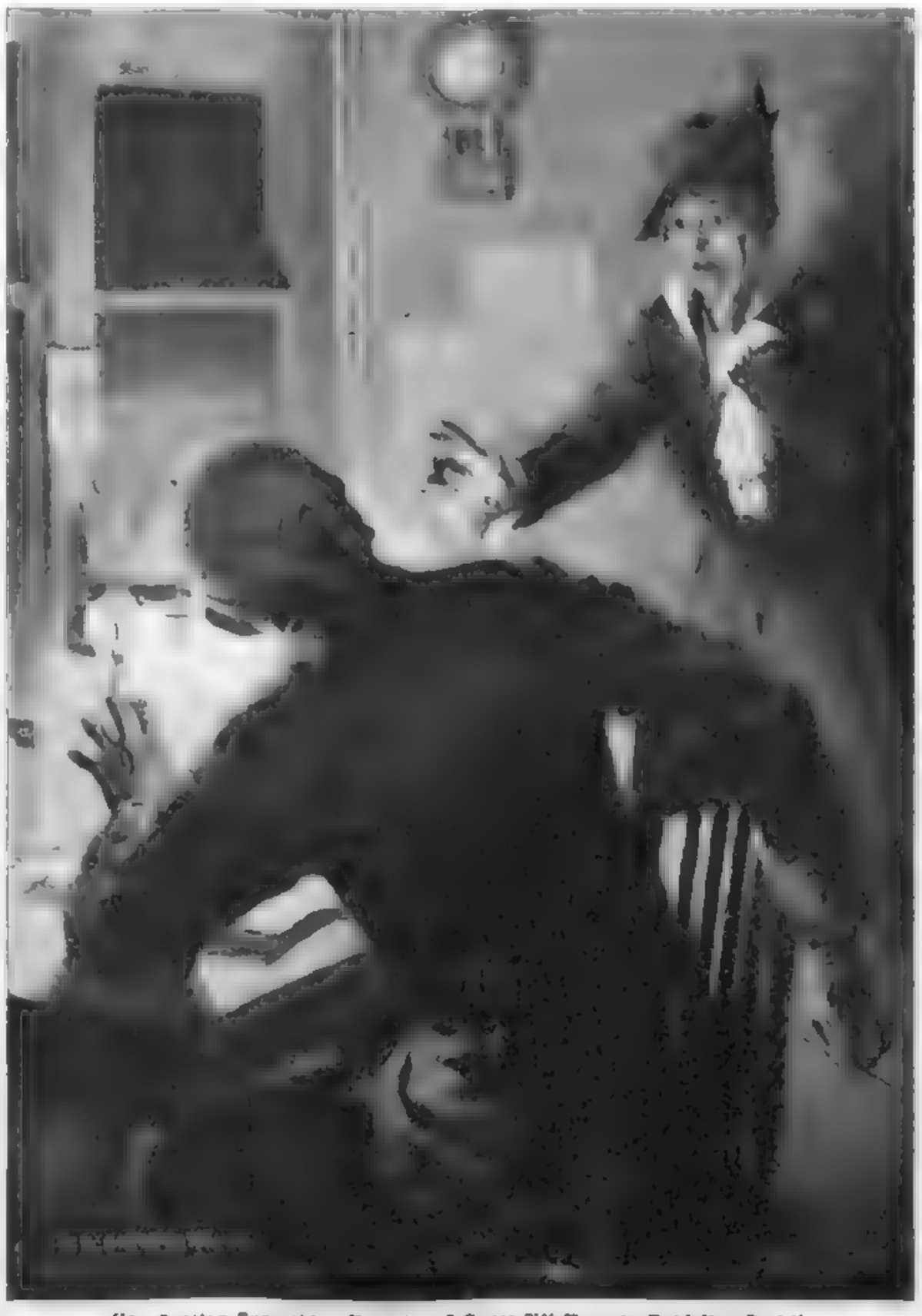
"You are justice of the peace here, you say?" she asked.

"So nominated and elected, madam. So nominated and elected by the citizens of Deckerville."

"Then, let me see, Judge, your name is ——"

"You have guessed it, madam. You have guessed it the first time. Starts with a capital and ends with a flourish." Whereupon, although the title of judge secretly pleased him, he gave her an indulgent glance, as an old tomcat might look at a young mouse when he wished to say: "You can't play any of those tricks on me, Miss Mousey—not at my time of life!"

But, all the same, Obadiah E. presently turned his head away and cleared his throat with a crescendo that ordinarily would have made the welkin ring,



"So, Putting Everything Together, I Guess I'll Have to Hold You Both"

because the more he looked at the girl in the car the more impossible he found it to reconcile her with any of the favorite theories of criminology. If she had fulfilled the first canon of popular crime by being beautiful, he would have blessed the day and have fancied himself a second St. Anthony steeling his heart against terrible temptation. Or if she had been rouged or beauty-patched or smoking a cigarette—oh, if she only had!—he would have gloried in his heart and told himself that she was Queen of the Auto Dips. But the girl in the car was so transparently, so disappointingly innocent, so young and plain—with the exception of a pair of wistful eyes—that the local correspondent felt himself in the position of a St. George who thought he was putting his foot on the neck of a dragon and found instead that he was stepping on a baby lamb.

"You want me?" she asked in a frightened voice.

"Personally, madam, no. But Law and Order wants you. And Law and Order has duly chosen me for its instrument in these parts."

"But—what do you want me for?"

"Breaking," he cried, checking the items on his fingers and trying to convince himself by the loudness of his voice, "and entering, and conspiring, and burgling!"

"Burgling?" gasped the girl. "Burg-burg—burgling what?"

"One silk dress, madam, from the old Decker mansion, and other items at present to this proponent unknown. I see you've got the dress wrapped up on the seat beside you. All right; you can bring it along." And with another highly judicial gesture with his thumb he opened the door of the car.

"But this dress was given to me a long time ago," said the girl. "So how could I steal it?"

"Who gave it to you?"

"Mrs. Decker. Old Mrs. Decker."

In one of his flashes of intuition, then, Obadiah E. remembered where before he had seen wistful eyes like this girl had, and they suddenly reminded him of a debt he had never paid.

"You favor your grandma," he simply said.

The girl looked at him, her chin gradually rising as though she were about to sneeze, but just as he expected "Achew!" she buried her nose in her handkerchief and gave a sob instead. At the sound of her grief all his perceptions sharpened—as a man's will often do in the presence of feminine tears—and in the same second that he guessed the girl's secret he thought he heard the roaring water attune itself to a louder, more ominous note.

"The dam's going to break!" he shouted. "Come up the hill!"

VIII

HE HALF helped her, half pulled her out of the car, and as they scrambled toward the higher ground and Obadiah E. perceived that his fears of immediate disaster were happily unfounded, he slowed down a little.

"It's all right," he gasped, "but I thought I heard it coming. You'll be safer up at the deppo anyhow." Glancing at the gloom-enshrouded figure by his side his imagination saw the headlines of a newer, snappier story than any he had imagined. "Why," he laughed in his wicked old heart, "what with the flood, and this, too, I'll have the whole front page in the morning!" And away down in his consciousness he felt the alert joy of a terrier shaking a cellarful of rats. "They had their fun with me about those dratted birds," he grimly told himself, "and now I'll crack a few heads on my own account. All the same," he uneasily added as memory stirred within him and reminded him of that debt he had never paid, "I wish it was anybody else but her."

He led the girl into the depot, behind the partition that divided the ticket office from the waiting room. But for a time she wouldn't sit down.

"When will my friend be back?" she asked at last.

"Oh, about half an hour." And to himself he thought: "Anyhow I must get her story, and when he comes back I must get his story. Then I'll see what I can do. Mm-m——"

The girl had seated herself at last and, half turning, was looking out of the window at the old Decker mansion. Obadiah Ezekiel, watching her, sucked in the corners of his mouth. "First I'll frighten her," he thought, "and then I'll gain her sympathy. She ought to talk after that."

Working noiselessly, surreptitiously, he drew his notary's seal from a drawer and placed it on the desk in a commanding position. This done he opened the freight-classification book, dipped a pen in the ink and pressed his finger against the button of thought. Then, and not until then, he cleared his throat with characteristic energy.

"That Talk Doesn't Scare Me Any. If I'm Pinched She's Pinched Too"

"Come to look at you again, madam," he said, "I think I am mistaken."

In his voice was a note of menace which caused the girl to turn quickly from the window.

"Mistaken?" she said, looking at him over her handkerchief. "How do you mean?"

"Mistaken, madam, in the very important question of identity." Frowning, he readjusted the position of his notary's seal and made a note in the classification book. "A minute ago I thought I saw in you a resemblance to the late Mrs. Decker. But just now, as you sat there in that chair, you looked to me more like old Myra Charleson, whom I committed to the town farm last month. Now you cannot be related to them both—such, madam, being contrary to the laws of Nature—so for the same reason you may be related to neither. Wherefore—I say wherefore—everything considered, I guess I'll have the painful duty of holding you for further inspection. And holding him, too, when he gets back with the gasoline."

"But I tell you I am Miss Decker!" said the girl, indignantly tapping her foot. "Wait! I'll show you my cards. And my father's initials are on the car down there."

"Yes, yes. But, don't you see, you may have stolen the car and the cards, just the same as you may have stolen the dress."

"But, I tell you, you've got no right to doubt what I say——"

"Madam, justice doubts everything! Justice is famous for that!"

"But I tell you again that's our car, and here's my cardcase, and here's the key of the house! So! And I've talked to you quite long enough! Good evening!"

She arose, her back stiffened as though it had been gauged against a straightedge, and the tip of her nose seemed to be taking a sight at the evening star.

"One moment!" he cried, rapping the desk. "There's one other point you haven't cleared up yet, and until you do clear it up you cannot leave this village! If you are Miss Decker, as you say you are, why did you let that chauffeur speak to you as if he were the boss?"

"I never did!"

"You did too! When you were both in the house—I heard you—and he made you cry. Now if you're the rich Miss Decker, as you say you are, what did he mean when he said he only had two dollars to put things through?"

She lowered her nose a peg or two at that, and the line of her back unconsciously changed from the I of Independence to the C of Confusion.

"So, putting everything together," he summed up, watching her with his bright, birdlike eyes, "I guess I'll have to hold you both and telegraph Mr. Decker to take the first train from Boston. Then if you are Miss Decker, as you say you are, of course your father will identify you at once."

"Oh, but you mustn't do that!" gasped the girl.

"Mustn't do what?"

"Telegraph father!"

"Why not?"

"Because—because—don't you see? Because we're eloping! I came down here for grandma's wedding dress!"

"Mm-m," purred Obadiah E., like that clever old tomcat aforesaid. And in the dispassionate voice of authority he commanded her, "Start at the beginning, then, and tell me the whole story."

IX

PERHAPS she realized how completely she was in the power of this sharp-eyed, sharp-tongued old Yankee, or perhaps she was trying to convince herself as well as him, or perhaps she merely felt a juvenile desire for sympathy and understanding. In any event she looked at Obadiah E. with a long, wistful look and, seating herself, asked him:

"Do you know my father?"

"I've seen Mr. Decker a number of times—yes."

"Well, then, you know he's a very powerful man. And he has such terribly big affairs on his mind that sometimes he's—he's moody and funny—and sometimes he goes for days and never says a word—just looks as if he hadn't heard me when I speak to him—or frowns——"

"I know him! I've spoken to him!"

"And he doesn't want me to meet people—especially young gentlemen. He acts awfully about that. There was a young doctor once, and he wouldn't let me—— He thinks they're all—you know—fortune hunters——"

"Like the chauffeur."

"You mean Willis? Oh, Willis isn't a fortune hunter. Indeed, no! And he isn't a chauffeur, either, except

(Continued on Page 32)

He Started Down the Track With All the Earmarks of a Man Who Has Only Half a Minute to Put a Continent Behind Him

IT'S BORN IN THEM

By HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREPÉ

"If I'd Used My Own Name Nobody Would Have Believed Anything I Did"

WHEN I came out on the veranda of the clubhouse the Hendersons, pained and apologetic, were moving away from the first tee in company with a young man who, as a golfer, was the best-dressed I had ever seen. As a dresser he could have given Harry Vardon a very considerable handicap; and James Braid would have taken one look at his knickerbockers and defaulted. He wore absolutely par clothes; but while we watched, fascinated, he hauled back his club for the third time, hung desperately at the top of the swing, and tore another blanket from the harrowed turf. The Hendersons both shook their heads, so that we knew they were saying: "Oh—too bad!"

Ordinarily I sympathize with a duffer at Kenilworth, or anywhere else; but a duffer who presents himself in full regalia, tailored to measure, waives his right to immunity. He puts himself on a plane with the man who wears silks to his first riding lesson; so that when this expertly dressed young stranger sent off a screaming brassy of sixty feet, professionally true to the line, I could not sympathize with him at all. And presently, when he hooked an iron shot three hundred and sixty degrees to the south, carrying the pond hazard for a different hole and nearly braining his caddie, I laughed.

There are times when the misfortunes of those about us contain an element not altogether displeasing; and this was one of those times. I should have liked to follow that stranger round for the fun of it.

At the end of the veranda half a dozen members were thinking golf and trying to listen to McKinney, who was talking Chile copper.

"Did you see him drive off?" asked Garfield, indicating the Hendersons' guest in the act of slicing his fourth attempt out of bounds from the second tee. "He looked over the fairway and wanted to know what the course record is; and then he said: 'Pretty high, isn't it?'—and made two perfectly clean misses before he touched the ball at all!"

"And seven years ago," continued McKinney, who was in the Street and a very good soothsayer after the fact, "we could have bought the whole property for three hundred and fifty thousand! An English syndicate had it—seventy thousand pounds was the price. Well, we talked to a few people; but you know what it was to peddle mining properties in 1907. It couldn't be done! And when the panic blew over the regular copper crowd had control—the mine's capitalized at ninety-five millions—and Payson has a twentieth interest, so they say. You can figure it out for yourselves!"

"Who's that with the Hendersons?" I inquired of Dorothea Stevenson on the railing.

"I don't know," she said; "but I'm awfully sorry for him. I know what it's like to flub a drive in front of the clubhouse!"

I caught her father's eye across the veranda.

"Who's the man with the hoe?"

"Why, Payson!" he called—"George Payson, the copper man—the fellow we're talking about. He's staying a week-end with the Hendersons."

"Payson!" exclaimed Garfield, sitting upright. "Is that —— Oh, well! That explains it. They can't have many good courses in Chile. He's out of practice; but when he gets that full, free action he's trying for ——"

"Chile!" ejaculated McKinney in disgust. "He doesn't come from Chile—he comes from Duluth. I thought you were listening. I said, for a boy millionaire, he looks modest and democratic enough—doesn't he?"

"What's he ever done to be modest about?" commented Dorothea's father. "And you can't call it particularly democratic of him to associate with people who think they are becoming aristocratic by associating with him, now can you?"

Garfield, who played eighty golf—yesterday—took issue.

"When," said Stevenson patiently, "did you ever hear of a boy millionaire using a dollar, or a foot pound of energy, for any useful purpose? The best legacy a father can leave his son is a good conscience and about twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of debts. And I can't believe that if he buys here ——"

"Buys here!" said Garfield. "You don't mean he's looking at land!"

"McKinney'll tell you about that—I was saying that if he buys here it won't help the community to any extent. These ideas of publicity are all right in their place."

"The boy millionaire seems to be about as popular with your father as two strange bulldogs," I remarked to Dorothea. "Is he afraid you'll elope with him?"

Dorothea laughed.

"If I ever did care enough about a man to elope with him," she said, "and he happened to have money, I certainly wouldn't turn him down on that account! Of course it isn't exactly a qualification; but this boy must be rather nice, or the Hendersons wouldn't have him out for a week-end."

"When you meet him," I told her, "you'll very likely be disillusioned."

Dorothea did not smile.

"Now I am sorry for him!" she said. "It isn't his fault that he was lucky—and if this is a fair sample of the way he's talked about I don't wonder he isn't normal. How could he be normal? People are either cynical, like you, or else they're worse—I mean they're trying to figure out where the Hendersons get off. Why, I should think it would be the hardest thing in the world for a man like that to make friends! Nobody's square with him." She lowered her voice. "Why, didn't you notice how they're beginning to find excuses for his golf already?"

"That's nothing but a pose. Garfield was jollying McKinney."

"I know; but it's a beautiful illustration—Mr. Garfield on one side and you on the other—and you're the types he meets every time he turns a corner."

"I'll appoint you a committee of one," I announced, "for the amelioration of the condition of immature millionaires. Go ahead and reform him—or us. I don't want to flatter you; but if you'll agree to tell me precisely what you think of Payson after you've met him—and if you'll play fair—I'll put a box of black circles against the nicest thing you can imagine that you'll think just as I do. Any man who wears a suit like that when he needs fourteen for the first hole would wear diamond shirt studs to a dinner dance!"

"I think you're perfectly horrid!" said Dorothea. "And you ought to pay for it."

So she gave me her hand on the wager—which was one of the nicest things I could imagine.

It was two days before I saw him again. This time he was alone at a table in the grill, drinking a horse's neck and auditing a score card. There were perhaps twenty others in the grill, but Payson sat as much shut off from the rest as though quarantined. About him was the sort of zone of quiet that belongs to a hospital street. He was an oasis of loneliness in a desert of hilarity; and if I could think of any other metaphors I should put them down, for Payson deserved them all. He was, by appearance, lonely to the limit of one hundred per cent, net.

One of the most difficult feats of diplomacy is to begin to be decent to a stranger who may not reciprocate. Nearly every club has an unwritten rule that the roof is an introduction; but in average intercourse the plan is rarely successful. Nevertheless, I took a chance.

"How are you hitting 'em?" I ventured, ready to linger or to speed, as the answer might be.

"Rotten!" said Payson smiling up quickly. "Good old G. A. R. game—out in '61 and back in '65."

That was sufficient. I introduced myself, and had a surprise when he introduced himself. It was not perverted modesty; he was palpably ingenuous.

So I sat down and experienced a mental shock every time he opened his mouth. Instead of a blasé Occidental, he was one of the most highly juvenile characters who ever enjoyed the privileges of the Kenilworth Country Club on an adult's guest ticket. He was far prouder of his five on the shortest hole than of his five on the roster of American millions; he was wide-eyed in admiration of the champion I pointed out to him in a corner; and he seemed inconceivably delighted to be talking to somebody.

Within the quarter hour he suggested that we lunch together. Previously, however, I telephoned out to the professional to have a box of black circles put in Miss Stevenson's locker and charged to me. She had not met him yet; but that didn't matter.

Payson and I played round that afternoon in a few strokes less than four hours—a record due partly to our form and partly to collateral circumstances. We had mutual friends in Duluth; both of us had seen the Yosemite, Lookout Mountain and Ausable Chasm; we differed on the correct method of playing out of sand, and on the derivation of the word "jitney." No auspices could be more promising.

We parted with regret; and in the locker room I found the Old Guard lying in wait for me with the usual brand of humor. They alleged that I had been trying to sell Payson my ten acres on the ridge or to persuade him to give me a tip on the market; and some of them thought it funny to offer to caddie for us free, for the sake of the market information. The humor did not annoy me, for I liked Payson. He was thoroughly human. He paid for my lunch, but he let me buy the cigars; and it was his own suggestion that we play for a ball Nassau. I won out. So, naturally, I was willing to allow the heathen to rage and the people to imagine a vain thing.

Membership in Class C of the Kenilworth golfers has certain advantages. For instance, the majority of really lovable individuals play Class C golf. Consider, and decide whether it is not a fact. Unless my own handicap had been in the neighborhood of thirty I could not have endured Payson's game; and so I should not have pierced the weakest point in his armor of reticence.

He had never known many people, but he was fundamentally incapable of the initiative; he could not make the first advances. Because I played round with him and minded my own business, he thawed with startling rapidity. Though I still regarded him as a good acquaintance, he seemed to catalogue me among his friends; after he ended his visit to the Hendersons he came over to the Inn, where I was stopping, and engaged a room on the same floor.

In the evenings, when there was nothing more exciting for our attention, we sat in negligee and smoked, and got under each other's skin in the shortest possible space of time. He did not seem eager to enlarge his circle; he was quite contented to play golf while the light continued, and to smoke and talk afterward.

I ventured to hope that he was not bored with Kenilworth; and he said that nowhere had he been bored less.

He expected to buy land and eventually to build; he preferred Kenilworth to any community he knew.

"I own the best land in the county," I said; "but unfortunately I can't sell it to you."

"Why not?"

"It's against my principles. I'm always willing to be a friend to my friends—but I won't be a real-estate agent to anybody I like. It doesn't pay."

"Friends are an expensive luxury," he said. "I've found it so and I dare say you have—in business, I mean. I happen to be the largest stockholder in a certain railroad in the Middle West. The president was a friend of my father's. A few months ago the stock declined pretty sharply; and this president came to ask me, as a personal favor, not to unload, because of the effect on the market. I thought the stuff would recover, so I promised him. That friendship cost a lot of money."

"That must be the Straits," I said incautiously.

He astonished me by not taking offense.

"From ninety-seven to fifty in eight months—and still sinking."

"But, my dear fellow ——"

"This copper deal was another one. You've read about that, I suppose—it's practically true. It was our friends who double-crossed us—it was strangers who came through and helped us out. One day we had what we thought was some wildcat paper, and the next we had a fortune—but meantime every friend we had refused to lend us money to get that paper out of hypothecation, and every one of them had offered to take up our note direct—the news of the Chile strike wasn't entirely out yet and they thought they could get in underneath. But I still believe in friendship. Pretty nearly all the money I have is in the ventures of different friends—industrials, private corporations, and what not."

"At any rate, the industrials are what pay the dividends, aren't they?"

"My net isn't even two per cent," said Payson; "but I like to feel that I'm helping somebody. If I were getting six or seven per cent I shouldn't know what to do with it. I don't want it. I'm satisfied to help build up some enterprise; and then, when my money isn't needed any longer, I'll help another one. I didn't work for my money—I didn't risk anything to get it. I'm holding it in a sort of escrow; as nearly as I can reason it, my mission is to find out who does need it, and then sign a check. I'm alone in the world—I haven't an establishment to keep up. A man can't wear more than one suit of clothes at a time or eat more than one meal at a time. And why live in a house as big as a hotel when I can live in a hotel that's almost as comfortable as a house?"

"Yet you speak of building ——"

"Yes; but only a bungalow."

"On ten or twelve acres?"

"If I ever did marry," he said, "I could tear down the bungalow and put up the hotel. Women like that sort of place. I believe in giving a wife what she wants."

"One usually does," I said; "but not always from conviction."

"It may be because I haven't known many women," he conceded; "but I feel very deeply that they're generally entitled to whatever they can get—or, rather, whatever they want. I don't think many women get what they want. Probably the greatest pleasure I shall ever have will be to provide ——"

"Hold on there!" said I. "You'll have to marry a poor one. The others aren't suffering for much. And if you happened to find a good prospect whose particular need was for some spiritual uplift, I don't see how you could sign a check for that."

"No; but I could go on a still-hunt. I shouldn't be hampered by lack of material."

"Then You Don't Want a Man—You Want a Theory!"

"I know a girl in this town who should have been born three centuries ago," I told him—"romance, chivalry, knighthood, cut-and-thrust, and rescue the lady from the burning castle! Modern business men strike her as worth a little less than nothing at all. Suppose you liked that girl pretty well—what could you do? Build some lists on the tennis court and challenge Jess Willard to joust with you? Ridiculous! You couldn't be more medieval than a bill clerk on eighteen dollars a week. And, besides, there aren't any Saracens in these days and a pilgrimage to the Holy Land is a regular tourist stunt."

"But the clerk couldn't afford to go out and find his romance, and I can. That's what I'm saying—I can afford to try anything." Until he began to know Kenilworth people, and Dorothea in particular, Payson talked to me at intervals on these and kindred subjects. I never met a man who took his money so casually. His disposition of it was an important problem to him—the most important of all problems; and one which required from him the care and study that some men give to religion or philosophy; and he discussed it with me as though it were a trust fund he were administering rather than a legacy to which he was lawfully entitled.

For a month or two I felt like Carnegie, and suddenly one morning I felt like cutting my throat; for Payson had begun to know Kenilworth people—and Dorothea in particular.

It was not until we called together at the Stevensons' that I realized what I had lost. The evening itself was dull—I could talk to her father any time—and on the way back to the Inn I perceived that Payson was merely generalizing when, indeed, he spoke at all. A lack of confidence in one's fellowmen is one of the signs. I looked for others and found them. The old free intimacy went by the board in a week, and two sources of past happiness ran dry.

For young people who are interested in each other our county is idyllic. From the river to the sound, seven crenelations of highland—seven waves of the land—divide Westchester into valleys of a thousand beauties. For those who ride the footing is excellent and the bypaths many; for those who walk there are square miles of meadow and shade; and for those who motor the smiling-bow boy created Westchester and its winding roads.

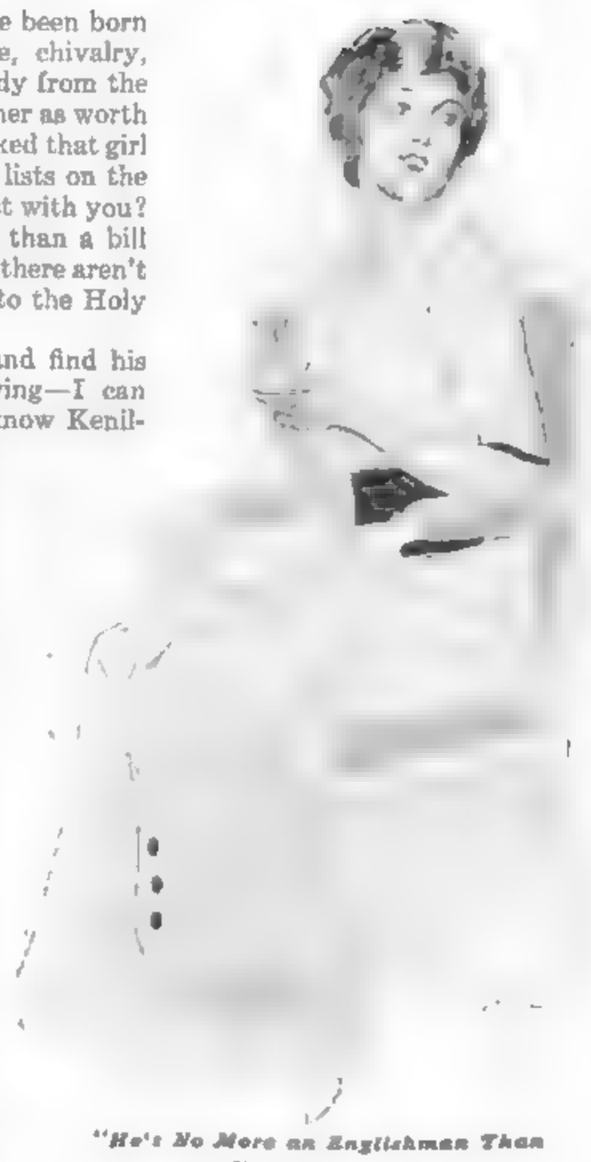
The uninitiated drive without discrimination from point to point, heedless of wind, weather and the clock; Payson learned that one may ride in the morning and walk after lunch, reserving for the hour of sunset that crossing from the sound to the river, rising to the crest of one flowered ridge for a momentary view to westward, dipping swiftly down to the shadows of the intervals, and climbing again to the hill beyond—renewing seven times the memory of a single sunset.

It is not a route to be traversed at forty miles an hour—the motor should idle on the tangents and the curves; there should be pauses, distinct pauses, at judicious stations; but few words uttered. It is not a route to be chosen rashly by any girl who harbors an inclination toward wistfulness in the afterglow, or by a man with an inherited tendency to loneliness; for the futures of many of the youth of Westchester have been mortgaged between Rye and Tarrytown to the accompaniment of a lazy engine.

During midsummer it would have been squandered time to search for Dorothea or George Payson between five and seven. Earlier than that, you might find them on the links; later, on the Stevenson lawn.

One evening in August I stopped at the house to see how Mr. Stevenson was taking it. The maid declared him out; but Miss Stevenson was by the pergola—I, of course, knew the way to the pergola.

The Stevensons' lawn is a matter of an acre—a strictly regulated acre, separated, like Gaul, into three parts: one of which the annuals inhabit; another, the flowering shrubs; the third, those which in the language of horticulturists are called *Ailanthus glandulosa*—in ours, the tree of heaven. Under the protection of these trees of heaven is the pergola; and there, apparently just emerged from it, stood Payson and Dorothea, face to face in the moonlight. Both were very straight and very tense; there was a bit of comedy in their attitude, and a bit of tragedy too—as there inevitably must be in the romantic drama of youth.



"He's No More an Englishman Than I'm a Senator"

Whatever the situation, I knew it was no place for me; so I stepped backward to the latticed door through which I had come. The door was spring-locked. And, before I could think of the next thing to do, I heard Payson say:

"Then you don't want a man—you want a theory!"

Dorothea, very gently:

"If that's how you understand it!"

And Payson:

"And if I should prove to you ——"

Her reply was inaudible, but there was a little rustle and a little gasp of protest; and, though I was looking mighty hard at the lattice, I knew he had kissed her.

I have always thought I could not have got out of it much more diplomatically. As soon as I knew the supreme moment had passed I rattled the doorknob, turned and went straight over the lawn toward them.

"Why, how are you?" said Payson. "Haven't seen you in a long time!" He had seen me in the locker room at four o'clock; but that was a trifling detail!

"I'm so glad you came over," said Dorothea. "We were just talking about you!"

"Just in for a second," I explained. "I've got to run down to the village."

"If your car's out there," said Payson, "you can take me down with you if you will."

I said I would. We made our good nights to Dorothea and went round to the driveway. I crawled under the wheel and Payson jumped in beside me. We rattled down to the village, through it, and four or five miles in the general direction of Canada before he noticed. All at once he put his hand on my arm.

"Where are you going?"

"Anywhere," said I. "I've no choice."

"You're a good scout!" said he, clearing his throat; and then he looked at me until I had to come to him. I could not get away from those eyes; so I slowed to the legal limit—safety first. "You were there, weren't you? You—overheard?"

I would have given the car—which is more precious than gold to me—to lie about it.

"I'm sorry, old man—I was there. The door was locked on the inside ——"

"You don't have to apologize to me," he said. "You ought to know that by this time!"

We were a couple of miles nearer Canada when he broke the silence. "Well, I think I'll go over."

"Over where?"

"The other side," he said, jerking his head for guidance. "Do you happen to know anything about transportation?"

"Transportation! There isn't any!"

"Don't be stupid!" He mused for a while, and then burst out abruptly: "I can't understand it—can you?"

The best defense I had for that was a suggestion that there might be something to say on both sides.

"No," he disputed; "there isn't! There's only one side to it. But what I can't understand is why I have to start with a handicap. Why am I different from anyone else? What is the difference?"

"Five millions, if the papers are right," I said. "Look here! I may be butting in, and all that sort of thing; but—— Why, George, you poor fool, if I'm not a friend of yours

I don't know who is. I brought you out here because if you don't talk to somebody you're going to bust. I know! And you can take that or leave it. I'm here because I'm here ——"

He touched me again; afterward I saw black and blue for verification.

"You're a good scout!" he said. "You see—I told her what I'm doing with the money—the income. As a benefactor, she says, I'm an accident. She says her father's gardener has a better title to his money than I have to mine. She discounts the whole thing. She likes people who act! She wants me to do something!"

"Personally I thought you were rather busy now."

"Oh, this fad of mine doesn't signify—I'm talking about something worth while. But what is there to do? I can't stay here, and I can't go out and get a job—can I? I'm not fit for commerce or science—all the glory I'll ever get will be through the damned money. And I'm restless anyway; I might just as well go and fight as loaf round here."

"Fight?" said I.

"Why not? I want to tell you that a lot of men over there are justifying their existence for the first time—men more or less like me. I've got nothing to lose."

"I don't think I'd say exactly that!"

"But I haven't! Every day I stay here compromises me just a little bit more. I'm not getting anywhere! And I don't give much of a hang what happens after I start—either I'll make good or I won't, and it's all settled. Why prolong the agony? I'll take one chance." He held out his muscular right arm and regarded it soberly. "That's for England," he said. "She needs all she can get. What else can I do with it? There's nothing melodramatic about this, old man—you don't need to be ashamed of me. I'm utterly useless over here—and there have been precedents." He laughed shortly. "A couple of centuries ago it was quite fashionable."

"But, look here——"

"Please don't argue with me—I'm going!"

"When?"

"As soon as I can get my papers."

"That'll be next spring," I said. "You couldn't get over there now on a bet—and you know it."

"Not on a small bet," he admitted; "but fortunately I can afford to bet big figures. I'm going if I have to buy a boat to take me. Can't you see the point of it? Can't you see that never in all our lives will there be another opportunity like this? And I want to do something big—big and different! And just at this moment it strikes me that patriotism ——"

"Just at this moment," said I, "patriotism consists in being neutral."

"Not for me! My father wasn't ever naturalized."

"For Pete's sake! Are you English?"

"Never saw the place; but my father came from a town I can't mention without laughing—even then I can't pronounce it. And I'm tired. I'm tired of everything. I'm not a man; I'm news! So the best thing is to get out and go where I'm needed; where nobody cares whether I've got a nickel to my name. I've no one dependent on me. I won't have to read a lot of letters from home and look over a bunch of photographs the night before—and that's a consideration. They can use me—and I'm going!"

At that I said nothing, for there was nothing to say; so I cut out the muffler for an excuse.

When it was known that Payson had paid five thousand dollars for an interest in a seagoing yacht to take him to Liverpool a good many citizens of Kenilworth said he was a crack-brained idiot. Others were of the opinion that it was another specimen of Duluth publicity. Still others intimated that Payson ought to net fifty per cent for his money if he took gold to England. No one in Kenilworth, or in the rest of the civilized world within reach of the telegraph, believed—what was so simple and unaffected that it was a crime to misinterpret it—that Payson was going over simply to reaffirm his manhood.

Nevertheless, a fair delegation went down to the dock to see him sail. Dorothea was with me; she bore up wonderfully. As it came about, I had the last word with Payson.

"Don't laugh at me, old boy," he said; "but I've got a hunch I'm not coming back for a long time—maybe not at all. So I just want you to remember, in case I don't see you again, that I've had a bully time all summer; and you're responsible for it. You're the only man I ever knew who really —— Oh, hang it all! Good-by! Take care of yourself!"

Going out on the train Dorothea was periodically silent. At Kenilworth we chartered a taxi and ran up to her house.

"I wish you'd come in and let me give you some tea," she said.

"I don't feel much like tea to-day."

"Please!" she begged.

I went in and drank three cups of the silly stuff.

"Well," I said, "he's gone."

"Isn't it funny?" she said thoughtfully. I detected no amusement in her voice.

"He's a pretty good chap—an awfully good chap."

"What made him go?" said Dorothea. "What made him? It wasn't like him to do that."

"On the contrary, it was exactly like him. You can't know him very well ——"

"I do know him well—and it's a very ill-advised for him to go off that way. It isn't our quarrel; and he's no more an Englishman than I'm a senator—our fathers were, that's all."

"I suppose he went out of duty," said I—"and because he felt inadequate here."

She did not reply for several seconds. At length she said, as though continuing a narrative:

"You see, he's sensitive—I don't believe you suspect how sensitive he is. You all misjudge him—you've thought he's like the majority of young men with a load of money."

"A few of us know better."

She put out her hand and touched mine, and held it.

"We've been awfully good friends," she said—and, though I'd have given the world to think that she meant otherwise, I knew that she referred to Payson and herself. "And I never had to make excuses for him either. Why, the only reason he wore that golf costume was because he thought everybody did it, and he didn't want to be conspicuous. And I doubt whether you know half the good that man's done in the world—he doesn't publish it.

"He told me about his boyhood," she continued. "He's had this money only a few years; if he hadn't got it he'd have been a great man, somehow. He never had a chance to do anything creative. It wasn't his fault."

"Obviously not," I agreed; "and yet he was as busy as a chipmunk in his own field."

"Yes; and that's why I wonder he—left."

I remembered how she had once said that, if she loved a man and he happened to be rich, she wouldn't throw him over on that account; and I also remembered one evening on the lawn, and what she must have said before I sensed the kiss he had given her. There was no question of what she wanted me to say.

"The Best Legacy a Father Can Leave His Son is a Good Conscience and About Twenty-Five Thousand Dollars' Worth of Debts"

"He's pretty nearly an Englishman—and they need every man they can get."

Dorothea's voice trembled as she said: "Are you sure?"

"Positive!"

"If I could be convinced ——"

"Well, he told me himself; said he wanted to do something big for once—something independent of capital."

"It wasn't because he was unhappy."

"Unhappy? Not a bit of it!"

"Just because he thought he ought to go?"

"Just because he figured that it was up to him."

"I'll tell you something," she faltered: "You know—they're saying he went because I refused him. That isn't true! You say he himself told you that it was from duty. I didn't want him to go; and I d-didn't refuse him either—not f-finally. If I thought that was why he went I'd never forgive myself; but it isn't true! It can't be! But isn't it f-funny that people say what they do?—when they d-don't know anything about it at all!"

"It certainly is a curious world," I said; and I looked into the empty fireplace as I said it, for I saw she was crying.

It was a month before I heard from Payson. The postcard was dated at London, and bore the information that he was a private in a line regiment and hoped to see the front within six weeks. From then until May I did not have another line, not so much as the printed formula those of the Expeditionary Force were permitted to send home; but as the weeks slipped by I developed an invincible belief that the private soldier was proving himself a sturdier fellow than the public character.

I had shown the postcard to Dorothea.

"I can imagine what it's like over there," she said soberly. "I wake up in the night and see it—long, long lines of men scattered over a big plain. I've been in the château country; I know it very well—and I can see George as plainly as a photograph! You remember how he could ride, don't you?"

Indeed I remembered.

"Always he's riding," she said; "riding ahead of his men. Sometimes I can hear the roar of the hoofs, the metal things hitting one another—at other times it's ghastly silent; but George is always there! He's a cuirassier—there's something wonderfully fine and romantic and splendid about them!—riding ahead, with the sun making a little star of light on his helmet.

"They ride on over the fields, and by and by there's a rattle of firing and everybody stops—quite still! The firing becomes louder—the lines straighten—there's a bugle—they start forward, slowly at first—and George is smiling—then faster and faster and faster; and men begin to drop out. And then suddenly there's a tremendous rushing torrent of horses and men—irresistible, like the smash of rapids—until they come to the rocks; and—and ——"

"There's one sure thing about it," I said quickly: "you can be mighty certain that George is ahead of his men!"

What was the use of telling her that privates of the line have no men to be in front of? That he was probably digging ditches in the Argonne? Romance is very nearly dead of its own weight. It wasn't my province to explain the function of cavalry in modern warfare, or that George wasn't a glittering cuirassier in the château country.

If she preferred to imagine him in the uniform of France, or in the bearskins of Russia, or in the kilts of Scotland; and if she chose to conceive a fashion of attack that went into the discard at about the time when Annie Rooney was popular; and if she elected to allot George the tactical position which at present isn't imposed even on color bearers—when there are any!—all that was so much the better augury for George, and none of my business.

"But he might have written us," she said mournfully.

"The censorship," I reminded her. "That card to me was probably the only piece that got through."

(Continued on Page 37)

Thrift, With a Sporting Slant

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

There Were a Million Balls in All

LING-seh-liu-wan-ss-tsien-pai-pai-erh-seh-liu!" shouted a small Chinese boy dressed in green knickers and blouse, and holding up before his eyes a wooden ball about the size of a marble, on which the figures he proclaimed at the top of his little lungs were stamped in black.

"Ling-seh-liu-wan-ss-tsien-pai-pai-erh-seh-liu!" repeated a larger boy who wore gray knickers and blouse and purple stockings.

The Chinese were bored. For three hours fifty thousand of them had stood with straining ears, waiting to hear the call of the number that won the hundred thousand dollars. There had been a vast succession of eleventh and twelfth prizes, and some of the eighth and ninth. A little excitement had been caused when the third—thirty thousand dollars—came out, and some more when the fifth—ten thousand dollars—appeared.

Everybody was waiting for the capital prize—for the hundred thousand dollars. For three hours the small boys and the larger boys and the officials had been calling numbers and the prizes that these numbers won. So, when the boy called his "Nought one hundred and sixty-four thousand eight hundred and twenty-six!" the natural assumption was that this was a beggarly five or ten dollar award.

The wooden ball with the red Chinese characters stamped on it dropped from the globe. The attendant picked it up and looked at it. Then he screamed shrilly:

"*Ti Ih Tun Tsing!*"

"*Ho!*" shouted the resplendent president of police.

"*Ho!*" echoed the officials, censors, checkers, cabinet ministers, soldiers and guests.

"*Ho! Ho! Ho!*" roared the fifty thousand Chinese in front of the pavilion.

"*Ti Ih Tun Tsing!*" they called. "The first prize! The first prize!"

An official ran to the front of the platform, dragging the two small boys with him. Every man of the hundreds crowded on the stage where the drawing was being done was excited, and every man of the tens of thousands in front was exclaiming "*Ho! Ho! Ho!*" and jostling his neighbor.

"*Ti Ih Tun Tsing!*" they all clamored; and the news of it ran back through the thousands massed there before the pavilion to the other thousands who were coming and going, to the bazaars and hawkers, the tea houses and the candy booths, the toy stands and the side shows and the peddlers—to all the vast number of Chinese who had come out to the Temple of Agriculture to watch the first drawing of the prizes for the premium bonds sold by the Sin Hua Savings Bank.

The capital prize was out. Some lucky person had won a hundred thousand dollars—a hundred thousand dollars Mexican, of course; but, at that, a tidy sum in gold. And when you are in the East a dollar is a dollar, except when you get it changed into smaller coins, and then it is a dollar and seventeen cents.

Ticket Number 0164826 had won. There were very few Chinese in that tremendous crowd who had not at least a tenth of a ticket, and many of them had tickets by the scores and by the hundreds. They examined their memorandums to see whether theirs was the lucky number, or, failing that, to see whether theirs had the three terminal figures of the lucky number, which gave them an approximation prize. Records were consulted. No person in Peking had the winner, apparently, for that ticket—Number 0164826—was in the block sold in the province of Kiang-su.

Once, a good many years ago, I saw a regular drawing of the old Louisiana Lottery, and once a drawing of the Panama Lottery, on a Sunday morning, in the white building on the corner of the Plaza in Panama. On this Sunday morning, late in April, I went out to the Temple of Agriculture in Peking and saw the first drawing of the prizes for the premium bonds of the Sin Hua Savings Bank. It is not likely that a prize drawing anywhere in this world was ever conducted under circumstances so picturesque, or in the presence of so many people, or with such formality and display, or in such a setting. The police reported that during the day two hundred and sixty thousand Chinese came and went.

Let me explain, first off, that this was not a lottery at all. Perish that unworthy thought! This, as was fully explained by the government, was and is a plan whereby the Chinese may be instructed in the virtues of thrift; whereby, as the circular put it, "great hope may be cherished at a little expense," whereby there was no possibility of loss and three chances to win, with a certainty of money back; and whereby the government gets ten million dollars, to use for three years at a rate of interest lower than it ordinarily pays for money.

How the Premium-Bond Scheme Works

THIS was not a lottery. Most certainly not! As the young gentleman who prepared the literature strikingly said: "Purchasers of premium bonds or deposit receipts will receive far greater advantages than purchasers of prize tickets. The latter will sacrifice their capital in the attempt to court the capricious star of luck. When they lose, their tickets will be worth nothing more than so much waste paper and all the money spent thereon is gone." Whereas these bonds mean that the owner has deposited certain amounts in the savings bank—a government institution—and that he has three chances to win premiums, for there are to be three annual drawings; and that at the end of the three years he can draw out his original deposit.

So much for that. What happened was this: The government, needing money and desiring to get it, organized the Sin Hua Savings Bank and put the premium-bond scheme into operation. It is not a new scheme. It has been worked in various Continental countries; but it had never been tried in China. The government officials felt that one need of the Chinese, under the new dispensation, is the inculcation of the habit of thrift. But how inculcate it?

There Were Many Regulations as to Checking the Numbers Drawn

The Hundred Thousand Dollars Had Been Won

The Chinese is the most thrifty person on this earth; but he is thrifty in his own way. The Chinese idea of thrift is not to lay by money in a savings bank and let savings banks use that money and pay him only a small interest on the capital. That does not appeal to him. He is not interested in five or six or seven per cent a year. His idea of thrift is to get as much money as he can, hide it in his house or on his person, and deal with it to his own best advantage. The plan of allowing a bank to use his principal and pay a rate of interest for that privilege makes no hit with the Chinese. He can use his own principal—and does.

However, the Chinese is always ready and willing and anxious to take a chance. So far as my rather wide observation goes, the Chinese is the best gambler in the world. He will lose with less complaint, go farther in making his bets and taking his chance, and win with greater equanimity, than any other person whatsoever. Likewise, the Chinese would rather gamble than do anything else—except perhaps eat. He loves it. Thus, when the savings-bank plan was originated the officials who desired to get the Chinese into the habit of putting their savings into banks instead of keeping those savings in belts, knowing that the ordinary attraction of interest compounded would excite nothing but derision from their fellow countrymen, evolved the premium-bond scheme. They fixed the deposits required at ten million dollars for the first year, computed the interest on that for three years, split that sum into three parts, taking out a percentage for administration and other expenses, and made their announcement.

They did not intend to offer five per cent a year. Not at all! What they did offer was a chance for every investor to win a hundred thousand dollars for a capital prize, and many other smaller prizes. Every depositor was to have an equal show. The meanest coolie might try his luck along with the proudest official. They wanted the Chinese to be thrifty and they gave them a chance to gamble a bit along with their thrift. The combination was irresistible. The Chinese tumbled in their dollars and bought every last premium bond. They saw a sporting chance. They would be thrifty, but they would not be thrifty without making a gamble of it.

The government was quite virtuous about it. It was explained to the Chinese that this plan was entirely different from the Manila Lottery, which flourished for a time in the Ching Dynasty, and also very different from the Chien Chuen Piao, or contribution lottery tickets, which had been in favor in Hu-peh, Kuang-nan and other provinces.

"The object of issuing prize tickets," said the government, "is to obtain benefit for the party who issues them, because after deducting the money paid for prizes he will receive a large surplus. Those persons who win prizes will at once become rich, while those who lose will not be able to regain the money invested. Therefore, such operations

may be placed under the category of gambling. The proceeds thus obtained by the government are illegal acquisitions and the enterprise is considered by society as immoral."

With this method, the Chinese Government argues, the person who wins a prize will be enriched, while the person who loses will—in time—get back the money invested. Hence, this is not gambling. It is to encourage the cultivation of the money-saving habit. It is the accurate gauging of the habit of mind of the Chinese; and also it is a good way to get money into a rather pinched treasury. So the bank was organized. Ten million dollars in premium bonds, each made up of ten one-dollar coupons, were issued and sent all over China for sale. It was announced that there would be five thousand prizes, selected by lot from the one million tickets sold. The government guaranteed the repayment of the investment at the end of the third year, and stood behind the enterprise.

A Good-Sized Section of Peking Was Going Out to Watch the Ceremony

There was a second prize of forty thousand dollars, a third prize of thirty thousand, a fourth of twenty thousand, a fifth of ten thousand, two sixth prizes of five thousand, six seventh prizes of twenty-five hundred, thirty eighth prizes of one thousand, sixty ninth prizes of five hundred, three hundred tenth prizes of two hundred and fifty, six hundred eleventh prizes of one hundred, and a thousand twelfth prizes of fifty dollars. In addition there were three thousand prizes depending on the three terminal figures of the numbers that won the first three prizes. The total sum allotted for prizes was $569,910 for the first drawing.

The Big Day for Thrifty Chinese

THE date for the drawing was set for Sunday, April twenty-fifth. It was announced that there would be one million wooden balls prepared, each having stamped on it a number corresponding to one ten-coupon, or ten-dollar premium bond. Ten large copper globes were to be made and two smaller ones. At the time of the drawing one hundred thousand balls were to be placed in each of the ten large globes. These globes were to be turned, two hundred balls taken from each, and the numbers on them recorded. Then these two thousand selected balls and three more were to be placed in one of the smaller copper globes. Two thousand and three wooden balls, each stamped in red with "First Prize," "Second Prize," and so on, were to be placed in the other small globe. These two smaller globes were to be turned simultaneously and one ball taken from each on each revolution. The number on the ball that came out from one globe was the number that won the prize specified on the ball that came out of the other globe at the same time.

For example, when the ball that had on it, in red Chinese characters, "*Ti Ih Tun Tsing*," came out, the ball that came out at the same time from the other globe was stamped in black with the Chinese characters for 0164826, and that was the number which won the first prize. There were many regulations as to checking, supervising, taking out the balls, and all that.

Two or three days before the drawing the tickets were all sold. It was a national enterprise. A certain number of bonds had been allotted to each province. Agents were appointed to sell them on a five per cent commission.

There had been a week of dull skies, cold winds and dust—dust—dust in Peking. Those who went out wore automobile goggles and every foreign throat in the place was raw from the irritation of the fine brown powder that was coming in clouds from the Gobi Desert on a fifty-mile-an-hour gale, and every foreign eye was inflamed. At that, they said it was only a semidust storm, and not a real one; but some people have to live in Peking, you know, and they make such excuses for the climate as they can. Sunday, April twenty-fifth, was a fine day. The sky was cloudless and the wind was soft, and there was no dust. It was warm, and the peach trees and the new green on the willows and the sward made a brave show at proclaiming spring.

Special *pialous*, or gates, were erected in the park of the Temple of Agriculture—which is just across the way from the Temple of Heaven—and pavilions built. Tickets were issued for the favored ones and the hour for beginning the distribution was fixed at eight o'clock A. M. The Temple of Agriculture is the place where the Ming and Manchu emperors went once each spring to till the earth. There are two great halls in the center of a rather pretty park, which is surrounded by walls. It was the custom of the emperor to go in state on a certain date, accompanied by his vast retinue, and, after a tremendous ceremonial, go out on the grass and plow a few feet of a furrow, thus typifying the adherence of the emperor to the principal industry of China—agriculture—and his encouragement thereof. It was a sort of annual imperial O. K. on farming.

The drawing had been set to begin at eight o'clock in the morning and I left the hotel at a quarter after seven. Before I had reached the end of Legation Street to turn through the South Gate toward the Temple of Agriculture it seemed that a good-sized section of Peking was going out to watch the ceremony. Once through the gate, that impression became a certainty. The road was jammed with Chinese in jinrikishas, Peking carts, on horseback, in carriages and on foot. Many rode on donkeys and a few proceeded in a stately manner on camels. There were thousands of Chinese, and the noise was appalling. The jinrikisha men shouted their warnings; the carriage drivers and *mafoos* screamed incessantly; the donkeys brayed; and the Peking carts squeaked dolefully as they jolted along.

In addition to all this extra traffic there was the usual amount of business transportation—coolies carrying baskets; coolies carrying water; coolies carrying every conceivable thing—and each coolie shouting for room to pass. There were hundreds of men with big one-wheeled barrows, and many wagons drawn by two shaggy horses with a third far in the lead. There were sedan chairs; and we passed one gaudy marriage procession and another equally gaudy funeral procession, with their multitude of lanterns and their images and red banners and bannerets, and their doleful bands—the wedding music being even more disconsolate than that of the funeral

There was great congestion at the gate. Jinrikisha men jostled and fought their way through, and sad-faced Chinese soldiers and policemen did their inefficient best to regulate traffic. The amount of objurgation cast by Chinese on other Chinese at that gate was unequaled in the annals of Peking, they told me—until we were coming back. Then it broke all records. And over it all and through it all and impregnating it all was the rank odor of garlic—garlic garlic! As the Soochow Chinese say of the Pekingese—and with truth—garlic is in the marrow and the bones of the northern Chinese. When a jinrikisha boy gets well heated he certainly is a garlicky person. He exudes the smell of it at every pore.

A Reserved Seat at the Temple

THEY had made great preparations at the Temple. A red and yellow and purple *pialou* stood at the point where the road turned off toward the pavilion—a picturesque gate, with streamers of red and yellow floating from it and ornamented with paper flowers of the brightest hues. There was another *pialou* farther on, and another beyond that; and at each of them there were soldiers and policemen, and converging on them thousands on thousands of Chinese, mostly in jinrikishas, gabbling with one another on the proceedings of the day and discussing the chance to win the capital prize.

I had a "gold ticket," which entitled me to admission to the stand where the drawing operations were to take place. The police at the door tore off the corner of the ticket, asked me to write my name in a book, and gave me a pink rose, made of paper, as "a token of welcome." Then I went in and up on the platform. I had gone early because I had figured that the Chinese would probably do as Americans do on any similar occasion or at any public function and issue ten times as many stage tickets as there are seats on the stage. The Chinese politicians

(Continued on Page 41)

The Chinese Is the Best Gambler in the World. Likewise, the Chinese Would Rather Gamble Than Do Anything Else—Except Perhaps Eat

SOMETHING NEW

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IX—(Continued)

THE shoe became the center of attraction, the cynosure of all eyes. The Efficient Baxter fixed it with the piercing glare of one who feels that his brain is tottering. Lord Emsworth looked at it with a mildly puzzled expression. Ashe Marson examined it with a sort of affectionate interest, as though he were waiting for it to do a trick of some kind. Baxter was the first to break the silence.

"There was paint on this shoe," he said vehemently. "I tell you there was a splash of red paint across the toe. This man here will bear me out in this. You saw paint on this shoe?"

"Paint, sir?"

"What! Do you mean to tell me you did not see it?"

"No, sir; there was no paint on this shoe."

"This is ridiculous. I saw it with my own eyes. It was a broad splash right across the toe."

Lord Emsworth interposed.

"You must have made a mistake, my dear Baxter. There is certainly no trace of paint on this shoe. These momentary optical delusions are, I fancy, not uncommon. Any doctor will tell you ——"

"I had an aunt, your lordship," said Ashe chattily, "who was remarkably subject ——"

"It is absurd! I cannot have been mistaken," said Baxter. "I am positively certain the toe of this shoe was red when I found it."

"It is quite black now, my dear Baxter."

"A sort of chameleon shoe," murmured Ashe.

The goaded secretary turned on him.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing, sir."

Baxter's old suspicion of this smooth young man came surging back to him.

"I strongly suspect you of having had something to do with this."

"Really, Baxter," said the earl, "that is surely the least probable of solutions. This young man could hardly have cleaned the shoe on his way from the house. A few days ago, when painting in the museum, I inadvertently splashed some paint on my own shoe. I can assure you it does not brush off. It needs a very systematic cleaning before all traces are removed."

"Exactly, your lordship," said Ashe. "My theory, if I may ——"

"Yes?"

"My theory, your lordship, is that Mr. Baxter was deceived by the light-and-shade effects on the toe of the shoe. The noonday sun, streaming in through the window, must have shone on the shoe in such a manner as to give it a momentary and fictitious aspect of redness. If Mr. Baxter recollects, he did not look long at the shoe. The picture on the retina of the eye consequently had not time to fade. I myself remember thinking at the moment that the shoe appeared to have a certain reddish tint. The mistake ——"

"Bah!" said Baxter shortly.

Lord Emsworth, now thoroughly bored with the whole affair and desiring nothing more than to be left alone with his weeds and his garden fork, put in his word. Baxter, he felt, was curiously irritating these days. He always seemed to be bobbing up. The Earl of Emsworth was conscious of a strong desire to be free from his secretary's company. He was efficient, yes—invaluable indeed—he did not know what he should do without Baxter; but there was no denying that his company tended after a while to become a trifle tedious. He took a fresh grip on his garden fork and shifted it about in the air as a hint that the interview had lasted long enough.

"It seems to me, my dear fellow," he said, "the only explanation that will square with the facts. A shoe that is really smeared with red paint does not become black of itself in the course of a few minutes."

"You are very right, your lordship," said Ashe approvingly. "May I go now, your lordship?"

"Certainly—certainly; by all means."

"Shall I take the shoe with me, your lordship?"

"If you do not want it, Baxter."

The secretary passed the fraudulent piece of evidence to Ashe without a word; and the latter, having included both gentlemen in a kindly smile, left the garden.

On returning to the butler's room Ashe's first act was to remove a shoe from the top of the pile in the basket, place it in a small closet in the wall, and lock the closet.

"Brain," he said to himself approvingly, "is what one chiefly needs in matters of this kind. Without brain, where are we? The next development will be when Friend Baxter thinks it over and is struck with the brilliant idea that it is just possible the shoe he gave me to carry and the shoe I did carry were not one shoe, but two shoes. Meantime ——"

He had not been waiting long when there was a footstep in the passage and Baxter appeared. The possibility—indeed, the certainty—that Ashe had substituted another shoe for the one with the incriminating splash of paint on it had occurred to him almost immediately on leaving the garden. Ashe was in the enemy's camp. He would naturally do whatever he could to foil him. He perceived now what a mistake it had been to let Ashe take a hand in this affair at all. He chafed at the thought of the tactical error into which too much haste had led him. He came into the room, brisk and peremptory.

"I wish to look at those shoes again," he said coldly.

Ashe, with a sigh, rose to assist him.

"Sit down," said Baxter. "I can manage without you."

Ashe sat down again and watched him with silent interest. The scrutiny irritated the secretary. Ashe, his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, was submitting the shoe expert to a contemplative inspection. After fidgeting a few moments Baxter lodged a complaint.

"Don't sit there staring at me!"

"I was interested in what you were doing, sir."

"Never mind! Don't stare at me in that idiotic way."

"May I read a book, sir?"

"Yes; read if you like."

"Thank you, sir."

Ashe took a volume from the butler's soberly stocked shelf. It was entitled Did She Deserve His Love?—by Mrs. Marmaduke Wigfall. He sighed a little as he turned the pages.

Baxter pursued his investigations in the shoe basket. He went through it twice, but both times without success. After the second search he stood up and looked wildly about the room. He was as certain as he could be of anything that the missing piece of evidence was somewhere within those four walls. It was no use asking Ashe point-blank where it was, for he knew Ashe would not tell him. He had by this time placed Ashe definitely as a malefactor.

There was very little cover in the room, even for so small a fugitive as a shoe. He raised the tablecloth and peered beneath the table.

"Are you looking for Mr. Beach, sir?" said Ashe. "I think he has gone to church."

Baxter, pink with his exertions, fastened a baleful glance on him.

"You had better be careful," he said.

"Careful, sir?"

"I am not quite such a fool as you imagine."

The startled surprise in Ashe's eye at this statement was too much for Baxter. He looked away and resumed his survey of the room. The floor could be acquitted on sight of the suspicion of harboring the quarry. His eyes, roaming to and fro, lit on the closet.

"What is in this closet?"

"That closet, sir?"

"Yes; this closet." He rapped the door irritably.

"I could not say, sir. Mr. Beach, to whom the room belongs, possibly keeps a few odd trifles there. A ball of string, perhaps. Maybe an old pipe or something of the kind. Probably nothing of value or interest."

"Open it."

"It appears to be locked, sir."

"Unlock it."

"But where is the key?"

Baxter thought for a moment.

"I have my reasons for thinking you are deliberately keeping the contents of that closet from me. I shall break open the door."

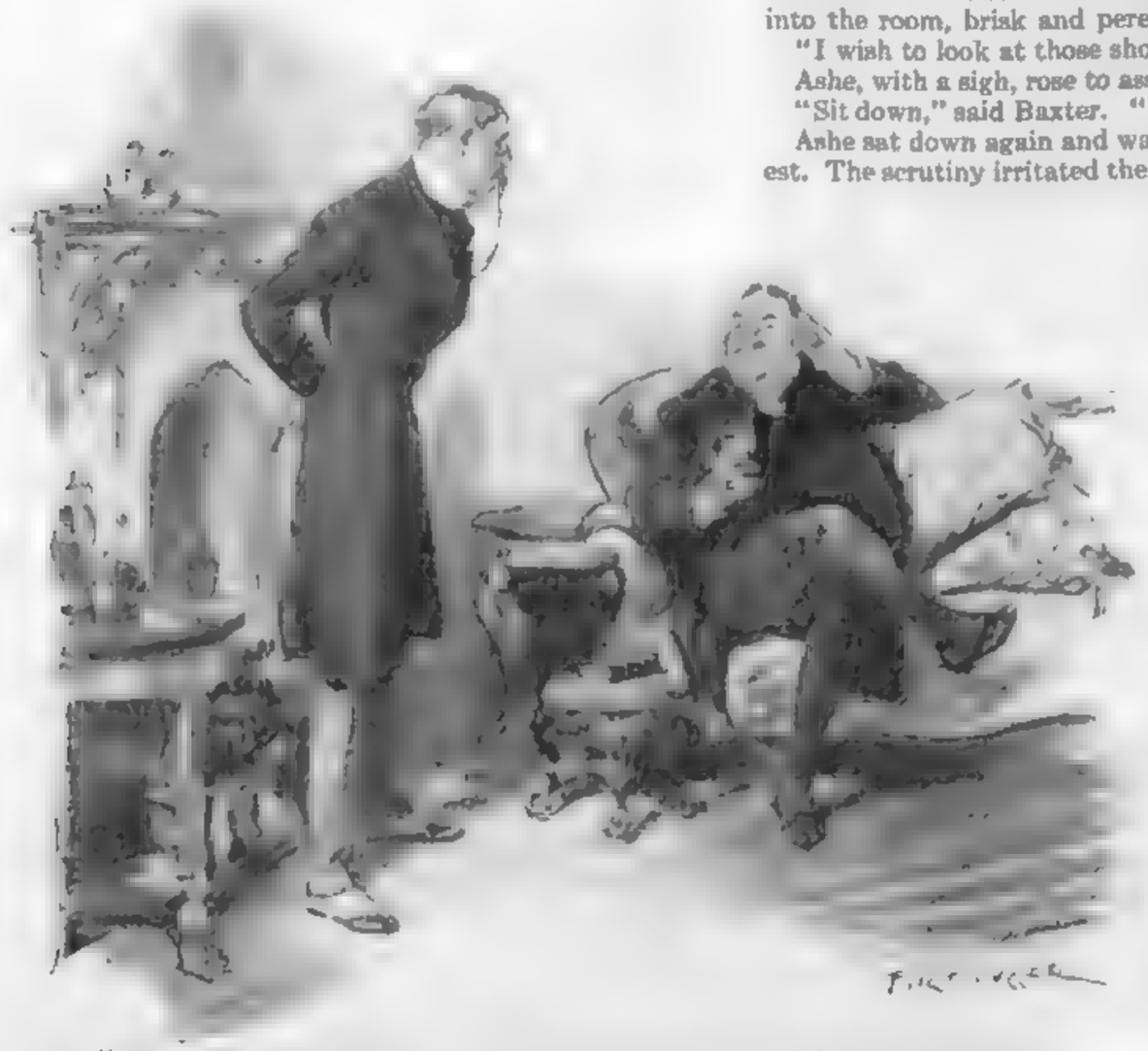
"I'm afraid you must not do that, sir."

"Are you aware to whom you are speaking?" inquired Baxter acidly.

"Yes, sir; and I know it is not Lord Emsworth, to whom that closet belongs. If you wish to break it open I am afraid you must first get his permission. He is the sole lessee and proprietor of that closet. I am not even the acting manager."

Baxter paused. He also reflected. Something told him that the breaking up of his belongings would be just one of those things which his dreamy employer might resent as out of place in a private secretary. He was loath, after the incident of the cold tongue and the midnight shots, to go out of his way to risk annoying Lord Emsworth.

The Cat Proceeded, While Freddie, Touching the Staircase at Intervals, Went On Down



"What Had He Smeared His Face With Soot For, I Should Like to Know, if He Was Perfectly Sane?"

On the other hand, there was the maddening thought that if he left this room in search of him, in order to obtain his sanction for the housebreaking work he proposed to carry through, Ashe would be alone in the room. And he knew that if Ashe were left alone in the room he would instantly remove the shoe to some other hiding place. He was perfectly convinced that the missing shoe was in the closet.

He stood chewing these thoughts for a while, Ashe meantime standing in a graceful attitude before the closet, staring into vacancy. Then Baxter was seized with a happy idea. Why should he leave the room at all? If he sent Ashe, then he himself could wait and make certain that the closet was not tampered with.

"Go and find Lord Emsworth," he said, "and ask him to be good enough to come here for a moment on a matter of urgent importance. Be quick!" he added, as Ashe stood looking at him without making any movement in the direction of the door.

"Quick, sir?" asked Ashe meditatively, as though he had been asked a conundrum.

"Go and find Lord Emsworth at once." Ashe did not move. "Do you intend to disobey me?" Baxter's voice was steely.

"Yes, sir."

"What!"

"I take my stand," said Ashe, "on a technical point. In any other place than this house your word would be law. I would fly to do your bidding. If you pressed a button I would do the rest. But in Lord Emsworth's house I cannot do anything except what pleases me or what is ordered by Lord Emsworth. Suppose—to take a parallel case—the army officer commanding the garrison at a naval station went on board a battleship and ordered the crew to splice the jib-boom spanker. It might be an admirable thing for the country that the jib-boom spanker should be spliced at that particular juncture; but the crew would naturally decline to move in the matter until the order came from the commander of the ship. So in my case. If you will go to Lord Emsworth and explain to him how matters stand, and come back to me and say, 'Lord Emsworth wishes you to go and ask him to be good enough to come to this room on a matter of urgent importance,' then I shall be only too glad to go and find him. You see my difficulty, sir?"

"Go and fetch Lord Emsworth. I shall not speak again."

Ashe flicked a speck of dust from his coat sleeve.

"Very well," said the secretary.

"I can assure you, sir," said Ashe, "that if there is a shoe in that closet now, there will be a shoe there when you return." Baxter stalked from the room. "But," added Ashe pensively as the footsteps died away, "I did not promise that it would be the same shoe."

He took the key from his pocket, unlocked the closet and took out the shoe. Then he selected another from the basket, and placing that in the closet relocked the door.

His next act was to take from the shelf a piece of string. Attaching one end of this to the shoe he had taken from the closet he went to the window. He flung the closet key into the bushes, then turned to the shoe. On a level with the sill a water pipe was fastened to the wall by an iron band. He tied the other end of the string to this and let the shoe swing free. He noticed with approval when it had stopped swinging that it was hidden from above by the window sill.

He returned to his place by the mantelpiece.

As an afterthought he took another shoe from the basket and thrust it up the chimney. A shower of soot fell into the grate, blackening his hand. The scullery was a few yards down the corridor. He went there and washed off the soot.

When he returned to the butler's room Baxter was there, and with him the Earl of Emsworth, the latter looking dazed, as though he were not quite equal to the intellectual pressure of the situation. He also looked annoyed. His mild soul was being stirred to wrath by this perpetual interruption. He was beginning to look on his secretary as a malignant person who deliberately invented excuses for breaking up his morning in the open air.

"Where have you been?" asked Baxter sharply.

"I have been washing my hands, sir."

"Huh!" said Baxter suspiciously.

"Now, my dear Baxter," said the earl impatiently, "please tell me once again why you have brought me in here. I cannot make head or tail of what you have been saying. Apparently you accuse this young man of keeping his shoes in a closet. Why should you suspect him of keeping his shoes in a closet? And if he wishes to do so, why on earth should he not keep his shoes in a closet? This is a free country."

"Exactly, your lordship," said Ashe approvingly.

"It all has to do with the theft of your scarab, Lord Emsworth. Somebody got into the museum and stole the scarab."

"Ah, yes; ah, yes—so they did. I remember now. You told me. Bad business that, my dear Baxter. Mr. Peters gave me that scarab. He will be most deucedly annoyed if it's lost. Yes, indeed."

"Whoever stole it upset the can of red paint and stepped in it."

"Devilish careless of them. It must have made the dickens of a mess. Why don't people look where they are walking?"

"I suspect this man of shielding the criminal by hiding her shoe in this closet."

"Oh, it's not his own shoes that this young man keeps in closets?"

"It is a woman's shoe, Lord Emsworth."

"The deuce it is! Then it was a woman who stole the scarab? Is that the way you figure it out? Bless my soul, Baxter, one wonders what women are coming to nowadays. It's all this Movement, I suppose. The Vote, and all that—eh? I recollect having a chat with the Marquis of Petersfield some time ago. He is in the Cabinet, and he tells me it is perfectly infernal the way these women carry on. He said sometimes it got to such a pitch, with them waving banners and presenting petitions, and throwing flour and things at a fellow, that if he saw his own mother coming toward him, with a hand behind her back, he would run like a rabbit. Told me so himself."

"So," said the Efficient Baxter, cutting in on the flow of speech, "what I wish to do is to break open this closet."

"Eh? Why?"

"To get the shoe."

"The shoe? Ah yes. You were telling me."

"If you have no objection."

"Objection, my dear fellow? Why should I have any objection? Let me see! What is it you wish to do?"

"This," said Baxter shortly.

He seized the poker from the fireplace and delivered two rapid blows on the closet door. The wood was splintered. A third blow smashed the flimsy lock. The closet, with any skeletons it might contain, was open for all to view. Baxter uttered a cry of triumph and tore the shoe from its resting place. "I told you," he said; "I told you!"

The next moment he looked up with an exclamation of surprise and anger.

"This shoe has no paint on it," he said, glaring at Ashe. "This is not the shoe."

"It certainly appears, sir," said Ashe sympathetically, "to be free from paint. There is a sort of reddish glow just there, if you look at it sideways," he added helpfully.

"Are you satisfied now, my dear Baxter," said the earl, "or is there any more furniture that you would like to break? You know, this furniture breaking is becoming a positive craze with you, my dear fellow. You ought to fight against it. Night before last I don't know how many tables were broken in the hall; and now this closet. You will ruin me. No purse can stand the constant drain."

The secretary stood still. The disappointment had been severe. A chance remark of Lord Emsworth's set him off on the trail once more. Lord Emsworth had caught sight of the little pile of soot in the grate. He bent down to inspect it.

"Dear me!" he said. "I must remember to tell Beach to have his chimney swept. It seems to need it badly."

Baxter's eye, rolling in a fine frenzy from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, also focused itself on the pile of soot; and a thrill went through him. Soot in the fireplace! Ashe washing his hands! "You know my methods, my dear Watson. Apply them."

He dived forward with a rush, nearly knocking Lord Emsworth off his feet, and thrust an arm up into the unknown. An avalanche of soot fell on his hand and wrist; but he ignored it, for at the same instant his fingers had closed on what he was seeking.

"Ah!" he said. "I thought as much. You were not clever enough after all."

"No, sir," said Ashe patiently. "We all make mistakes."

"You would have done better not to give me all this trouble. You have done yourself no good by it."

"It has been great fun, though, sir," argued Ashe.

"Fun!" Baxter laughed grimly. "You may have reason to change your opinion of what constitutes ——"

His voice failed as his eye fell on the all-black toe of the shoe. He looked up and caught Ashe's benevolent gaze. He straightened himself and brushed a bead of perspiration from his face with the back of his hand. Unfortunately he used the sooty hand, and the result was like some gruesome burlesque of a negro minstrel.

"Did you put that shoe there?" he asked slowly.

"Yes, sir."

"Then what did you mean by putting it there?" roared Baxter.

"Animal spirits, sir," said Ashe.

"What!"

"Animal spirits, sir."

What the Efficient Baxter would have replied to this one cannot tell. Just as he was opening his mouth, Lord Emsworth, catching sight of his face, intervened.

"My dear Baxter, your face! It is positively covered with soot—positively! You must go and wash it. You are quite black. Really, my dear fellow, you present rather an extraordinary appearance. Run off to your room."

Against this crowning blow the Efficient Baxter could not stand up. It was the end.

"Soot!" he murmured weakly. "Soot!"

"Your face is covered, my dear fellow—quite covered."

"It certainly has a faintly sooty aspect, sir," said Ashe.

His voice roused the sufferer to one last flicker of spirit.

"You will hear more of this," he said. "You will ——"

At this moment, slightly muffled by the intervening door and passageway, there came from the direction of the hall a sound like the delivery of a ton of coal. A heavy body bumped down the stairs, and a voice which all three recognized as that of the Honorable Freddie uttered an oath that lost itself in a final crash and a musical splintering sound, which Baxter for one had no difficulty in recognizing as the dissolution of occasional china.

Even if they had not had so able a detective as Baxter with them, Lord Emsworth and Ashe would have been at no loss to guess what had happened. Doctor Watson himself could have deduced it from the evidence. The Honorable Freddie had fallen downstairs.

With a little ingenuity this portion of the story of Mr. Peters' scarab could be converted into an excellent tract, driving home the perils, even in this world, of absenting oneself from church on Sunday morning. If the Honorable

"It's All Right. He Did Get Out! I Knew He Had Something Up His Sleeve"

Freddie had gone to church he would not have been running down the great staircase at the castle at that hour; and if he had not been running down the great staircase at the castle at that hour he would not have encountered Muriel.

Muriel was a Persian cat belonging to Lady Ann Warblington. Lady Ann had breakfasted in bed and lain there late, as she rather fancied she had one of her sick headaches coming on. Muriel had left her room in the wake of the breakfast tray, being anxious to be present at the obsequies of a fried sole that had formed Lady Ann's simple morning meal, and had followed the maid who bore it until she had reached the hall.

At this point the maid, who disliked Muriel, stopped and made a noise like an exploding pop bottle, at the same time taking a little run in Muriel's direction and kicking at her with a menacing foot. Muriel, wounded and startled, had turned in her tracks and sprinted back up the staircase at the exact moment when the Honorable Freddie, who for some reason was in a great hurry, ran lightly down.

There was an instant when Freddie could have saved himself by planting a number-ten shoe on Muriel's spine; but even in that crisis he bethought him that he hardly stood solid enough with the authorities to risk adding to his misdeeds the slaughter of his aunt's favorite cat, and he executed a rapid swerve. The spared cat proceeded on her journey upstairs, while Freddie, touching the staircase at intervals, went on down.

Having reached the bottom, he sat amid the occasional china, and endeavored to ascertain the extent of his injuries. He had a dazed suspicion that he was irreparably fractured in a dozen places. It was in this attitude that the rescue party found him. He gazed up at them with silent pathos.

"In the name of goodness, Frederick," said Lord Emsworth extremely peevishly, "what do you imagine you are doing?"

Freddie endeavored to rise, but sank back again with a stifled howl.

"It was that bally cat of Aunt Ann's," he said. "It came legging it up the stairs. I think I've broken my leg."

"You have certainly broken everything else," said his father unsympathetically. "Between you and Baxter, I wonder there's a stick of furniture standing in the house."

"Thanks, old chap," said Freddie gratefully as Ashe stepped forward and lent him an arm. "I think my bally ankle must have got twisted. I wish you would give me a hand up to my room."

"And, Baxter, my dear fellow," said Lord Emsworth, "you might telephone to Doctor Bird, in Market Blandings, and ask him to be good enough to drive out. I am sorry, Freddie," he added, "that you have met with this accident; but—but everything is so—so disturbing nowadays that I feel—I feel most disturbed."

Ashe and the Honorable Freddie began to move across the hall—Freddie hopping, Ashe advancing with a sort of polka step. As they reached the stairs there was a sound of wheels outside and the vanguard of the house party, returned from church, entered the house.

"It's all very well to give it out officially that Freddie has fallen downstairs and sprained his ankle," said Colonel Horace Mant, discussing the affair with the Bishop of Godalming later in the afternoon; "but it's my firm belief that that fellow Baxter did precisely as I said he would—ran amuck and inflicted dashed frightful injuries on young Freddie. When I got into the house there was Freddie being helped up the stairs, while Baxter, with his face covered with soot, was looking after him with a sort of evil grin. What had he smeared his face with soot for, I should like to know, if he was perfectly sane?

"The whole thing is dashed fishy and mysterious; and the sooner I can get Mildred safely out of the place, the better I shall be pleased. The fellow's as mad as a hatter!"

X

WHEN Lord Emsworth, sighting Mr. Peters in the group of returned churchgoers, drew him aside and broke the news that the valuable scarab, so kindly presented by him to the castle museum, had been stolen in the night by some person unknown, he thought the millionaire took it exceedingly well. Though the stolen object no longer belonged to him, Mr. Peters no doubt still continued to take an affectionate interest in it and might have been excused had he shown annoyance that his gift had been so carelessly guarded.

Mr. Peters was, however, thoroughly magnanimous about the matter. He deprecated the notion that the earl could possibly have prevented this unfortunate occurrence. He quite understood. He was not in the least hurt. Nobody could have foreseen such a calamity. These things happened and one had to accept them. He himself had once suffered in much the same way, the gem of his collection having been removed almost beneath his eyes in the smoothest possible fashion.

Altogether, he relieved Lord Emsworth's mind very much; and when he had finished doing so he departed swiftly and rang for Ashe. When Ashe arrived he bubbled over with enthusiasm. He was lyrical in his praise. He went so far as to slap Ashe on the back. It was only when the latter disclaimed all credit for what had occurred that he checked the flow of approbation.

"It wasn't you who got it? Who was it, then?"

"It was Miss Peters' maid. It's a long story; but we were working in partnership. I tried for the thing and failed, and she succeeded."

It was with mixed feelings that Ashe listened while Mr. Peters transferred his adjectives of commendation to Joan. He admired Joan's courage, he was relieved that her venture had ended without disaster, and he knew that she deserved whatever anyone could find to say in praise of her enterprise; but, at first, though he tried to crush it down, he could not help feeling a certain amount of chagrin that a girl had succeeded where he, though having the advantage of first chance, had failed. The terms of his partnership with Joan had jarred on him from the beginning.

A man may be in sympathy with the modern movement for the emancipation of woman and yet feel aggrieved when a mere girl proves herself a more efficient thief than himself. Woman is invading man's sphere more successfully every day; but there are still certain fields in which man may consider that he is rightfully entitled to a monopoly—and the purloining of scarabs in the watches of the night is surely one of them. Joan, in Ashe's opinion, should have played a meeker and less active part.

These unworthy emotions did not last long. Whatever his shortcomings, Ashe possessed a just mind. By the time he had found Joan, after Mr. Peters had said his say and dispatched him below stairs for that purpose, he had purged himself of petty regrets and was prepared to congratulate her whole-heartedly. He was, however, determined that nothing should induce him to share in the reward. On that point, he resolved, he would refuse to be shaken.

"I have just left Mr. Peters," he began. "All is well. His check book lies before him on the table and he is trying to make his fountain pen work long enough to write a check. But there is just one thing I want to say ——"

She interrupted him. To his surprise, she was eying him coldly and with disapproval. "And there is just one thing I want to say," she said; "and that is, if you imagine I shall consent to accept a penny of the reward ——"

"Exactly what I was going to say. Of course I couldn't dream of taking any of it."

"I don't understand you. You are certainly going to have it all. I told you when we made our agreement that I should only take my share if you let me do my share of the work. Now that you have broken that agreement, nothing could induce me to take it. I know you meant it kindly, Mr. Marson; but I simply can't feel grateful. I told you that ours was a business contract and that I wouldn't have any chivalry; and I thought that after you had given me your promise ——"

"One moment," said Ashe, bewildered. "I can't follow this. What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? Why, that you went down to the museum last night before me and took the scarab, though you had promised to stay away and give me my chance."

"But I didn't do anything of the sort."

It was Joan's turn to look bewildered.

"But you have got the scarab, Mr. Marson?"

"Why, you have got it!"

"No!"

"But—but it has gone!"

"I know. I went down to the museum last night, as we had arranged; and when I got there there was no scarab. It had disappeared."

They looked at each other in consternation.

"It was gone when you got to the museum?" Ashe asked.

"There wasn't a trace of it. I took it for granted that you had been down before me. I was furious!"

"But this is ridiculous!" said Ashe. "Who can have taken it? There was nobody besides ourselves who knew Mr. Peters was offering the reward. What exactly happened last night?"

"I waited until one o'clock. Then I slipped down, got into the museum, struck a match, and looked for the scarab. It wasn't there. I couldn't believe it at first. I struck some more matches—quite a number—but it was no good. The scarab was gone; so I went back to bed and thought hard thoughts about you. It was silly of me. I ought to have known you would not break your word; but there didn't seem any other explanation.

"Well, somebody must have taken it; and the question is, what are we to do?" She laughed. "It seems to me that we were a little premature in quarreling about how we were to divide that reward. It looks as though there isn't going to be any reward."

"Meantime," said Ashe gloomily, "I suppose I have got to go back and tell Mr. Peters. It will break his heart."

Baxter Delivered Two Rapid Blows on the Closet Door

XI

BLANDINGS CASTLE dozed in the calm of an English Sunday afternoon. All was peace. Freddie was in bed, with orders from the doctor to stay there until further notice. Baxter had washed his face. Lord Emsworth had returned to his garden fork. The rest of the house party strolled about the grounds or sat in them, for the day was one of those late spring days that are warm with a premature suggestion of midsummer.

Aline Peters was sitting at the open window of her bedroom, which commanded an extensive view of the terraces. A pile of letters lay on the table beside her, for she had just finished reading her mail. The postman came late to the castle on Sundays and she had not been able to do this until luncheon was over.

Aline was puzzled. She was conscious of a fit of depression for which she could in no way account. This afternoon she had a feeling that all was not well with the world, which was the more remarkable because she was usually keenly susceptible to weather conditions and reveled in sunshine like a kitten. Yet here was a day nearly as fine as an American day—and she found no solace in it.

She looked down on the terrace; as she looked the figure of George Emerson appeared, walking swiftly. And at the sight of him something seemed to tell her that she had found the key to her gloom.

(Continued on Page 41)

PARIS IN HALF-MOURNING

By Anne E. Tomlinson

I DO not know why it is, but I do not seem to want to write about Paris. It may be that I have caught the spirit of Paris, who keeps her sorrows to herself, so deeply immersed in her suffering that silence only can express it. Or is it that the sorrow is so keen that, once given voice, it would be impossible to lapse again into that calm which prevails everywhere—a calm born of courage, determination and necessity?

When we arrived at twilight at the Gare du Nord there was little indication that anything unusual had happened to Paris. Our own train from Boulogne was well filled. The absence of a crowd was not noticeable, because there were so many of us.

We passed the customs without delay, regardless of the statement, in London, that all of our luggage would be scrutinized to the last degree. A new rule had come into effect just the day we left London. Nothing was examined there; whereas for weeks before there had been a most careful looking over of everything one possessed.

At Folkestone there was a mild kind of examination, the novel part of which consisted of having our legs felt by a woman from Scotland Yard, who also asked us to take off our hats. She carefully looked into each crown, but seeing nothing, seemed embarrassed, as if she realized the foolishness of it all; and saying, with a broad English accent, "You are quite all right," she let us pass.

It was not exactly cheerful to be told by the London agent from whom we purchased our tickets that on the next morning we might start from Folkestone, but with no guarantee of just where we would land. "Somewhere on the French coast," said the clerk. After this dubious promise it was with great joy that we found our boat heading for Boulogne.

Entering the slip at Boulogne we had our first shock of the reality of war. We met a hospital ship that was just leaving the port. It was crowded to the rails with wounded soldiers, most of whom were able to be on their feet.

One could read in their faces the horrors through which they had passed and the suffering they had endured. The ruddy English complexion had changed to a ghastly greenish-yellow hue, the mark of the trenches, even before the blood had been let out through gaping wounds.

Wounded Men Tagged for Home

EACH soldier was tightly buttoned into a big overcoat. Arms were often invisible, doubtless in slings underneath the coats. Every man was tagged. From the front of the coat depended two identifying cards at least six inches long, one bright red and the other of brown Manila, such as are attached to an ordinary express package. In fact these men made one think of misshapen gunny sacks standing on two feet, with masklike heads and faces, so inanimate were they. They seemed images, not men, with their fixed features and their monotonously vacant expressions. There was one unusually tall and ghastly man who towered above the rest. The socket of one eye was stuffed with cotton. He had no bandage on, but this cotton dressing gave him a weird appearance.

In striking contrast to these others was an East Indian soldier, who wore a blue robe that looked like a dressing gown—a chocolate-colored man who moved up and down the deck with a rhythmical stride, bareheaded and without any visible bandages or wounds. The cords of his girdle were unfastened and his robe hung loose from his shoulders, giving a mad and disheveled look. None of the others paid any attention to him as he strolled back and forth on the deck, and I did not observe that he even cast a glance toward our ship.

Boulogne looks like nothing so much as a British military camp. Everywhere there are soldiers in khaki, and I counted along the quay, in front of the Hotel Folkestone, sixty-one Red-Cross ambulances. On our boat there were brought over a beautiful new ambulance and a fresh corps of Red-Cross men.

Barracks have been built for the soldiers along the Boulogne docks, extending from the boat station to the main railway station of the town. These are one-story buildings of wood and tin. They look both dirty and uncomfortable and their surroundings are anything but pleasant. The docks, strewn with the litter of a great shipping center, are piled high for blocks and blocks with supplies of all kinds. There were great numbers of automobiles flying back and forth on the docks and through the streets, usually driven by men in khaki and often full of officers and soldiers. Only occasionally one caught a glimpse of the blue-and-red uniform of the French.

On the train there were many English officers and soldiers. In the dining car a group of gentlemen, two in uniform and two in civilian dress, sat opposite us. One of the military men had lost the two middle fingers of his left hand. The wound was healed, but showed its freshness from the scar. I overheard him say: "There were only three of us who did not have gangrene, and I was one of the three."

The conversation then ran on about the inefficiency of the care for the wounded and the great number who died from neglect. He said something about cases where seventy-two hours had passed without attention to the wounds. He and his companions were also discussing a French trainload of wounded which had arrived that morning at Boulogne from the district of Ypres, and one of them said: "I have never seen anything so raw as that done. They were piled in like logs, many of them bleeding to death."

On the train I had my first glimpse of English girls wearing the khaki uniform, their coats in the belted, many-pocketed style of the British service uniform, their caps exactly like those worn by the men, their skirts medium short, plaited affairs. The armbands and caps bore the mark of the Red Cross. These girls were young, in the early twenties, petite, blonde, good-looking, and seemingly very popular with the officers with whom they were making the journey to Paris.

The first morning in Paris was spent looking about in wonder at the beauty and calmness of the city. We had been awakened at an early hour by the noise of an aëroplane passing over the hotel. It was French, however, and under its protecting wings we were being guarded from attacks. Again at noon we looked out from the windows of the police station on the Marché St. Honoré, where we had gone to get our papers signed, at another patroling aviator soaring over the city of Paris. Every few hours through the day and night this happens. The Parisians, gazing up into the air, call in caressing tones to the aviator and his machine. These are worshipful objects in Paris, just as those of the enemy are objects of detestation.

On the Place de L'Opéra

When Paris is Sober

PASSING along the Rue St. Honoré during lunch hour, when the midinettes and little workers are crowding the streets, we came across a band of strolling players in a passage leading to a courtyard, where they were stationed playing military airs, led by a woman singer wrapped in the tricolor. They were well surrounded by listeners, mostly young women, doubtless little dressmakers and milliners, of which this district employs so many. With shrill but sweet soprano voices the girls and women joined in the refrain, showing that they were in the spirit of war, even though they were patiently plying their needles in Paris.

There was, we learned, to be a *première*, or first performance, of La Kommandatur at the Théâtre du Gymnase that night. We thought this would be a good opportunity to make a comparison between Paris as she is now socially and as she had been. These first nights at the Gymnase are always very crowded with the smart set in Paris, and the leading theatrical lights, musicians, artists and the government officials are usually there in full force.

We found a changed Paris. The theater was full, but with soberly dressed people, hardly one man having on evening dress. Even the Parisian actresses had dropped all frivolity of dress and manner and sat soberly watching the rehearsal of this play by the well-known Belgian playwright, M. Jean François Fonson.

The story depicted is anything but pleasing at this time. It has to do with the trials of a Belgian family during the German occupation of Brussels. The subject is too closely associated with the thought of what might have happened to Paris to make this play acceptable to the Parisian. The bruise is yet too fresh and the image of the suffering that might have been too sharp to bear open discussion among the French.

At the closing hour we were again brought to the realization of the difference in Paris now and at other times. There was a shortage of taxicabs, and those that were going toward the east refused absolutely to take fares going the other way. Many of the drivers claimed to be out of essence, and so we walked along the Boulevard as far as the Opéra. The shrouded street lamps gave dim light, but numerous gendarmes were stationed along the way, at least three to every square, evidencing that Paris is well patrolled at night. One observes this also by day—policemen are everywhere.

The afternoon of the same day I had driven to the Gymnase to buy my tickets for which, by the way, I had

A German Taube Captured by the French

Paris Does All She Can to Alleviate the Tedium of Her Suffering Soldiers

to pay as usual, twenty francs for a *fauteuil de balcon*. Coming out I told the cabman, a fat old Frenchman driving a forlorn horse hitched to a hack, "to take me to a tobacco shop to buy some cigarettes to send to the soldiers in the trenches." He gave me a smile, almost as broad as his back, and whipped up his horse. I made my purchase and had the tobacco sent by post to a young French soldier of my acquaintance. Parcel post packages are said to arrive at the trenches very promptly.

When I came out of the shop the old Frenchman was still beaming his gratitude to the American lady who thought of the soldiers fighting in the trenches.

The clerks in the tobacco shop expressed gratitude and appreciation in looks and manner. The American is ace high in Paris in this time of war as well as in times of peace. His sympathy, the actual helpful work that he is doing in the relief corps and the money that he spends in France are much appreciated.

The morning of the next day I had the great good fortune to have a call from a friend, a French soldier, who had been mobilized since the second of August. He belongs to a regiment of cavalry, but is now with the artillery, owing to the fact that the cavalry is not being used to any great extent.

Responding to the first call his regiment was equipped and left Paris five days after the declaration of war. Within two days they had crossed the German frontier and were singing the Marseillaise in Alsace-Lorraine. But only for two days; then they were forced to retreat, and for five days thereafter were in full flight before the oncoming German hordes. Many of the troops were without arms and some had only revolvers—*batteris de cuisine*, as the Frenchman says.

Adopting Unseen Sons in the Trenches

THE retreat was a terrible humiliation to every Frenchman, who to a man would have stayed to fight with their fists except for their superiors' orders. Only those who passed through the terrible five days can imagine what it meant to be always running away, to be flying from the enemy because of the lack of accouterment to make a stand.

These were fresh, raw troops made up of business men who, though they had done their regular military service in youth, had not been in the army for years, except for the annual three weeks' service which every Frenchman gives. They were like lambs led to slaughter when brought actually in contact with the splendidly equipped and perfectly organized troops of the enemy.

This, remember, was during the first weeks of the war, when consternation reigned everywhere in France. Things are different now, and this same regiment has just been ordered to Ypres. They have also done valiant fighting in Arras, to which point they were transferred from the Vosges in the early months of the war.

It is said that the best French soldiers are those mobilized from the district of Paris and those who have served In the colonies, among the latter especially those who have done service in Indo-China. The latter are trained and hardened soldiers and fight like machines. The Parisian has been forced to protect his city and his women and has fought like a demon. Love of Paris and hatred of the invader have been the impelling forces. But with the true spirit of Paris he has entered into it all with unconcern and raillery. He has talked in the argot of the Paris streets to the whistling bullets and shells that have been all about him. "*Descendez! On vous parle!*" he yells to the whirling shells from the enemy as they pass over his head. Pierced through the body with a bullet, he expires with the jest: "*J'ai mon comple.*"

The Parisians have done a very nice thing in connection with their soldiers at the front who have no families, or who are of that class of rovers that separate themselves from their families and in the ordinary course of events would receive no messages or packages from home. Many of these have been adopted by different families in Paris. Every week there go forward letters, or little packages of sweets, or articles of clothing.

There are many of these adopted sons who have never seen the families of their adoption. Friends and relatives also keep up a close connection with their men at the front, and everything is now so organized that delivery of all packages is well assured.

In almost every instance where a French soldier buys his own uniform, or if it is provided by his family, he chooses the khaki color of the English. It has been found to be more practical for field work than the blue of France. The French uniform, from a standpoint of actual comfort for the wearer, seems to lack everything. The tunic of the common soldier has no sign of a pocket. It is tight-fitting, with close armholes and tight sleeves, and does not in any way suggest comfort. So it is small wonder that those that can provide themselves with new clothes are adopting the English style. Once these khaki uniforms are received, the camp tailor attaches the identifying insignia, the regiment number and the rank of the wearer.

When a French soldier dressed in khaki walks along the streets of Paris he is at once the object of great admiration on the part of the children, more so than if he were in French uniform. The policemen salute with great celerity as he passes, and even the French officer is quick to recognize the khaki uniform, though he may pass a French soldier, dressed in the blue, without seeming to be aware of his presence. The Frenchman keeps to his own style of cap, though he sometimes puts over it a khaki cover.

I had the pleasure of outfitting a young French soldier with a complete khaki uniform and bicycle equipment. He had just been appointed secretary to the colonel of his regiment and was to be a dispatch rider. In order to secure this commission it was necessary for him to provide his own bicycle, and if he was to be more than ordinarily comfortable it was also necessary for him to have new clothing. This young man had been serving in the French Army nine months for one sou a day. Before going to the war he was employed at a small salary in a well-known business house and was dependent entirely upon his own earnings. Having during his nine months' service about exhausted his savings, he had either to do without all additional comforts or necessities, or obtain them from his friends or family.

Cases like this one are found everywhere among young men who had just started on their business careers prior to going to war. Such money as the families have been able to get together must be kept for the support of the women and children, and the men at the front do without, unless by some happy chance a friend or relative can help them out.

One afternoon, early in the week of our arrival, we were called on by a saleswoman from one of the big dressmakers on the Place Vendôme. These women watch the registers at the hotels, and as soon as a foreign lady arrives they are apt to call and urge her to pay a visit to the dressmakers. Esther is very well known and has many friends among the visitors to Paris, so it was interesting to hear her talk about the war. Like the true French woman, she is very philosophical about it all. Her brother-in-law, an officer in the French Army, was wounded in the battle of the Marne, and died of lockjaw. Esther has assumed the care of his widow and orphan child. She said to me with an air of complete conviction: "The old maids must now be the fathers of the families that are left fatherless, so I shall educate this baby myself." Many women of this character are to-day serving as heads of families, taking all the responsibility of providing for the helpless ones left behind by the men called to the war.

My own little dressmaker, Clotilde, has been almost without work during the winter. All of the Parisians have been economizing, and as the foreigners have largely been away from Paris since the beginning of the war the little dressmakers have suffered very much. Clotilde says she has hardly an acquaintance but whose family has suffered loss. One cousin from the Midi has been very seriously wounded one eye is gone, one foot has been amputated, one finger has been taken off and he has been rendered stone deaf. Yet he claims to be happy that he has thus far done his duty toward his country.

This soldier had a most terrifying experience. After a battle he found himself seriously wounded, and with another soldier crawled from where he had fallen to the road near by. They were walking along slowly when they came across a third man, shot through the stomach, who begged them not to leave him. So they took him between them and started on again, the man in the center groaning from the terrible pain he suffered. Suddenly a shell sped toward them and passed through the body of the man they were leading, fairly tearing him to pieces, but the two others were untouched.

There is no cessation of sorrow for the women in France. Either there is some loved one at the front exposed to great danger, or someone wounded or sick, or someone about to leave for no telling what hazard. With every friend one meets, or every acquaintance one makes, one hears of a new sorrow. Yet whatever Fate offers, the women accept it with resignation and calmness.

Bandages by Paquin and Worth

IN THE shops, also, one notices the change wrought by the war. The small stores invariably close from twelve to two o'clock. Even the banks have formed this habit of closing for two hours at noon. The business day has been shortened by beginning late, often as late as ten o'clock, and finishing as early as five-thirty. The American Express Company, the steamship ticket offices, the bookstores and all kinds of businesses observe these new hours, the only exception being the big department stores, which have the usual hours.

The manner in which the French woman has come forward to take whatever work was offered, and the facility with which she has filled these positions, have been a revelation. The capability of the French woman has always been recognized to some extent, but she herself had never dreamed that she could so quickly adapt herself to unfamiliar work and carry on so successfully the business of the nation as she is now doing.

Sunday in Paris is very quiet, there being no races; but the Parisian loves to be outdoors and he always finds some sort of amusement somewhere. And so large crowds gathered in the Jardin des Tuileries to witness the gymnastic feats of a crowd of young boys who are being trained under the direction of the state. This work of physical culture, though not directly connected with the army, is supplementary thereto.

France is making every effort to improve the physique of her young men, and particular stress is being laid on the training of the 1917 class. The 1915 class is now in service; the 1916 class has been called. Looking at these boys one feels almost as if mere babies were being sent to war.

Well-Known Singers Give Street Concerts of Patriotic Songs at Noonday

All the way up the Champs-Élysées there is much evidence of changed conditions. The Grand Palais is a military hospital, and every big hotel on the Champs-Élysées now serves as a hospital. There is a big one supported by the Russian Government, another by the Japanese, a third by the Paris dressmakers and a fourth by the women of France.

A large number of workrooms have been opened by philanthropic women, where dependent women are given employment in the making of articles of clothing and supplies for the comfort and care of the soldiers. These *ouvroirs* have become quite a fad in Paris, and many prominent and wealthy society women are individually sponsoring their work.

Every dressmaking establishment of prominence in Paris has done much toward providing articles of clothing and surgical dressings for the army. Madame Paquin has opened a hospital in St. Cloud very near her château. Worth has a hospital in some of the rooms of his establishment on the Rue de la Paix. The soldiers who are being cared for by Worth receive visitors from one to three in the afternoon, and many delicacies find their way to these poor fellows through the generosity and sympathy of the ladies who patronize the establishment.

So close to the showrooms are the hospital rooms that the odor of disinfectants permeates the whole establishment. The saleswomen and mannequins spend their spare moments in making respirators, bandages and dressings. As one enters the Worth establishment it is not unusual to see arriving at the same time an ambulance with its burden of wounded soldiers. Madame Paquin has left the direction of her business entirely to her sister-in-law, and has devoted every minute of her own time to the care of the sick and wounded. M. Armand, of Martial et Armand, is one of the secretaries to the Minister of War; so he very rarely has any time to give to his own business.

Just now the Parisian women are buying only tailored suits, and these of the simplest kind, either in dark blue, black or khaki color. Nothing else is really the fashion in Paris. In fact the fashionable *Parisienne* takes great pride now in the simplicity and somberness of her clothes.

The dressmaking situation has been considerably complicated by the mobilization. A saving factor, however, has been the fact that many of the best designers and makers of tailored garments are Polish and Russian, and it has been possible for them to remain at work. Prior to the war there were many Austrians doing this work in Paris, but they have gradually been forced to leave. During our stay there three Austrian tailors were ordered to leave the employ of one of the leading Paris dressmakers. Thus the work goes on of weeding out all the enemies.

Checkers is a Favorite Game for Those With Wounded Legs or Arms

Mannish Fashions in a Manless City

IT SEEMS to be a part of the capriciousness of fashion that just now, when there is a dearth of masculine labor, tailored suits should be the fashion. Furthermore, the tailored suit is getting more and more difficult to secure, on account of the scarcity of woolen materials. The French Government has need of its raw wool supply, and many of the largest woolen mills are in the district now occupied by the Germans, so the output is limited for two causes. Also, the French duty on woolen and worsted goods is very high. Yet regardless of all these good reasons why the tailored suit should not be the fashionable dress for the summer of 1915, it bids fair to be so. It is rather interesting to note that many of the Parisian dressmakers have ordered materials from the United States to use in their autumn collections.

The shortage in woolen goods particularly is most apparent from the variety of uniforms worn by the French soldiers. The government has been obliged to use any material or shade it could get hold of. The old uniform with the red trousers continues to serve, and many of the soldiers are wearing nondescript uniforms, sometimes consisting of a blue coat and corduroy trousers in dark brown or gray, like those worn by the workmen of France. This lack of sufficient materials with which to clothe the soldiers is one of the pathetic instances of the war. There is a similar shortage of cotton, so there are not shirts enough to go round. The sections of France now occupied by the Germans were previously the great cotton as well as the great woolen producing textile centers of France.

One of the leading manufacturers of France, with factories at Bohain, has had no word from any of his employees there since the twenty-fifth of last August. On the eighteenth of August there were eight hundred men employed in one factory. Up to now nothing is known of what happened to these workmen, nor of where they went when that section was occupied by the Germans. Some of the manufacturers have installed looms in the district of Lyons, where they are now manufacturing in a small way.

I visited one of the *ouvroirs* conducted by Mrs. Mygatt on the Boulevard Haussmann. This work began as a purely personal thing, and since then the work has been so heavy and the needs so great that donations from the friends of Mrs. Mygatt have been accepted. Mrs. Mygatt has made every sacrifice of personal luxury in order to give generously. She has dismissed all her servants except one, that being a soldier's wife who assists in the household affairs. To economize both labor and money she has closed such parts of her house as are not actually needed.

More than two thousand packages have been distributed, these consisting of warm clothing and other necessities, such as surgical dressings, antiseptic remedies and toilet articles. All of the work of making the garments and preparing the packages is done by the unemployed members of soldiers' families or by mobilized soldiers who, having given up their positions, have time to devote to this work.

One of the tailors employed by Paquin has been mobilized for several months, and being forced to give up his regular position has been employed to cut shirts. In France the soldier that is mobilized does not receive any pay from the government, and as many of them have been under the call to arms for many months and without resources, the conditions that have resulted have been very trying.

An unusual incident in connection with this *ouvroir* was the employment of a French woman refugee from Lille as a secretary. It was this woman's duty to mark every package that was forwarded to the trenches, or request that the recipient acknowledge direct to the *ouvroir*. One day there came a letter from a soldier in the trenches, asking these ladies of the *ouvroir* to assist him in finding his wife, and giving the name of the woman who was employed in the position of secretary.

A great deal of this work of getting soldiers from the invaded district into communication with the refugee members of their families has been done by the *ouvroirs*. They have worked in connection with the German governors of the various cities. In some instances communications have been opened up between members of these broken-up families.

Mrs. Mygatt has on record many letters that have been received from the soldiers at the front, thanking the ladies for articles that have been sent, asking for assistance in obtaining news of their families, and others asking that packages be sent them from the *ouvroir*. Some of their letters are very interesting, and all of them are full of human touches.

High-Priced Restaurants the Cheapest

THE Café de Paris is perhaps one of the liveliest places in Paris. The management there decided to make the best of a bad bargain and has greatly reduced prices, continuing to serve good food and in good style.

The tables are crowded every day, a large proportion of the patrons being French and English soldiers, with a good representation of Americans, most of whom have come to Paris on business. There is also a sprinkling of women, among whom are to be noted certain of the well-known members of the half-world, very smartly dressed, but with all features of the costume toned and subdued to accord with the war spirit of the day.

Another popular place for luncheon is the Café des Ambassadeurs in the Champs-Elysées. Here, too, one finds a gathering of very smart people, especially for the *déjeuner*, made up of the same class who frequent the Café de Paris; in fact there is a sort of vibration between these two. To-day these restaurants, which in ordinary times are very expensive, are much cheaper than are restaurants without their reputation.

With few exceptions, restaurant prices are terribly high; in fact all war prices are high. One pays dearly in Paris now for all luxuries. Hotel proprietors are perhaps not quite so stiff on the prices of their rooms, or are willing to give better rooms for the same price. Thus if the minimum in the hotel is seven francs for a room, you can get a better room for seven francs to-day than in ordinary times; but as yet few of them have broken the minimum price, so one does not live cheaply in Paris.

Editor's Note—The second article on Paris in Half-Mourning will appear in an early number.

The Populace is Quick to Recognise the Hero Upon Whom Honors Have Been Conferred

Smiling-Faced Young Chaps Hobble Along on Crutches, Proud of the Military Medal

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Effects of War

IT WOULD be agreeable to believe that a permanent and elevating change in European character was going to result from this war, but history forbids it. True, from end to end of the continent there has been devotion to a common ideal, self-abnegation, suffering firmly met and patiently endured. But men have been doing precisely that from the beginning of time. If meeting the demands of war unflinchingly exercised any such permanent effect upon human character as romanticists expect from this conflict, we should be mostly archangels by this time. Whatever Europe has been doing the past year, the United States did for four years; and the two decades following the Civil War form one of the least admirable chapters in our annals. After the Puritans came Charles II. Strenuous exaltation of spirit was followed by a nice wallow in the dirt.

If this tremendous European experience were a new thing, we might hope—in spite of the uncomfortable fact that in the mass human character, whatever its experiences, changes very slowly—for some radical inclination upward of Europe's spiritual plane to follow it. But, in fact, war is one of the oldest experiences in the history of the human race. The people of Europe have been going through it periodically since Cæsar's time—and before, for that matter.

Reaction, spiritual and political, and hate are the common effects of war. That Spanish character was brutalized by the centuries-long contests with the Moors is at any rate a tenable theory. That all Europe will be worse for the war, in every important respect, is not only quite possible, but, unfortunately, most probable.

Borrowing in Ireland

A GOVERNMENTAL committee that spent two years studying rural credit in Ireland recently reported. The committee finds, of course, that theoretically coöperation would afford the best solution of the problem. Everybody has known that since the enormous success of the Raiffeisen coöperative banks in Germany. The outstanding fact about those banks is that farmers in a given locality pool their credit, all standing surety for one another, and electing a management to pass upon applications for loans—an important point in their decision being whether the money is wanted for a really useful purpose or for an extravagance. This necessarily implies that the coöperating borrowers submit their affairs, to a large degree, to the scrutiny of their own neighbors; and that is precisely what many noncontinental farmers will not do.

The committee finds, for example, that impecunious Irish farmers often resort to extraordinary and expensive shifts, exactly for the purpose of concealing their condition from their neighbors. They fall victims by the hundreds to city loan sharks, who deluge the rural districts with circulars and practice all the extortions peculiar to their trade.

Another frequent shift is the "trust auction." A farmer sends a cow or a horse to public auction, secretly arranging with a relative or a friend to bid the animal in. The putative buyer gives his ninety-day note, which is indorsed by the putative seller and discounted. Often the auctioneer is a bit of a loan shark on the side and will discount the paper at usurious rates. Then the supposed buyer sends the cow or the horse back to the supposed seller, who, when the note falls due, goes through the same operation again with some other secret partner, thereby raising money to pay the first note.

Of course the expense, with discount, loss of time, auctioneer's fees, and so on, brings the cost of the money up to a terrific rate. But the borrower saves his face before his neighbors, or thinks he does.

Since the passage of the Irish Land Purchase Act in 1903 a great number of small tenants have become small landholders. Naturally they have great need of credit for their seasonal operations. Doubtless coöperation on something like the Raiffeisen plan would help them to it better than anything else. A movement in that direction was started a great many years ago, but so far has met with very small success.

Retired Farmers

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Can you find a country town anywhere in the Middle West that does not contain a number of retired farmers? Some towns seem to be half populated by them. Look over those same towns and see how many retired grocers, blacksmiths, plumbers, or even doctors or lawyers you can find. Is there any other trade or profession that produces so large a proportion of men who can retire while they are still in good physical condition, with enough capital to insure them comfortable maintenance for the rest of their days and a nice nest egg to leave their descendants?"

Certainly there is no other trade or profession that produces so large a number of men who do retire in the agreeable circumstances named. Very likely no other trade or profession produces so large a proportion, although that is simply guessing and there are six million farmers in the United States.

There are nearly two and a half million farms worked by tenants, and in the last census period the number of farms worked by tenants increased twice as fast as the number worked by owners. In a good many cases a farm worked by a tenant means that the owner has retired. It is true that the farmer usually retires on a cash income that the lawyer, doctor, merchant or banker would consider inadequate; and probably the ambition to retire is stronger among farmers than among followers of most other trades or professions.

The lawyer and the doctor keep on practicing even when they might manage to live without professional income; in the same circumstances the banker and the merchant stick to the shop, with shorter hours and longer vacations. They don't want to give up the activities in which they are expert. Evidently, as a general sort of rule, they get more pleasure out of their business than the farmer gets out of his.

Theoretically, farming, when a man is not driven by hard manual toil, should be the pleasantest of businesses. The cure for the retired farmer is to make the fact more nearly correspond with the theory.

Uniform City Accounts

SINCE 1903 the census bureau has collected and published, yearly, fiscal statements of cities having thirty thousand inhabitants and upward. These reports, so far as they go, are uniform and comparable for all cities. The bureau furnishes uniform blanks and sends its agents to all the cities in order to reduce to common terms the various items of income, outgo, indebtedness, and so on. Some cities have adopted a scheme of accounting that conforms to the classifications and definitions prescribed by the census office. But most of them keep their own accounts and make their official reports in their own way. By turning to the census report a man in one city can compare the leading fiscal facts of his municipality with those of some other municipality of about the same size and general condition.

Yet if he takes up the detailed official report of his own city and tries to compare that with the official report of another like city, he may find them not comparable because the accounts are kept differently.

The right thing would be to take the census blanks as a foundation and build upon them a uniform system of city accounting. Broadly speaking, our cities get their money in the same way and spend it for the same objects. In various instances statutory changes may be needed to permit a really simple, fully expressive system of accounting. But there is no good reason why city fiscal reports should not be as easily understood and as comparable as railroad reports are. Plenty of good reasons why they should be readily understood and strictly comparable will occur to anybody.

At one time or another we have had a good many inquiries, especially from smaller cities, as to where a satisfactory scheme of city accounting may be found. No doubt the census bureau will cheerfully respond to all such inquiries.

There is more meat in this subject than in some others that make much higher pretensions.

The Disadvantage of Victory

FOR an undemocratic government, defeat in war may be a benefit to its subjects, while victory may be a curse. Thus Bebel wrote in his memoirs: "My view is that defeat in war is rather advantageous than disadvantageous to a people in our unfree condition. Victories make a government that stands opposed to a people arrogant and exacting. Defeats compel it to approach the people and win their sympathies. History shows that when the Prussian people, with great sacrifice of life and property, overthrew the rule of Napoleon and rescued the ruling dynasty, the latter forgot all the beautiful promises which in its hour of danger it had given to the people. Only after a long period of reaction did 1848 arrive, when the people were able to conquer what had been withheld from them for generations. Again, if Prussia had been defeated in 1866, Bismarck's ministry and the rule of the aristocracy, which weigh like a nightmare upon Germany to this day, would have been swept away."

It is extremely probable that defeat for the Russian Government in this war would benefit the Russian people, while victory can hardly bring them anything but a heavier, bloodier tyranny. Defeat for Austria-Hungary may well result in decided melioration of a government only less oppressive and benighted than that of Russia, while victory would probably vivify for some dolorous time the dead-alive Hapsburg incubus. We may be pretty sure that not through victory for the Kaiser's arms will the people of Prussia win an equal franchise, or those of Germany a ministry responsible to parliament, while defeat would pretty surely bring a freer organization. We may reasonably expect that a victorious Junkerdom would extend the Zabern incident pretty widely over German soil.

If there must be war, victory for democracy is its only possibly hopeful issue.

Income-Tax Returns

AFTER two years' operation the personal-income tax is rather disappointing. In the first fiscal year it yielded less than thirty million dollars and in the year ending with June last a little over forty millions. But as the levy in the first year applied to income for only ten months, against twelve months last year, the true gain is roughly twenty per cent. On last year's basis the tax produces about six per cent of the Federal Government's total revenue.

It is pretty largely, moreover, a tax on certain well-to-do residents of half a dozen large cities. In the first year three hundred and fifty thousand returns were made, and nearly half of them came from New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Illinois. Twenty-one thousand persons reported incomes from twenty thousand to one hundred thousand dollars a year, and nearly thirteen thousand of them lived in those four states. As to incomes above one hundred thousand dollars, there were less than five hundred of them in the country outside the four states. Take the lowest range of taxable incomes—from three thousand to four thousand dollars a year: there were only six hundred of them in the two Dakotas the first year; less than eight hundred in the two Carolinas. These figures are typical.

We cannot get over being surprised at the comparative poverty of the United States, outside a few big cities, as disclosed by income-tax returns.

More Comparative Poverty

WE HAVE mentioned that a great part of the income tax comes from a few large cities; but in all the cities of the United States having thirty thousand inhabitants or more there is only a little over four billion dollars of taxed personal property. In the group of largest cities Chicago stands high in the ratio of taxed personalty to taxed realty; but in Chicago the personal-property tax is a standing joke. Newspapers can run over to the assessor's office any time they like and raise a moral certainty that no propertied citizen pays the personalty taxes which the law prescribes.

Assessed valuation of real estate in New York is more than ten times that in Chicago; but New York's taxed personalty is only one-third greater than Chicago's. Of course the assessments are made on a different basis and in New York bonds and mortgages are virtually exempt. Yet the figures indicate how grotesquely the personal-property tax works out.

To take two cities in the same state: Buffalo's realty is valued at two and a half times that of Syracuse, but the personal property is barely forty per cent greater. Nobody is especially encouraging us in the hope, but we expect to see the personal-property tax go the way of Old Sarum.

OLD GENERAL RED-TAPE

By A. C. Laut

IT IS said that the present war marks the passing forever of secret backstairs diplomacy. With the publishing of the various governments' diplomatic correspondence, we are told, comes in a new era of simple, frank, above-board international negotiations. Henceforth all international facts are to be laid before the public and the public is to be the final arbitrator.

It is the profound regret of Uncle Sam that the new era did not come in sooner. It would have saved him all this imbroglio over blockade and submarine. Secrecy, conspiracy and intrigue have been the curses of the war from the beginning. It is a question whether all parties to the great contest do not realize now that secrecy has been a stupid, costly blunder from the first.

In a minor way this secrecy and intrigue have involved Uncle Sam in a war not of his making and have brought the curse perilously near his shores.

If ever the United States is again confronted by such a world catastrophe as this war—which heaven forbid!—it is a pretty safe prediction that his first declaration will be for an end to the secrecy and intrigue that have spread like a network of underground wires to underground mines ever since the war began.

If Uncle Sam becomes involved in war—which heaven forbid!—it will be owing to the underground work which has transferred to the United States a contest under cover almost as bitter as the one now going on in the trenches to the roar of thundering guns.

If the Allies are beaten it will not be through lack of courage. It will be the direct result of criminal blunders masking under secrecy. If the Teutons are beaten they will owe their fate largely to the secret diplomacy that preceded the war.

And if both sides withdraw from the struggle alike baffled, drained to the last drop of blood and last farthing of savings, they will owe their condition to the secrecy in which incompetence has concealed its own crime.

Secrecy Everybody's Worst Enemy

AS A SHINING and beautiful example of what secrecy is masking, take the case of the military inspectors sent out from Europe to pass on the munitions of war being shipped from the United States. Let it be distinctly understood that comments apply as much to one side as to the other. Let it be understood that Germany is just as desperate for copper as the Allies are for shells. Examples of the desperate need on both sides can be given without number. The few related here will suffice. Less secrecy and more sense, less departmental red tape and more red-blooded horse sense are what Uncle Sam demands in future international dealings.

It is a pretty even guess that the world would never have believed if Lloyd George had not come out openly and declared that the Allies were being hampered and halted, not for lack of men but for lack of shells. Lemberg fell, not because the Russians failed to stand up to the fight, but because they had not the ammunition; and Lloyd George put the blame directly and squarely on the workingmen's shoulders.

Hundreds of American plants are running only from forty to sixty per cent of their capacity. Hundreds of others refuse to touch war orders with tongs. Over thirty million dollars of war orders were turned down in Pittsburgh. Why? And in those that have accepted the big orders the workmen are at it top speed, extra pay, three shifts every twenty-four hours, with bonuses to guaranty no strikes or lockouts while the contracts run, mostly for three years. So the workmen are not to blame for any lack of output in the United States. Where is the hitch? Let us follow a few secret war orders.

In one plant forty thousand shells, at a cost of about eighteen dollars apiece, had been ordered according to specifications in Print I. When the inspector arrived to examine the shells he carried a print called II. The shells conformed to Drawing I; but specifications in Drawing I differed from specifications in Drawing II by five-ten-thousandths of an inch in the plugging of the shell's nose, and the inspector rejected those shells. They will probably be bought later; but at the time they were rejected the country ordering them was suffering terrible casualties for lack of shells.

Something almost similar happened in an order for shells valued at eighteen dollars each. The purpose of these shells was to kill, not to demonstrate fine technical points to a class of students in a war college. The plug or stopper of these shells to keep the explosive in until fired had a sort of wire edge to its screw. The inspectors came. They declared this wire edge differed some thousandth part from the specifications. The men were instantly stopped on the work. A wire was sent for the chief inspector. Three days passed. Armies were dying in the trenches while the inspector spent nine days in comparing the gauge with specifications. After three days' confabulation and six days' examination it was decided that the shell as manufactured was in better conformity to the master gauge and the specifications than as the inspector had demanded it. The stuff was needed desperately. In the meantime men were dying for lack of ammunition. All down the line of the fighting the cry was: "Shells—shells! Why did the British workman haggle? Did he know? Did he realize? Why were the shipments from America delayed? Did the manufacturer know that he who acts promptly acts tenfold more effectively?"

In justice to the inspectors let another case be given: In a shell factory seventy thousand dollars' worth of shells was rejected by the inspectors. The plant forthwith fired a hundred hands, both men and women! Now, what was the inside truth? Shell making is a delicate technical art. Temper the container too high or too low, or give it different tensile strength on one side than on the other side, and you may have a shell that will expand to heat and plug or burst your gun. That is exactly what happened in this factory. The work was new to those men and women. They failed to temper the metal in the shell exactly right. It spread and plugged the gun. But because everything was being wrapped in such mystery the blame was placed on the inspectors, where, in this case, it did not belong.

Or take another case: A certain very large firm had exported four and a half million pieces of ammunition. The vessel carrying it was torpedoed. A rush order came by cable: "Duplicate order; ship at once; steamer sailing next week." Now, did it ever strike you that you cannot duplicate an order by the click of a telegraph operator's instrument? The manager called his assistants. Could they do it? At the end of half an hour they decided that by trebling their staffs and by doubling up work night and day they could do it, if no inspectors held them up and if there were no unreasonable rejections. Their plant was pushed to top speed. Trucks, express wagons and freight cars were rushed to get the shipment to port. There was no lagging round that factory for a week; and there was little sleep for the manager and his assistants.

Putting Field Guns Through Their Paces

TWO days before shipment the inspectors came on the scene and the mandate went forth: "Stop; it must be inspected." "Stop? Did the inspectors realize it would take every second of every day for a week to fill the order at all?" But the inspectors had breathed forth the mandate "Stop!" with a manner suggesting that if they said it to the sun same sun would instantly stop and hide its light. The manufacturer instantly went over their heads and cabled to the War Board: "We have your order. We agree to fill it, but inspectors have ordered us stopped for inspection. What shall we do?"

And the War Board made the cryptic answer: "We shall attend to matter from this side." Instantly an order came in cipher to the inspectors calling them to rally to another part of the country on another job; the work went on; and the shipment was made.

Another case was even more notoriously preposterous. A certain government contracted with a company for so many pieces of small ammunition in a given time. The inspectors insisted on a firing test. There were five million pieces of this ammunition. The inspectors insisted that five per cent of the entire order was to be tested. Now, the life of a field gun is only fifteen hundred shots, when it either goes on the scrapheap or must be overhauled; the test meant two hundred and fifty thousand shots. Please note that fact carefully. The inspectors, however, had brought only two guns to make the test—that is, they could not possibly fire more than three thousand of the two hundred and fifty thousand shots required by their specifications. Four more guns were sent.

Even suppose guns did not wear out—will you please figure out how many months it would take the inspectors

Old General Red-Tape and His Staff

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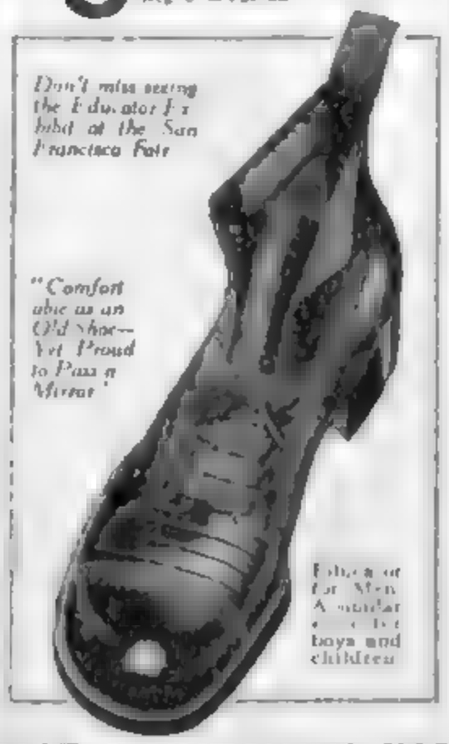
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to fire a quarter of a million shots and how much useless expenditure such a test would have involved? I do not know the outcome of this test, but the farce of it is typical of other tests that delay ammunition

Or take yet another case. A certain company contracted to make bullets to measure five-hundred-one-thousandths, or exactly half an inch in diameter, and to weigh exactly so much. The bullets were to be tested chemically and then tested as a Western apple packer tests apples—by dropping them through an exact aperture for size.

There were two million and a half pieces of ammunition to this order, and two hundred balls to each piece—which, of course, tells what kind of ammunition it was. In a word, there were 2,500,000 by 200 little lead bullets to be punched through the inspector's little test rings. Those that fell through passed; those that did not, did not pass. Question: If the inspector's fingers were as thick as his head how many years would it take him to complete that test?

A certain company accepted an order to manufacture powder. Now, that company had ample facilities to manufacture powder in quantities to supply every one of the belligerents in full quota for all possible needs. It could manufacture more powder than there are armaments to shoot it off. I suppose no one will deny that every single belligerent is desperate for powder; but this particular government must have powder made after a very particular formula—different from any formula in the United States. The government would accept only this formula, and this formula required very special ingredients prepared in a very special way.

"The time required for making powder depends on the size of the grains." I quote from an officer high in the ranks of the American War Department. "To dry smokeless powder requires from thirty days to five months." Now, I do not know what particular powder this order called for; and if I did inadvertently find it out I should not be permitted to tell; but the insistence on this formula delayed this contract easily by three or four months. If the government would have accepted the powder manufactured for the other nations—for the United States, for instance—that government could have had literally incalculable quantities almost instanter; but the inspectors would accept only this formula.

Arms Across the Sea

Run over in your mind exactly what happened to the Allied forces from November to April, and why they marked time, and you will have a faint idea what stupidity is doing in this case under the military mask of secrecy.

As a matter of fact, this company is manufacturing for every single one of the belligerents. Nine out of ten of the belligerents can use the ordinary powder. According to one nation's inspectors, the tenth Power cannot use this powder.

Strip aside the red tape and the gold braid and the pompous mask of secrecy, and what remains? As one manufacturer of war orders answered: "Technical asses who would be kicked off the doorstep of any American factory for incompetence."

The world knows now that it was perfectly true that almost two million dollars was flaunted under the noses of Mr. Wilson's advisers to get possession of the three hundred and fifty thousand condemned Krag-Jorgensen rifles, and that the offer was scouted and utterly condemned by President Wilson. The United States, as a government, will sell nothing to the belligerents, however much private firms may sell if they can put the war orders across. Both sides are literally famine-hungry for those rifles.

Take a run over the orders in the United States for rifles in May and June; ten thousand more men have been added to one group of factories to manufacture rifles. Eleven new factories have been erected at one plant. Another big company is giving its entire plant over to the manufacture of rifles. Old rifles have been gathered up in Cuba and shipped to New York to answer the need. In one center the war order for guns with bayonets totals thirty-five millions; in another, twenty-seven millions; in yet another, twenty-two millions. I do not know any way of computing how many rifles have been ordered from the United States; but I do know that four or five of the biggest plants have orders enough for rifles to keep them going day and night for three years—and do not get it into your head that those orders are all for the Allies.

Last October two million pieces of ammunition were wanted instantly—wanted desperately. An official buyer came posthaste across the sea. The manufacturers who could fill the order were summoned by wire. They could and would fill the order instantly. But the inspector seesawed until January. He compared prices. He kept up competition. He howled about "robber prices."

Those manufacturers looked him over rather critically. They were being besieged with orders from nations that bought on the dot, decided on the instant, and paid on delivery at the shipside. After chasing himself round in futile circles, and after costing his government a small fortune in cables, the buyer placed the order.

The Underground-Wire System

Do not run away with the idea that the war-order factories resent inspection. They do not. They realize that shoes must not be paper-soled, and drugs must not be stale-bread pills, and wool must not be half cotton, and food must not be rotten provender, and leather for war must be of the strongest and best. They know guns must fire and explosives explode; but what, they marvel, are the nations fighting for their very lives doing in sending out some of the men that they do to handle the business?

So much for what secrecy does in the system of inspecting war orders. It does still worse for the nations when they come to foot the bills. Take the leading metal orders alone. Spelter has literally been cornered. Lead has been jacked up a hundred per cent. Brass has jumped twenty-five per cent. The Allies pointed the finger at Germany and said: "Plots!" Germany pointed at the Allies and said: "Plots!" And there was a plot all right; it was the speculator working again under secrecy. As soon as the demand became apparent prices were jacked up twenty-five per cent.

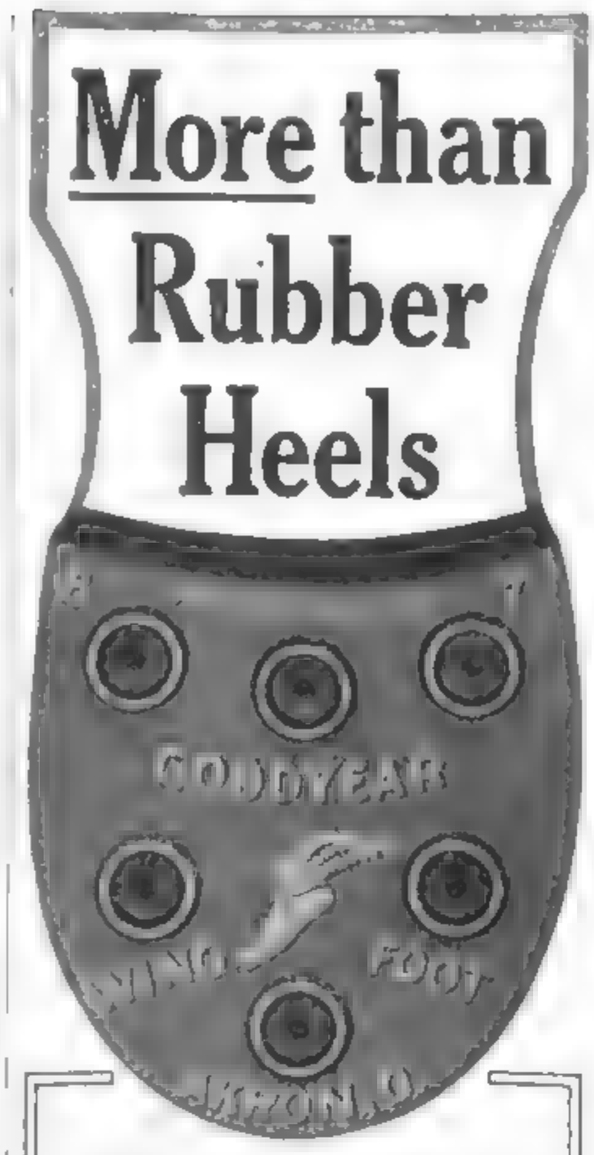
Why did the big banks not protect their foreign customers from this sort of thing? Secrecy again—though it would puzzle some of the modern Münchhausens, running round the country with spy stories, to explain who is helped, or how, by the fool policy of secrecy; or who would be hurt, or how, by buying war orders openly and aboveboard in the open market by advertisements for tenders.

"Ah—but the enemy! The other side would know! This kind of thing cannot be blazed out." Do you suppose for the fraction of a second that one pound of war orders goes to the Allies of which Germany does not know, or one pound of war supplies to Germany of which the Allies do not know? Spies, investigators, observers and detectives are everywhere, in the most curious underground conspiracy that ever spread its network over a neutral country.

I asked an official member of the Allies' buying staff how certain field guns had been tampered with between the time they left the United States and the time when they reached Salisbury Plain, where they refused to fire a shot. He did not know—had not heard of it; was cherubically innocent of any knowledge of it at all! Yet I had not been away from his department an hour before a third person began to bluff round to find out how I knew—or thought I knew. The underground wire had been touched before I left that office. The shipment was an important one. It was one consignment out of some thousand guns ordered. If he had asked me openly how I knew I should have told him, for I have found that the way to get anywhere in this world is not to coax and hoax under the table, but to play face up, aboveboard; so I let him draw his own inference, which was entirely false.

The question is repeatedly asked: Why is it lawful for the Allies to ship war orders when it is not lawful for Germany? It is equally lawful for Germany; but the point is, English cruisers are watching the lanes of the sea—so Germany launches her policy of secrecy to get her war orders across, just as the Allies maintain secrecy owing to German spies; and the policy of secrecy has worked Germany even more mischief than it has the Allies. What good did it do to ship copper in boatloads of toys to a neutral port when the deception was discovered and subsequently set suspicion by the ears as to every shipment to a neutral port? What good did it do to bring about the suppression of the ship manifests from October to February when anyone can go

More than Rubber Heels



JUST as solid rubber heels beat leather heels, just so do these *air* heels beat rubber heels. For these are *more* than rubber heels. They give rubber-heel comfort with the added delight and buoyancy which only the air cushions under each heel can impart.

Where solid rubber lies on your tread, Wingfoots *live* it. They more than take care of each present step—they anticipate and assist each next one. You really walk on air.

GOODYEAR AKRON Wingfoot Rubber Heels

Ease and Economy

Made of resilient, durable rubber that actually outwears leather. The air cushions have a raised edge, which adds to the wearing and cushioning quality. They are rubber heels perfected. You haven't enjoyed such walking comfort since barefoot days.

And Wingfoots cost no more than the ordinary kind. All sizes. Black or chocolate. For men, women, children. Price, put on, 50c a pair. Sold by dealers and repairmen everywhere. If your dealer is out of them, send us his name and tracing of your heel and we will see that you are supplied. You do not have to accept other makes, when Wingfoots are so readily accessible, and so wondrously comfortable.

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So great is the demand for Goodyear-Akron Wingfoots that the shoes of the following manufacturers can now be bought with them already on:

Manufacturer	*Brand*
Emerson Shoe Co.	"The Emerson Shoe"
E. T. Wright & Co., Inc.	"The Just Wright Shoe"
P. B. Keith Shoe Co.	"Keith's Konqueror"
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.	"Douglas Shoe"
The Excelsior Shoe Co.	
Emery & Marshall Co.	"E. & M."
Field Bros. & Gross Co.	"Walkabout"
J. H. Winchell Co.	
N. B. Thayer Shoe Co.	
E. E. Taylor Co.	
Stacy-Adams Co.	
Field-Lumbert Co.	
Foss-Packard Co.	"The Foss Shoe"
Brockton Co-operative B. & S. Co.	
Isaac Prouty & Co., Inc.	"Matchless"
The Alden, Walker & Wilde Co.	
The Maury Shoe	
Newark Shoe Stores in 93 cities	

"Ox-Lite" Soles

Ask for these also. Light and durable. They are stub-proof, slip-proof and water-proof. They complete the joy of your walk.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

Akron, Ohio

Makers of Goodyear Fortified Automobile Tires

into the customhouse to-day and scan the back lists of outward-bound manifests totaling enormous supplies—cereals and copper and cotton? Yes—and look at it hard—chlorine and gaseous explosives in enormous quantities!

"If you want to know whether So-and-So are manufacturing for Blank, look it up and see whether they ship cordite to neutral countries," advised a gunpowder expert. I did; and I found cordite and chlorine in the outward-bound manifests of neutral ships.

Granted that the German American who accumulated empty beer barrels for years against the day when his home land would need them to transfer oil by barrel instead of by bulk did a good job for his Fatherland; for the barrels have all been used to neutral countries. The secret way he did it has set Dame Rumor agog with sleepless suspicion and tireless lies.

The Allies do not need to falsify ship manifests to get their war orders across, for their cruisers patrol the seas; but Germany, to get her war orders, had to ship under a neutral flag to a neutral port, and, to avoid capture by the British cruisers, attempted to conceal the real nature of the shipments.

Take the case of the copper and rubber sent out in cotton. This happened with a British steamer. You will admit it would have been rather a stroke to get contraband across to Germany under the British flag; but the British consul had been examining cargoes in British ships with X rays. Eleven bales of cotton passed the X-ray test. The twelfth looked queer. It was opened and in a hundred and seventy bales of cotton waste were found an average of three hundred pounds of crude rubber to the bale. The shipment was withdrawn. This case of deception violated Federal law. The sponsors for the plot pleaded guilty and were fined five hundred dollars and three hundred dollars each.

Before the German cruisers had been chased off the sea, or interned off the Atlantic, they naturally needed coal and supplies. Steamers under neutral flags cleared from New York and Philadelphia for Buenos Aires and Africa. They did not go to Buenos Aires and they did not go to Africa. They went out to the German sea rovers that have since been interned or sunk and handed over the supplies to them. This was sailing under false manifest. It was also violating the American neutrality laws. In some of those ships was concealed copper not in the manifests. These cases are now before the Federal courts.

It is to the same category of foolish secrecy that the passport frauds belong. German reservists, of whom there were hundreds of thousands in the United States, had a perfect right to go home to fight for their Fatherland; but when the German ships were suddenly interned, and the British cruisers suddenly loomed off the Atlantic coast, the question was how to get those reservists across. The best friends of Germany to-day acknowledge that the passport frauds were a great mistake. They have ended in three-year terms at Atlanta.

There is another kind of secrecy that is not so innocent. It is hardly possible this campaign can have been the work of individual enthusiasts. Every factory producing war orders is having unexpected labor difficulties, unaccountable delays, fires, explosions, accidents. Reference has been made to the big guns spoiled between the factory and Salisbury Plain. There was also an explosion in this plant among the men making fuses. At another point, where twelve new factories are going up to fill war orders, there has been strike after strike among the workmen.

Take the well-known case of a plant being built for the production of an explosive. The contract for the delivery of the explosive runs for two years. The factory was to be erected this summer, complete in every detail. Strike followed strike; delay succeeded delay. One day a shipment of bricks did not come. Another day the cement had gone astray. Ovens went wrong. It became apparent that the factory was being purposely delayed. Neither side courted the exposure of investigation. One side did not want it known that it was obtaining the explosive here. The other side did not want it known that its own agents had hampered the delivery according to contract. The builder was paid off ninety per cent on what he had finished, with ten per cent holdback against future discoveries of flaws in construction. This was one of the foremost plants in the world.

A guncotton plant has had three fires in three months. A Canadian arsenal has been dynamited. A shell plant in the state of New York has had to build a stockade sixteen feet high to keep out trespassers; and one of the largest powder plants has five hundred detectives on guard—one hundred mounted—day and night. I do not fancy that this plant maintains such numbers of guards solely owing to spy-and-die-phobia. Another curious coincidence! A lot of machinery—seven hundred pieces, valued at a thousand dollars each—was ordered for the Allies from a plant in the Middle West. It reached shipside damaged secretly in a way that would render it useless in action.

If there had been no secret diplomacy there would have been no war; and if the mask could be torn from the secrecy shrouding intrigue to-day, it is a safe guess that the duration of the war could be materially shortened.

THE HOHENZOLLERNS AT HOME

(Continued from Page 7)

the most surprised person in the world if his dearly beloved soldiers had taken him at his word. Anyway, they did not; therefore, some of them could not afford to hire cabs or pay their tailors. As one witty Princess remarked: "All their gold is on their collars."

In return for the pleasant parties they provided for him—the only parties the Kaiser really enjoyed—the Kaiser treated his officers with special consideration. Part of his theory of statecraft was to uphold the military caste. A civilian in his eyes was little better than a lackey. I once heard him seriously discuss with the Empress the advisability of making civilians give up their seats in tramcars to men in uniform. Woe to the unfortunate commoner who quarreled with a person wearing stripes on his arm! Justice then was set aside for the sake of discipline, as the Emperor was so fond of repeating.

A case in point, which many still remember, was the famous quarrel in a café, where an officer drew his sword and grievously wounded an unoffending professor or doctor because the latter refused to move from a table desired by his betters. The officer went unpunished because, as William explained to us: "It is necessary that the honor of the army be upheld at all costs."

Is it any wonder that the Prussian officer has become intolerably overbearing?

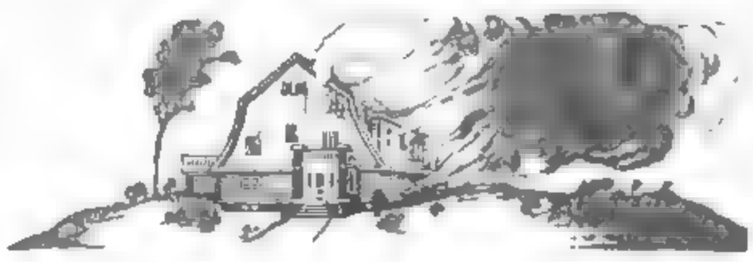
Christmas always interrupted the official entertainments at the Berlin Court. It was the one season when the Kaiser stepped down from his pedestal, as it were; rather, I should say, he chose to play a new rôle. The imperial manner was laid aside and he acted—for he was always acting, though often, I believe, unconsciously—like an ordinary kindly human being.

The young Hohenzollerns wrote their *Herz-zettels*, as other German children did, several weeks before the great feast of the year. Then various shops in Berlin were commanded to bring a selection of novelties to the palace, and these were put on exhibition in one of the big salons. We ladies enjoyed immensely helping to arrange the beautiful toys and knicknacks for inspection. The Empress herself came to "our bazaar," as we called it, often bringing the Emperor with her to help choose gifts for everybody.

Naturally we ladies wished to make some return for what we were about to receive; but how to do it was a problem. To offer anything of value to Her Majesty was forbidden; so those who could embroider or paint prepared some bit of work. Personally, being unable to do either, I simply offered a book to my pupil, the little Princess Louise; and many an anxious moment I spent in choosing it. The Empress was pleased to have her daughter, then studying French, receive something in that language; but so rigorous was her censorship that it puzzled me to find anything suitable. Paul Bourget she did not approve of; Pierre Loti she considered *risqué*. The classics were too serious, memoirs too frivolous. I suggested René Bazin's *La Terre Qui Meurt;* but Countess von Brockdorff

(Continued on Page 28)

This advertisement was written to point out to you a danger that may even now be threatening your home and everything in it



What caused the fire?

Nobody knows how many fires start from faulty wiring—defective insulation. Nobody knows, because the fire most always destroys the evidence.

Fires of "unknown" origin are increasing. Records do show an increasing number of fires traceable to defective wiring.

Good wire, properly installed, is safe

Poor wire is unsafe at the start and grows worse with age.

Defective wire in your home is a fire-bug, hidden behind walls, under floors, in your cellar—a sneak, striking without warning day or night. Current leaks—reaches the danger point—flash!—and then a fire!

Certain symptoms indicate defective insulation:

1—Fuses blowing out
2—Lights dim in wet weather
3—Meter running too fast

If these symptoms are present in your house, now is the time to investigate your wiring—before you have a fire.

ECCO Insulated Wire is safe

because of its thorough insulation. It is made with the utmost care from the best known materials for the purpose. It stays right. It does not leak. It does not cause fires.

Every inch is given eight different tests before it leaves our factory. But that's not enough. ECCO is given the greatest test of all—time and exposure. Ever since we have been in business we have kept records of how ECCO stands up, and have proven to our satisfaction that it does not expose its owners to danger. We do not want the responsibility of your fire.

You can know that your wire is safe

We know that ECCO wire is safe. You can know it too. We have complete records of all wire we have ever made and will send you actual tests of your particular coil if you write for it.

We make and sell ECCO wire under one standard—absolute security. This announcement to you is a step further in the fulfilment of that standard—toward your protection against fire and the expense of leaking current.

Send for this book on wiring

We have written a book in plain language, telling what you ought to know about your wiring—the dangers and how they may be avoided.

Fill out the attached coupon, giving the name of your electrician, and we shall be glad to send you this book.

Electric Cable Company 17 Battery Place New York City

Electric Cable Co., 17 Battery Place, New York City (coupon)

Please send me your book on Wiring.

*Name:*_____ *Address:*_____

*Name of Electrician*_____

Buick

PIONEER BUILDERS
OF VALVE-IN-HEAD
MOTOR CARS

BUT VALVE-IN-HEAD IS NOT ALL

Buick—and Valve-in-Head are inseparably associated in the mind of the motoring public.

For Buick has made Valve-in-Head and Valve-in-Head has made Buick.

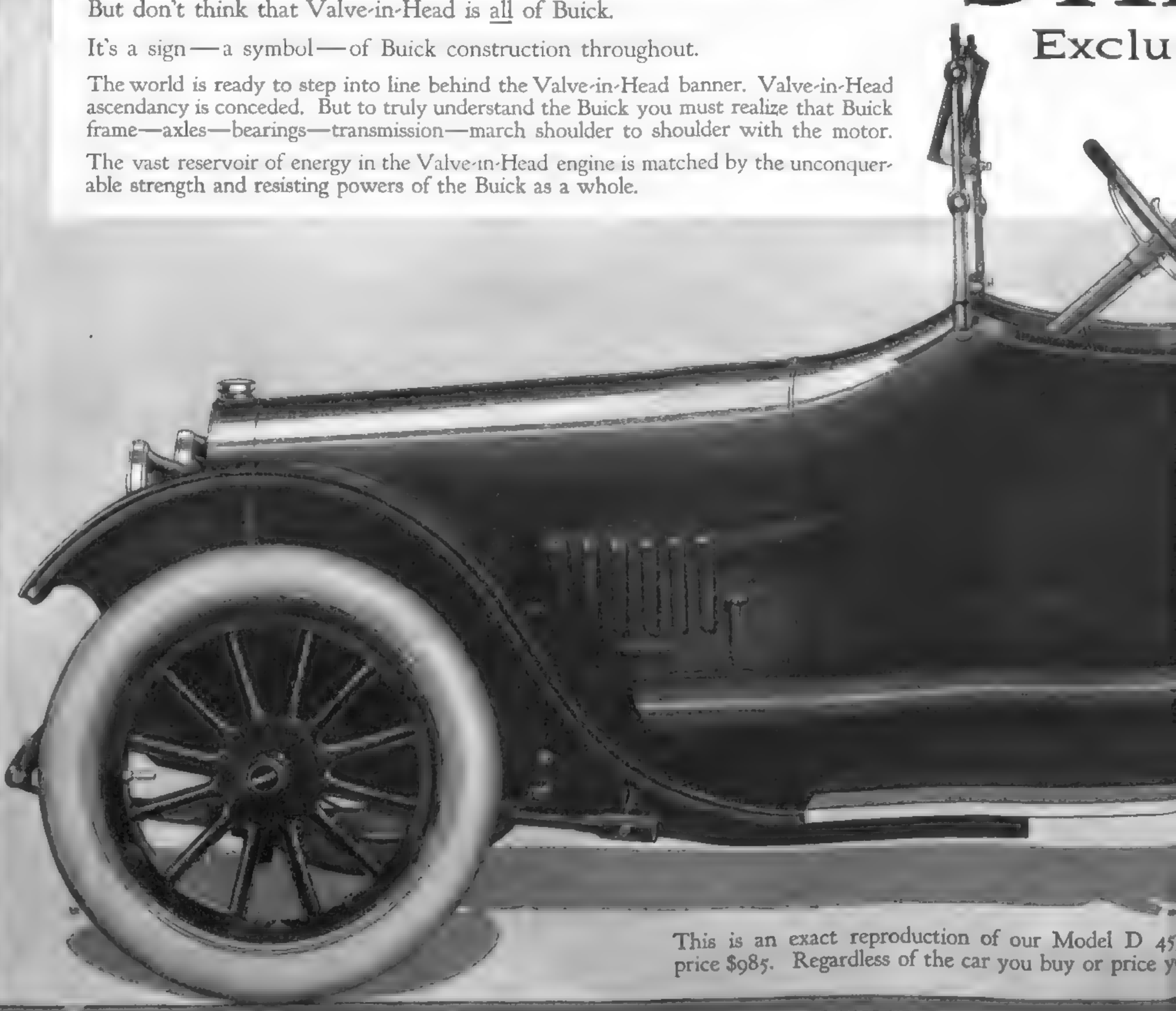
But don't think that Valve-in-Head is all of Buick.

It's a sign—a symbol—of Buick construction throughout.

The world is ready to step into line behind the Valve-in-Head banner. Valve-in-Head ascendancy is conceded. But to truly understand the Buick you must realize that Buick frame—axles—bearings—transmission—march shoulder to shoulder with the motor.

The vast reservoir of energy in the Valve-in-Head engine is matched by the unconquerable strength and resisting powers of the Buick as a whole.

19
SIX
Exclu



This is an exact reproduction of our Model D 45
price $985. Regardless of the car you buy or price y

16
KES
sively

The motor car industry is today tardily accepting and adopting the Valve-in-Head motor.

The most conservative of car makers can not fail to be impressed with its success as demonstrated by the Buick.

But in this 1916 season, when Buick Sixes are forcing more than ever general recognition and praise of this principle of motor construction—remember, Valve-in-Head is not all.

Buick

PIONEER BUILDERS OF VALVE-IN-HEAD MOTOR CARS

It took something more than the motor to pile up the hundreds of Buick records of 75,000, 100,000 and 125,000 miles.

Despite our lower price we guarantee 1916 Buicks to contain more drop forgings, better upholstery, better paint and finish, greater quality throughout than any previous models. Buick cars are furnished complete to the smallest detail. So, if you desire not only Valve-in-Head motor but quality in every part of your car—the life—the go—the pluck and the gameness that have always been characteristic of Buick, there is now, as there always will be, just one way to secure it—

BUY A BUICK—In its latest, most carefully developed form—

THE 1916 VALVE-IN-HEAD SIX

PRICES—F.O.B. FLINT, MICHIGAN

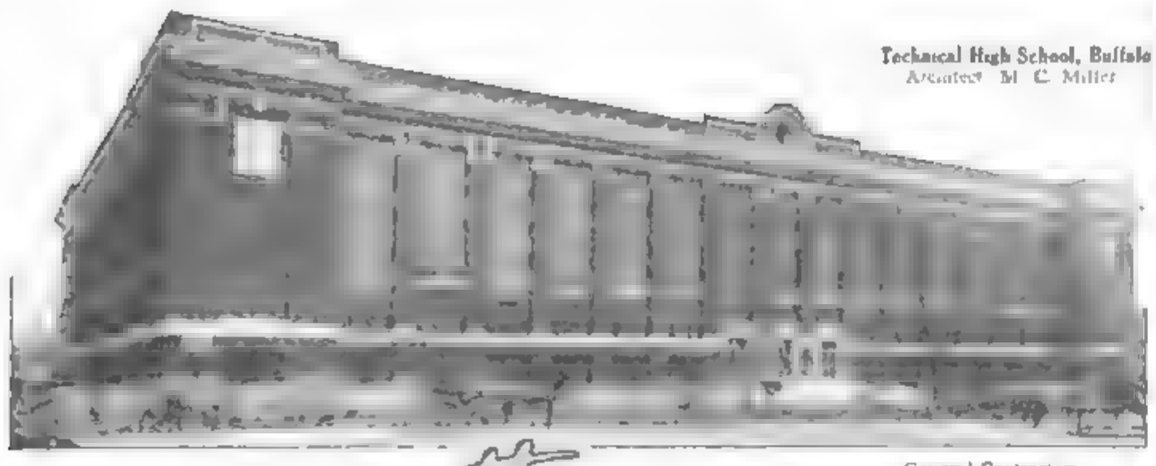
Roadsters and Touring Cars, $950 to $1485 Coupés and Inside Drive Sedans, $1350 to $1875

Catalogue and detailed specifications furnished on request Samples on exhibition in all principal cities Deliveries immediately

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY • FLINT, MICHIGAN

BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Six Cylinder, 5 Passenger, Buick Car—
pay, nowhere can you get greater value.



Technical High School, Buffalo
Architect M. C. Miller

General Contractors:
Moser & Sommers.
Roofers: Becker Brower Co.
Photo by A. H. Schaefer, Buffalo.

Barrett Specification Roofs

20 years of service—
without maintenance expense of any kind

HERE is the handsome new High School at Buffalo, New York—a fine example of first-class, modern construction throughout.

It is covered with a Barrett Specification Roof.

Now that the roof is completed it will not be necessary for the authorities to give any further thought to it for twenty years or more. It will require no painting, no repairs, no maintenance cost of any kind.

These roofs take the base rate of insurance and are approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

It is a bit unusual, perhaps, to find that the cheapest, permanent roof to build is also the *best* roof—yet that is the case with Barrett Specification Roofs. Their low cost and long life account for their high standing and popularity with first-class engineers, architects and roofers.

To be sure of getting a Barrett Specification Roof on your building, send to our nearest office for a copy of The Barrett Specification with diagrams and *incorporate same in your building plans.*

We should like to send every architect, engineer and building owner a copy of the Underwriters' Laboratories report on Barrett Specification Roofs. Address our nearest office.

Special Note: We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING — Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis
Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh Detroit
Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Salt Lake City Seattle
Peoria Toledo Syracuse Toronto Winnipeg
Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

Round House of Indiana Harbor Belt Railroad, Blue Island, Illinois

Engineers: Gale Integration Co. Chicago, Ill.
Roofers: Knickerbocker Construction Co. Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from Page 25)

thought that too radical. Finally an inoffensive novel by Pierre de Coulevain was judged by everybody to be perfectly innocuous, with the added advantages of being written in French and instructive about the United States.

On the twenty-third of each December the Kaiser was pleased to go on what he called a Santa Claus expedition. The court marshal provided him with a pocketful of [illegible] silver crowns, and he strolled out of the palace gates, without even an equerry, and distributed them to the poor men and women he met. On the twenty-fourth—Holy Evening, the Germans called it—the great Christmas celebration took place in the castle itself.

Dinner was at half past six, and afterward we all gathered in a big hall that had been transformed into a glittering forest, with stars entangled in the branches of the trees—for there were twenty or thirty evergreens, all glittering with ice powder. The two largest in the center were for the Kaiser and Kaiserin, and in front of each was a table covered with a beautiful old lace cloth, on which the presents were set out unwrapped. On the right was the tree for the Crown Prince, his wife and their children; on the left, trees and tables for the younger princes and grandchildren; and farther back, a *Tannenbaum* for each member of the household, according to rank; while at the end of the room was one long table and a tree for the palace servants.

When the *maréchale du jour* gave the word we filed in and took our places, each beside our presents. Then the big doors were flung open, the Emperor and Empress entered the room, wished us a happy Christmas, and made the tour of the tables.

As the Empress had taken infinite pains to find out what each member of the household wanted, remembering the slightest wish expressed by anyone throughout the year, we were genuinely surprised and touched to find a heart's desire fulfilled. I still recall my delight at finding a lovely set of furs on my table the first Christmas I spent in Berlin—a mink stole and muff, which I had unthinkingly admired six months before when we were looking at some fashion papers with the Empress.

Perhaps we appreciated most of all, however, the spirit of friendliness that pervaded the gathering. No one who has not lived at Court can know how good it felt to forget etiquette for one day in the year, to laugh naturally, to realize that rivalries and enmities were buried—and to see the Kaiser himself beam an atmosphere of geniality and generosity, like any other well-to-do father of a family. Yes, I am sure all of us felt sorry when the gathering broke up after a hymn was sung in deference to the wishes of the Empress.

There was no doubt that the Empress was a deeply religious woman. She liked to go to church and the Kaiser liked to have her do so. "Such things are suitable for women," he sometimes remarked. Also, she continually knit socks and mittens for the poor; but while her fingers were busy with her knitting her ears were open to all sorts of gossip; for Germans, as a rule, are infinite tattlers.

Called Down by the Empress

"Believe me, it is unsafe to be even reasonably polite to a person who wears trousers anywhere near Augusta Victoria," the Princess —— flippantly remarked on one occasion in my hearing.

Ridiculous! Impossible! I thought. But not a bit of it! A week later I received a sharp reprimand for sitting on a sofa after dinner with one of the chamberlains. Countess von Brockdorff sent for me next morning.

"The Empress saw you sitting on a sofa with Herr von —— last evening," she began, like an inquisitor.

"Certainly! I admit it. Was it not a very harmless proceeding, with fifty other people in the room?"

"I am the best judge of that!" she remarked. "And all I can say is that it would not have been tolerated for a moment except that you are a foreigner. In Germany no unmarried woman ever sits on a sofa, and no respectable married woman who does so permits a man to sit beside her."

I took the hint and never repeated this breach of the conventions.

In her earlier years, I have been told, the Empress was far less strict than in my day. A bitter experience considerably changed the natural kindness of a character that, whatever it lacked in brilliance, was at bottom remarkably sweet. I refer to the terrible plague of anonymous letters that inundated the Court shortly before my arrival. Some malicious person attacked everybody in the palace. Hundreds of scurrilous anonymous communications were distributed, and innocence was no protection, for the most harmless actions were twisted into scandals. No wonder the Empress was shocked and grieved! There was, I believe, an elaborate inquiry into the whole affair. Still, many innocent reputations suffered.

The friends of royalty are few and far between. If the Empress wished to ask the same lady to tea with her several times, the Grand Mistress was at her elbow to remind her: "Your Majesty has already 'commanded' Countess So-and-So once this season. Perhaps it would be as well not to cause jealousies."

Such a curtailment of personal liberty, which would be intolerable to a commoner, appeared to be only slightly annoying to the Kaiserin. She probably was used to it. From childhood somebody had always told her what she might not do; and, now that she was a Crowned Head and a grandmother, she got a scolding if she drove with one of her own children unaccompanied by a lady in waiting.

Too Many Royal Relatives

Incredible as it seems, this actually happened once at Potsdam. The Empress, her daughter and a lady in waiting went by carriage to visit the Crown Princess, who lived quite near, in the park. Arrived at her destination, Augusta Victoria dismissed her attendant thoughtlessly, saying she intended to make a long stay. Several hours passed pleasantly in gossip before the Empress got into her landau again and drove back to the palace with her daughter alone. The matter came to the Emperor's ears.

"What!" he exclaimed in anger. "The Kaiserin was seen out unattended! What were you thinking of, Dona"—turning to his trembling spouse—"to so far forget the dignity due to my position?" Not "your position," please note, but "mine." The turn of thought is wonderfully characteristic of William.

"But at Potsdam life is less ceremonious than in town," stammered the Empress, excusing herself.

As a matter of fact, it was in many ways, and there was general satisfaction when we moved out from the dreary Berlin residence. The young princes liked it, because they could safely smoke cigarettes in the gardens, whereas in Berlin they were obliged to crawl under the state bed in some little-used apartment when they wished to indulge in this distraction. The Kaiser liked it for its memories of Frederick the Great, the illustrious ancestor whom he fondly imagined he resembled. The Kaiserin enjoyed the comparative privacy of the picturesque old town, the cheerful chime of the famous Garrison Church, and the quaint picturesqueness of her sunny apartments.

The place would have been a paradise on earth had it not been for the imperial relatives. That the various branches of the Hohenzollerns were not united was an open secret. How could they be? The Kaiser's quarrels with his mother tore the clan into factions years before; but that did not prevent the different members of the family from calling on each other—and at Potsdam they were all neighbors. Quite often the Kaiser disturbed the peace of a daughter-in-law by dropping in on her in the morning, ostensibly for a chat, but actually to see what was going on in her household. Or the Kaiserin's sister, Princess Frederick Leopold, of Prussia, came over from her own beautiful palace to see Augusta Victoria. These visits usually ended in a violent quarrel, carried on in whispers while the ladies in waiting present tried to make believe they noticed nothing.

William adopted an attitude of strict impartiality as regards these bickerings. They rather amused him; but he felt very differently toward relatives of an older generation whom he suspected of trying to patronize him. Just for this reason he heartily disliked his uncle, Edward VII, of England. His enmity began over a mere trifle, as William's enmities often did.

One night, after listening to the Kaiser's tirade against the Socialists, King Edward put his hand indulgently on the imperial shoulder and remarked:

"Dear nephew, calm yourself!"

If a look could have killed Edward's reign would certainly have come to an abrupt end.

1
2
Goblin
SOAP
WORKS WONDERS
3
and Dirt is
Out
For Children's Play-Stained Hands
For toilet and bath it lathers freely in hard or soft cold or warm water and cleanses
Quickly—Thoroughly—Safely
For people whose hands become stained from their daily occupations, it cleanses without hard rubbing or injury. Keeps the skin soft and smooth
At Grocers and Druggists. 5 cents each
J. CROW, Dept. A
141 West Monroe Street Chicago

At another time the English king committed the unpardonable sin of keeping the head of the Hohenzollerns waiting when His Britannic Majesty came to pay a state visit to Berlin. Though fog delayed his landing—which was not Edward's fault—the Kaiser greeted his guest on arrival with the utmost coldness.

"Our uncle," he afterward remarked to the Kaiserin, "evidently thinks he can keep me kicking my heels round a railroad station for an hour on a flimsy excuse."

Some months later, so the story goes, when he returned the state visit, he paid Edward back by deliberately refusing to leave his yacht until an hour after schedule time, though it was a fine sunny day.

William the Absolute considered that, having invited a guest, sufficient honor had been done, and that a command gave him the right to treat the commanded like a sergeant or corporal under majesty's orders.

A case in point was the torchlight procession held some years ago in honor of the victory at Sedan—a ceremony, by the way, which many deputations of peace lovers had vainly implored him to abandon. Certain privileged people were allowed to view the maneuvers from the palace windows—a condescension that was dearly bought. I suppose somebody reasoned that to be so honored, and made comfortable into the bargain, was too much for ordinary mortals. At any rate, orders were given to the troops lining the *Unter den Linden* to stop all traffic a mile from the palace. Here, in spite of cards countersigned by the chamberlain, everybody was rudely told to alight from the carriages and motors and proceed on foot. That it had begun to rain, and that the ladies had been told to appear in slippers and trained gowns, white gloves and ostrich feathers, made not the slightest difference. They were ordered to walk—and walk they did.

Entertained by Royalty

Moreover, this was not the end of inconveniences. On arrival at the palace gates husbands and wives, who had both received the same card of admission, were separated, the ladies being sent upstairs and the men kept out on the terrace below in the rain and forbidden to put up umbrellas. Was there no room, then, in the palace for everybody? Not at all. Only the ladies were permitted to see the procession from the windows of various state bedrooms—and the Empress did not consider it proper for men and women to look out of windows together in an apartment where there was a bed—yes, even a state bed.

The Emperor had a mania for traveling. It was said that formerly, when he could not find an excuse for going farther afield, he would sometimes spend a night in his railroad carriage in the Berlin station, until the comic papers made too much fun of him and nicknamed him Runabout William, or William the Fidget.

Of late years the Kaiser had grown more adept at finding pretexts for leaving his capital. Practice makes perfect, I suppose. Either he found somebody to visit or he held maneuvers somewhere—or he organized a gigantic shoot—anything to vary a humdrum existence. Much to her annoyance, the Kaiserin was seldom invited to accompany him. She remained at home with the children, and found what diversion she could in her knitting and in after-dinner musicales, which William would not tolerate when he was at home. Unlike the Empress, he had no patience with music—unless he composed it himself.

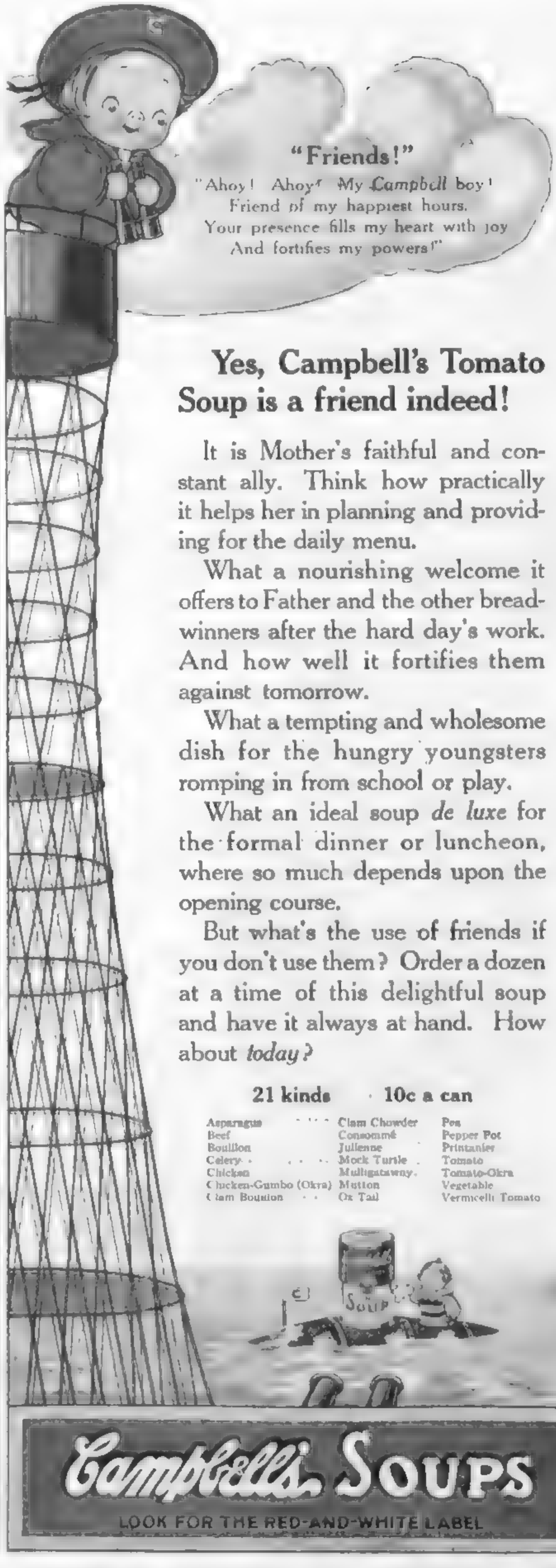
She filled up some lonely hours by writing to her husband every day; but he seldom answered. News of his health and of his exploits was sent to her through a Court chamberlain.

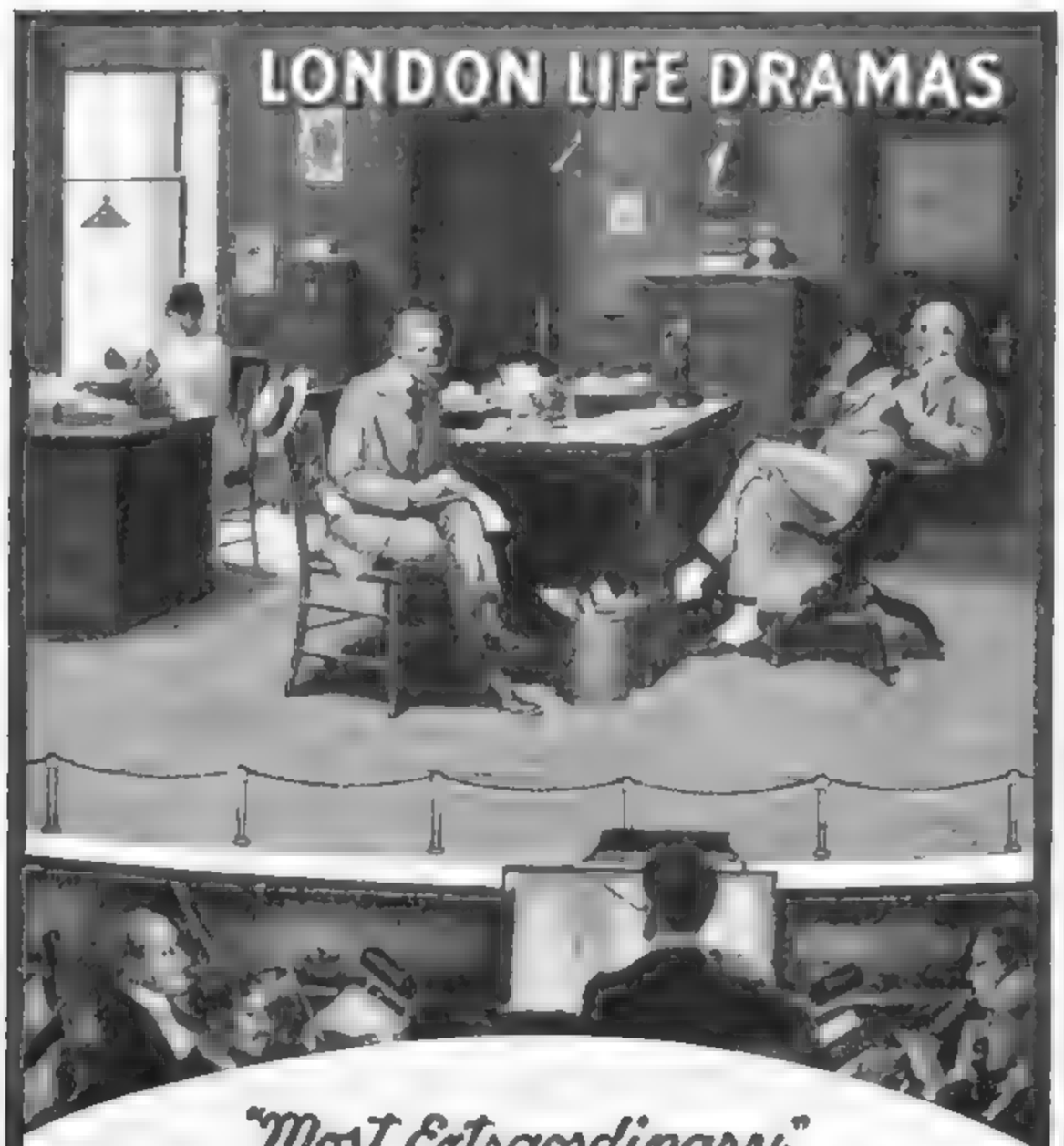
"I don't care a rap," I have heard her remark with vexation, "how many deer the Emperor has killed or how many army corps he has annihilated; but I do want to know how often he thinks of me and the little ones."

To complain was useless.

"My dear Dona," was William's invariable reply, "be reasonable! How can you expect me, after the excitement of the chase, to sit down and write letters? Or do you imagine that after the strain of maneuvers, when I have invented strategic combinations which astonished even my best generals, I am in a fit state to inquire about Adalbert's measles?"

That the Kaiser did sometimes astonish his best generals was perfectly true—but


"Friends!"
"Ahoy! Ahoy! My Campbell boy!
Friend of my happiest hours.
Your presence fills my heart with joy
And fortifies my powers!"
Yes, Campbell's Tomato Soup is a friend indeed!
It is Mother's faithful and constant ally. Think how practically it helps her in planning and providing for the daily menu.
What a nourishing welcome it offers to Father and the other bread-winners after the hard day's work. And how well it fortifies them against tomorrow.
What a tempting and wholesome dish for the hungry youngsters romping in from school or play.
What an ideal soup *de luxe* for the formal dinner or luncheon, where so much depends upon the opening course.
But what's the use of friends if you don't use them? Order a dozen at a time of this delightful soup and have it always at hand. How about *today?*
21 kinds · 10c a can
Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli Tomato
SOUP
Campbell's Soups
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



"Most Extraordinary"

PURCHASING AGENT. Not interested, and too busy to talk.

SALESMAN. All right sir. But could I trouble you for a light? Thanks. Perhaps you'd try one of these?

PURCHASING AGENT. London Life, eh? (puff) Rather good. (puff, puff) *Mighty* good. Sit down a minute. This cigarette is certainly delightful. How much?

SALESMAN. Ten cents a box.

PURCHASING AGENT. Ten cents! (puff) You mean a quarter.

SALESMAN. No sir. Ten cents.

PURCHASING AGENT. "Most extraordinary!" (Rings bell) Boy, run and buy me a box of London Life. Well, old man, you've done me a good turn and I'll reciprocate. Just duplicate our last order.

SALESMAN. Fine. (To himself) Third order today landed by "London Life". "Most extraordinary."

LONDON LIFE

CORK TIP CIGARETTES

10 Cents Here—10 Pence There

Sinaraytos

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

not in the way he thought. Field Marshal Count Haeseler, the second Moltke, was so annoyed with His Majesty after the great maneuvers in 1897 that he let out the truth to a Reichstag deputy.

"The Kaiser arranged most magnificent battles, each ending like the combat between the fabulous lions, whose tails alone remained on the field; but, as to the burial of the dead, if the Emperor's theories were followed out I cannot imagine who would attend to it. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that the nations of the Triple Alliance were to march on to a battlefield under the War Lord's guidance. Why, after two or three battles such as we fought in Bavaria this summer, with vast serried ranks of infantry marching forward, *tambour battant*, and cavalry and artillery swallowing bullets like pea soup, not a soul would remain alive!

"It is my humble opinion," Count Haeseler was quoted as saying, with his dry, sarcastic smile, "that our enemies would either have to turn gravediggers or die of plague, because evidently the dead never entered into His Majesty's calculations."

Now that real war has come, and we hear how the Kaiser rushes frantically from front to front, I cannot help feeling pity for his poor generals who have the double responsibility of keeping him out of danger and preventing him from interfering with their plans. For he still thinks himself a greater strategist than any of them, just as he thinks himself foremost in everything—as a composer; as an architect; even as a judge of antiques—his horrible mistake over the Flora bust notwithstanding.

My own connection with the Berlin Court ceased some years ago, when the education of the Princess Louise was completed; but from what I saw of life there in times of stress, such as the above-mentioned Agadir crisis, I can imagine what it must be like at the palace in these dark days. What the Kaiserin thinks of war, which has hung like a black shadow over her life for many years, is an open secret. It has always been a nightmare to her—a nightmare doubly terrible because she, better than anyone else, knows her husband's character, with its streak of excitability and recklessness. She knows, too, that his health is far from robust. Moreover, like most royalties, she is superstitious; and an old prophecy warns her that 1915 is an unlucky year for the Hohenzollerns.

The Toadstone Ring

When I am asked whether the Kaiser wished for war I can truthfully answer I do not know. No one can know; for, judging his character from long acquaintance, I believe he himself hardly knew.

At times I have heard him talking loudly about conquering the world: at other times he posed with equal vehemence as the universal peacemaker. A passing mood often determines his attitude toward the gravest matters.

Of one thing only I am certain, and that is, having embarked on war, the Kaiser cannot conceive of the possibility of failure. Should he fail after all, the blow to his vanity and pride will be vital. He has none of those moral qualities which support defeat gracefully, because he has too long and too persistently believed that he could do always what he wanted, whatever that might be.

"I have faith in my star!" he was fond of remarking, *à la* Napoleon.

"By that he really means the toadstone ring," whispered the Princess —— on one occasion. "It is all very well for Willy to use big words and theatrical gestures; but at bottom he, like Augusta Victoria, is as superstitious as an old peasant."

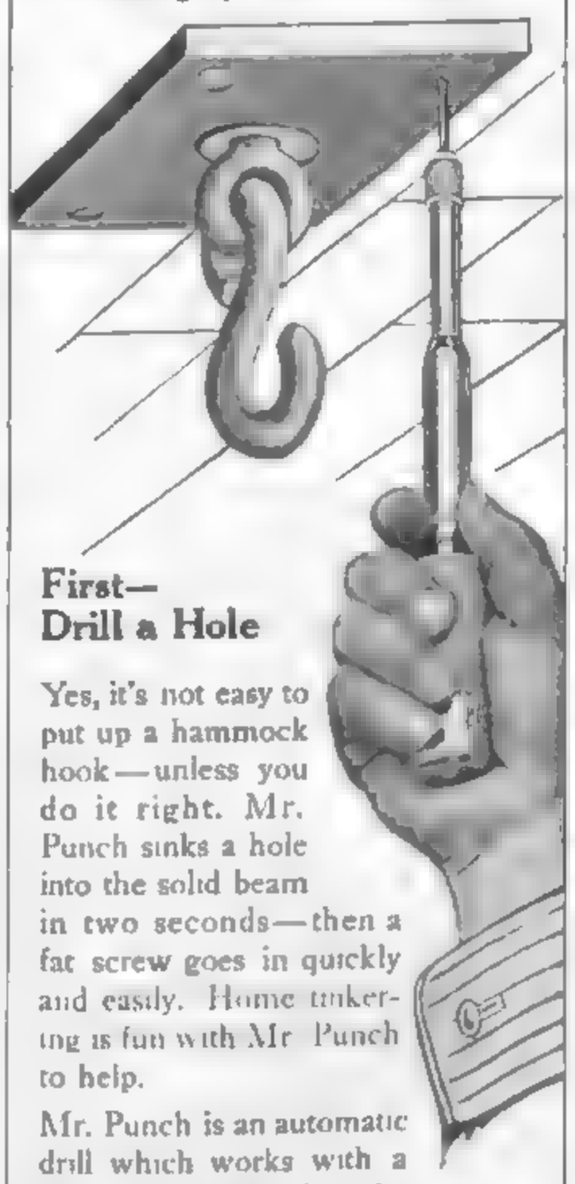
The toadstone ring is a magic talisman supposed to ensure the prosperity of the Hohenzollern House, having, according to a legend implicitly believed in at Court, been dropped out of the mouth of a toad on the bed of Elector Frederick of Brandenburg. The stone was immediately set and is worn by each succeeding head of the house. I have often seen it on the Kaiser's finger on state occasions and I know it is given, with the Empress' jewels, to Fräulein von ——, who has them in a special safe in her own room, and who always wears the key of this safe in the form of a puzzle ring on her own finger.

On his deathbed the Kaiser will hand the talisman, inclosed in a sealed casket, to the Crown Prince.

GOODELL-PRATT

1500 GOOD TOOLS

Putting Up a Hammock Hook



First—
Drill a Hole

Yes, it's not easy to put up a hammock hook—unless you do it right. Mr. Punch sinks a hole into the solid beam in two seconds—then a fat screw goes in quickly and easily. Home tinkering is fun with Mr Punch to help.

Mr. Punch is an automatic drill which works with a spiral twist. You place the drill-point, push, the handle rebounds, and you push again. No wood can resist the bite of the tool-steel drill. There are eight sizes of drills in the handle, seen through numbered holes.

Mr. Punch

You Push—He Twists

Goodell-Pratt make 1500 good tools for good mechanics. These tools are made with great care by highly trained toolsmiths. They are tempered by exact formula. They work accurately. They last. They're guaranteed. Send for a free book on handy tools for household use.

Most hardware dealers sell Mr. Punch for $1.50. If your dealer does not sell it, send the price to us and Mr. Punch comes via parcel post.

Partial List of Goodell-Pratt Tools
Hack-saws
Micrometers
Saw Sets
Gauges
Grinders
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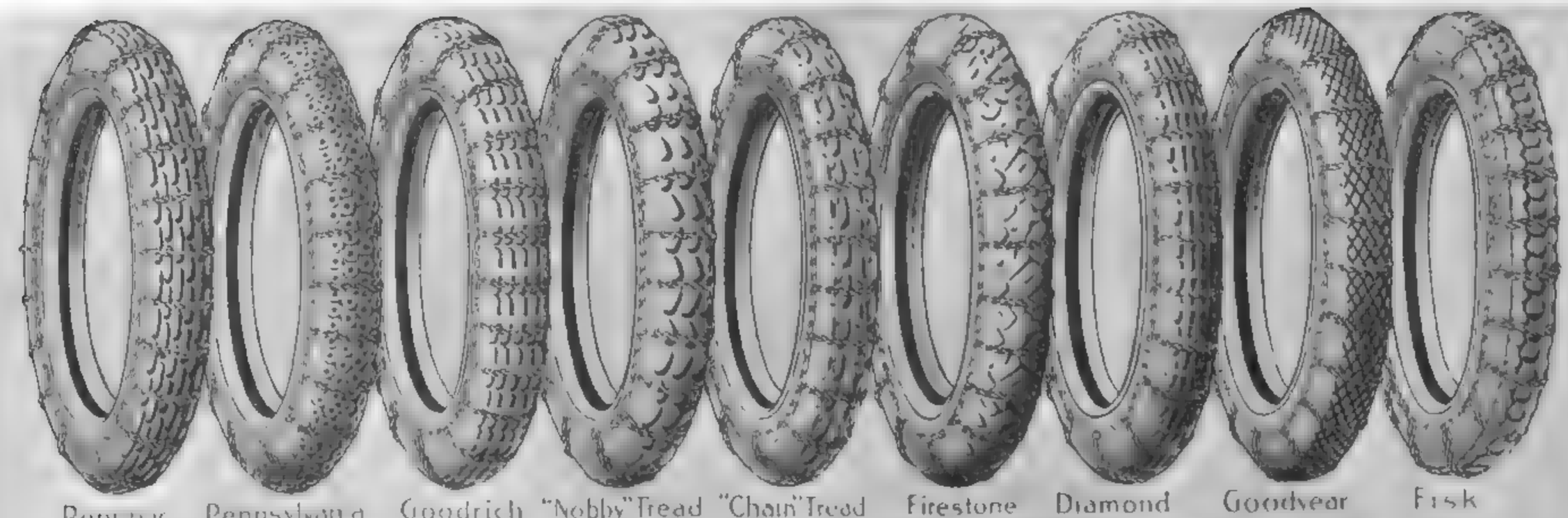
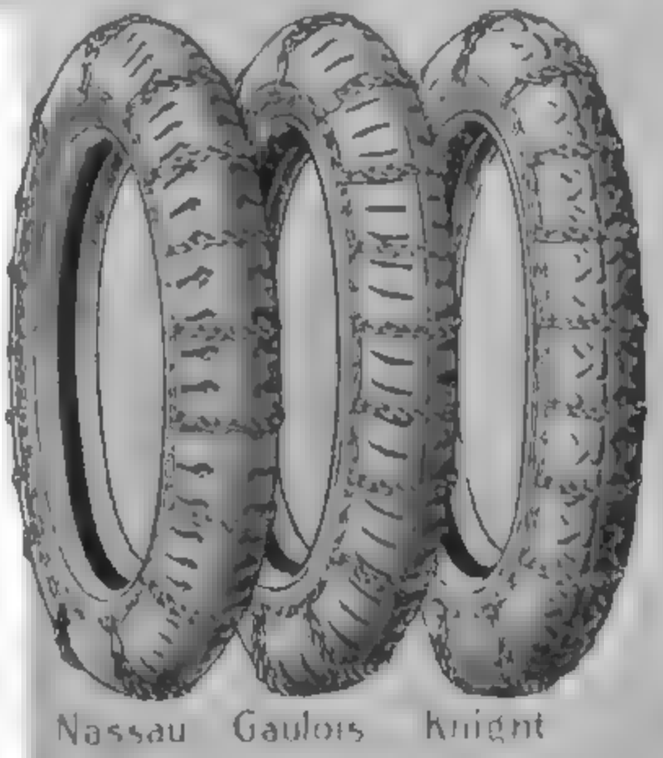
Levels
Lathes
Vises
Bit-braces
Calipers
Squares

GOODELL-PRATT CO.
Toolsmiths Greenfield Mass.

8 Drill-Points
Actual size of holes





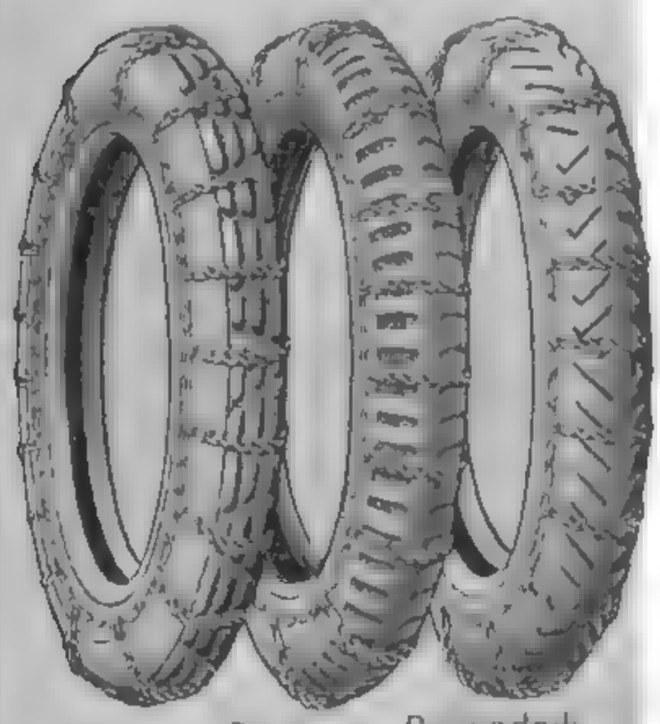
"What's the Proper Size of Weed Chains to Use on These Tires?"

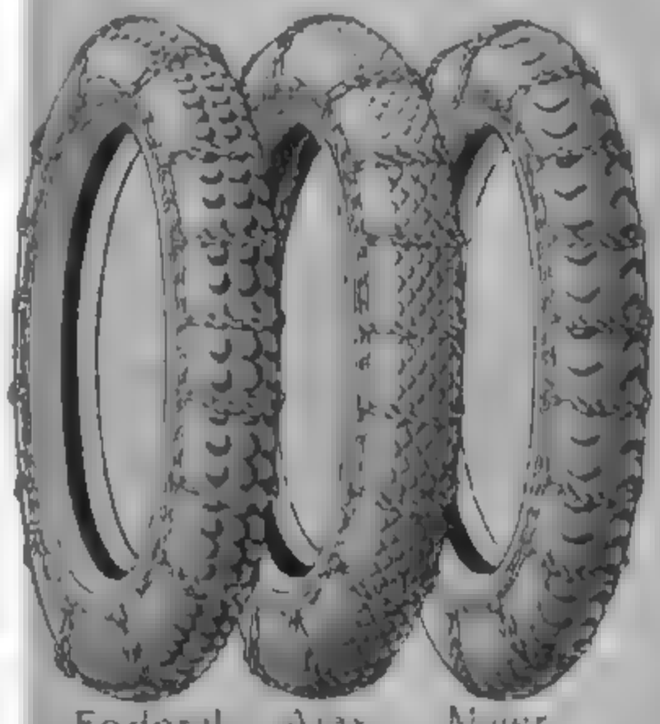
The above is the everyday question being asked thousands of dealers relative to the correct sizes of Weed Chains to use on the numerous styles of tires illustrated on this page.

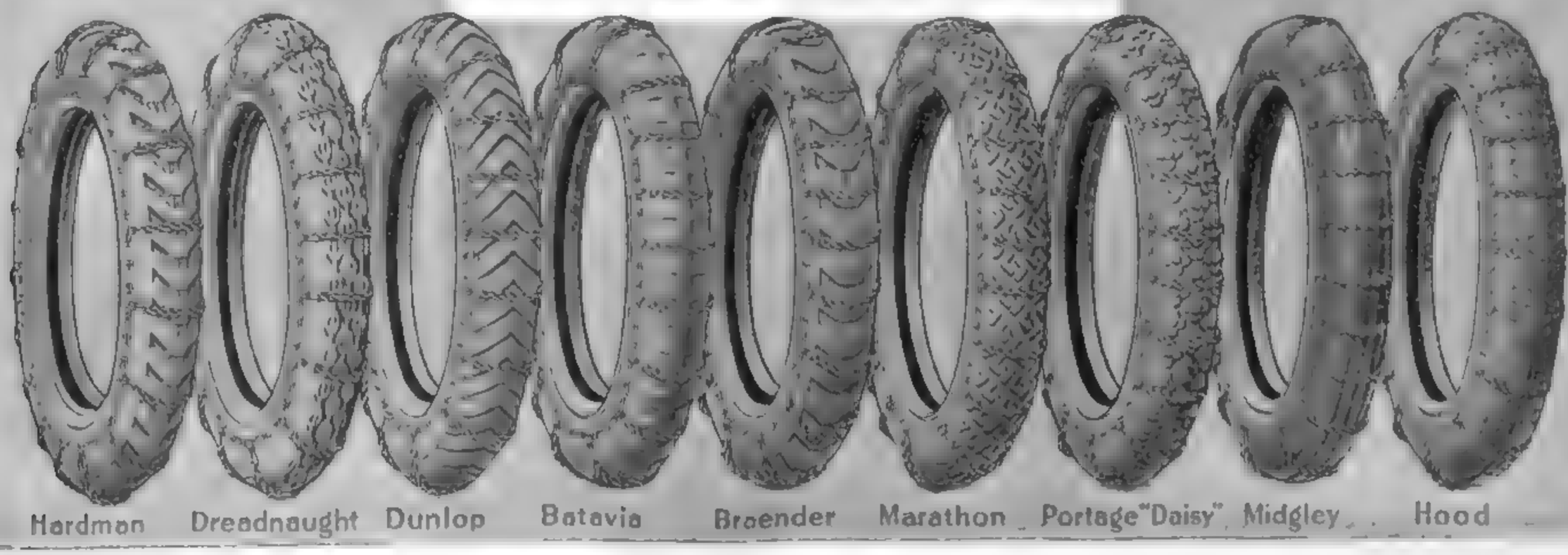
We therefore call your attention to the fact that these styles of tires and all others of similar construction require the same size Anti-Skid Chains as do plain-tread tires. For example, if you equip your car with 36x4½ tires of this type of tread, you will require 36x4½ Weed Chains, the same as you do for 36x4½ plain-treads.

The proper sizes of Weed Chains to fit all sizes and styles of tires are carried in stock by dealers everywhere.

Weed Chain Tire Grip Company
Bridgeport, Conn.







NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE

The Brake that brought the Bike back

This wonderful little device has made the bicycle the safest vehicle in the world.

It makes the "Bike" safe wherever you ride—in the crowded traffic of the city street or on the country road.

You can stop your bike in less than its length—and control in an instant its speed.

The New Departure Coaster Brake halves the work, doubles the joy of the hike on the bike.

What joy like biking! What safety like the Coaster Brake! The run with the wind of summer blowing the fragrance of field and flower in your face.

The good old bike that never fails you. There's nothing quite like biking.

When you buy your bicycle, have it equipped with a New Departure Coaster Brake. It is built of steel for strength and endurance. It is recommended to you by nearly five million riders.

It can't get out of order or rust. Heavily nickel plated; very handsome in design.

FREE TO LIVE BOYS.—We will send you a gold-plated "Joy Boy" Stickpin if you will give us the name of your nearest bicycle dealer.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MFG. CO., Bristol, Conn.

TO AUTOMOBILE OWNERS

You remember before you had grown up in the world what your bike meant to you. So don't crowd the bike rider into the ditch as you whiz by. Give the bike its share of the road. You and the bike fan are on pleasure bent. The "Bike" has its own joy of the "open road."

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BREAK the seal—unfold the tissue wrapper and delight in the fresh, cool, soft, snowy-white Kerchief, never before handled, ready for use. Unwrinkled, dainty, "personal." Splendid quality, exceptional value. Spotlessly clean until used.

Packages for Men and Women Containing
1 for 10c, 3 for 25c, 2 for 25c, 3 for 50c, 1 for 25c.

On Sale in the Good Shops

Ask for SEALPACKERCHIEF which name appears plainly on each package and see that the seal is unbroken.

SEALPACKERCHIEF CO. New York, Chicago St. Louis, San Francisco

THE LOCAL CORRESPONDENT

(Continued from Page 10)

temporarily, just for us. Why, his half-brother is an English lord, and some day, when Willis has money enough, he's going over to England to claim the estates and the title."

"Fine! Fine!" Obadiah cried, thinking of his story.

"Oh, he is! A hero! Why, he was going over to Belgium to fight with King Albert, but—but then he met me, you know, and—and he just couldn't go. Oh, he's simply wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Simply wonderful, Willis is!"

Obadiah E. looked at the eager young face in front of him, and straightway he knew that a certain snappy, breezy story of a famous elopement would never be written by him. For helplessness is a most formidable sword in the hands of youth, and has a nasty trick of cutting through to the heart when least expected. And then again, there was that debt he owed.

"Drat it all!" he snapped beneath his breath. "Suppose she was my girl, and some slick sharper like Willis was trying to pull the wool over her eyes ——" The thought was a signal. In his mind a curtain arose and he saw himself in a new, a more glorious, a more appealing rôle—a puissant knight coming to the rescue of beauty in distress; and without giving himself another moment's reflection he plunged headlong into this new part. "So he calls himself Willis now, does he?" he asked, and he laughed with derision.

*

THE girl looked at him, her wistful eyes round with reproach; and glancing at the white canvas of her face, Obadiah E. conceived the ambition of painting upon it a maximum number of emotions in a minimum space of time.

"Why, of course he calls himself Willis," she said. "Willis Regis—that's his name."

"Yes, that's his name now, I know. But he had another name last year, and he'll probably have another one next. Why, young lady, that man was driving a taxi in Boston while you were in your short dresses yet."

"O-o-o-oh no-o-o-o!"

"You think he's a brave one, do you? Why, he's the meanest coward that ever drew breath, and I'm going to prove it to you inside of half an hour. He's a woman beater too. Why, you only left Boston a few hours ago, and he's quarreled with you already!"

She stopped and stared.

"There!" he cried. "You know he did!" He slammed his desk a mighty blow and shouted: "And if he's raised his voice at you already, how long do you think it will be before he hits you in the face?"

"He wouldn't dare!"

"Wouldn't he? Didn't he dare to run away with you in a car that didn't belong to him? Heh! Assault—and battery—and burglary always go hand in hand"—he smote his desk another terrific blow—"and you know it as well as I do!"

Something of this perhaps found a faint echo in her own thoughts, for she looked at Obadiah E. much as a doubtful scholar looks at the schoolmaster who is just beginning to prove that the inhabitants of China don't walk upside down.

"But you said—you'd prove—he was a coward ——"

"So I will! He'll be back soon. You stay on this side of the partition, where he won't see you, and after I've shown you what he is you just take the first train back home and forget him!"

She almost whimpered then, the whimpering of a child who is frightened of the dark.

"Oh, but I couldn't go home!" she said.

"Why not?"

"If you only knew how strict father is! Oh, he'll never forgive me—never!"

"Pooh-pooh!" he scoffed with a large scorn. "Your father'll never know. Tell him you heard Deckerville was going to be flooded out, and you came to see if you could help the poor people."

"Yes—but don't you see?—he discharged Willis yesterday—because—you know. And when he finds we came together——"

"He won't find out! I'll chase Willis off with a flea in his ear, and who else knows? I'll tell your father you came on the train."

"Yes—but don't you see?—the car's down there, and only Willis drives it!"

The car indeed was an unchallengeable fact, large and imposing to the sight even in the gloom below. Obadiah E. felt a check as he looked it over, a check that only made him the more resolved to win the game in which he had taken a hand.

"If the flood would wash it away!" he grumbled, and a quivering little prickle ran up and down his back. "Yes, yes!" he chuckled in his wicked old soul. "Why not? The dam's got to go sometime! Why not now?"

A dramatic solution, this, which appealed to every fiber of his action-loving heart. Almost blindly he snatched up a lantern and hurried to the door.

"You stay here!" he commanded over his shoulder. "I'm going to have another look at that dam!"

XI

OUT into the night went Obadiah E., his lantern describing agitated parabolas in the darkness.

"You're a fool!" he fiercely told himself. "You're spoiling the best story of an elopement that ever was written!" "I know it," he as fiercely answered, "and I need the money too." "If you bust the dam they'll close the Deckerville station, and then you'll need every cent you can scratch together," he told himself again with another vicious flirt of the lantern. "I know it, I know it," he sadly answered, "but I guess I always was an old fool."

He reached the floodgate—that gate which was opened to the uttermost notch in order to afford a by-pass for the last possible gallon of water, and so relieve the pressure upon the bulging dam.

"Let's see how much she's riz," he grumbled, holding his lantern against the side of the gate. "What?" he groaned. "What? . . . Yes, by Hesper, I might have known it! . . . I don't believe she's rising as fast as she was! . . . There might be a chance yet—not much of a chance—but some! And then mebbe there isn't a chance at all! If it started to rain again ——"

He looked up at the cloudy sky, and he looked back at the lights of the railway station—that comfortable little palace from which, as cadi, he dispensed the high, the low and the middle justice throughout Deckerville and its environments. "And suppose it didn't bust," he thought. "What about her?" And, looking down at the headlights below, he cursed the stolid evidence of that immovable limousine.

Round the curve from Paxson the bobbing light of a lantern heralded the return of the chauffeur, and at the same moment a few drops of rain began to fall. "It's a sign!" cried Obadiah to himself. "It's a sign!" And he shook his fist at the darkness below him with the abandon of a man who reads his fate. "It'll bust anyhow!" he roared back to the roaring water and, grasping the lever, he slowly and steadily forced down the floodgate.

Ordinarily it would have been a task almost beyond his strength, but Obadiah E., straining every muscle in his system, felt something of the inspiration that came to Samson when he pulled down the pillars of the temple.

"Down!" he muttered. "Now another notch! Now another! This is for John J. Decker—drat him! There! This is for the girl! This is for the debt I owe! This squares me—for the slip I made once—with those dratted birds! Down one more! Now another! Now again!"

A new note gradually came to the thundering water, deeper, more powerful, as the full force of the water was directed over the weakened masonry.

"There!" he muttered, locking the lever in the last notch. "I'll give you five minutes." And, hailing the approaching chauffeur, he shouted: "Hey, you! Come into the deppo a minute! I've news for you from John J. Decker, Esquire!"

XII

"WHAT do you mean—news from John J. Decker?" asked the chauffeur, following into the station. He had left the tin of gasoline on the platform outside and, though he was frowning a fierce-looking frown, there was a note of apprehension, of fear, in his voice as well. Hidden behind the partition sat the wistful-eyed Miss Decker, all ears to hear, already defending her hero in advance.

"Son," said Obadiah E., "the game's up. Mr. Decker and a constable are down there

behind the trees, and you're going to be arrested as soon as you touch that car."

"Like thunder I am! That girl came of age last week—see?"

"Yes, yes. But the car isn't of age. The car's quite young yet. You understand me. They've got it framed up to arrest you for running away with the car—not with the girl. Grand larceny, I think they call it."

Whereupon, briskly harking back to Adam, the fiercely frowning young man availed himself of the immemorial alibi. "She told me to take the car—see? There's no grand larceny when you're following orders like that!"

"Son, forget it. You're broke, and old man Decker's got his millions. You've skipped off with the car, and he'll swear you swiped it. You know you were discharged yesterday. You know that as well as I do."

"Say, that talk doesn't scare me any—see? She can get me out of it. If I'm pinched she's pinched too."

"Don't you believe it, Willis. She's sitting in the car there now, waiting to tell you what she thinks about you. They've been looking you up, Willis, and they've told her your record. That English nobility joke was a good one while it lasted, but nobody's laughing at it any more. They've got your record from the year one, and she wants to tell you what she thinks about it. You never worked as a chauffeur before, did you? Oh, no! You weren't driving a taxi and dodging the cops in Boston for years!"

The frown deepened on the young man's face, and so did the look of apprehension in the depths of his eyes. Obadiah E., straining his ears to the turmoil outside, caught a new, quick, troubled note in the roar of the water. Looking through the window he saw that the rain had stopped, that the moon was breaking through the clouds.

"Come here!" he said, beckoning the other to the window. "There's the car on the bridge. See it? You go down there and you're arrested. You couldn't get the girl in that car to marry you now for a million dollars, because she knows you're a crook. There's only one way you can get out of this with money in your pocket, and if you want to hold old man Decker up for a couple of thousand, I can show you how to do it."

"How?"

"Easy! I'm local correspondent for over fifteen newspapers. We'll get old man Decker up here and tell him we want two thousand dollars. If he pays it you'll go away and there'll be no scandal. But if he doesn't pay it, or if you're arrested, we'll put the whole thing in the papers and disgrace the girl's name as long as she lives. How's that?"

"That depends. How much of the two thousand are you looking for?"

"We'll split it, half and half."

"Is that so! Say, who's taking all the risk of going. . . . Say! . . . What's that?"

"Dam's broke! Dam's broke! Look! Look at the car!"

A swirling wall of water leaped at the bridge on which the empty car was standing, and bridge and car disappeared together into the flood. The chauffeur suddenly turned, all the romantic ferocity gone from his face, and a desperate desire to depart written there large instead. He sprang to the door, and the next moment he had started down the track away from Deckerville, with all the earmarks of an earnest man who has only half a minute to put a continent behind him.

"Didn't I tell you?" shouted Obadiah to the girl, who was coming out of her hiding place with a hanging head. "Didn't I tell you what he was? Look at those houses go! Just look at them go!" And intent upon his coming scoop he ran to the chair in front of the telegraph instruments.

XIII

OBADIAH E. settled himself in his chair and arched his hand above the telegraph key, but even while he was drawing toward him those six neat piles of manuscript he knew he wasn't going to send those stories of the breaking of the Deckerville dam.

"I busted it," he thought, "and if I try to make something out of it now it'll look to mother as if I drowned the village just to make a few dollars for myself—mother knows me." He saw himself, then, as a Homeric figure of Spartan rectitude and made a wry face at the apparition. "All the same," he thought, "I want to square that old account," and, groaning *fortissimo*, he removed himself from temptation by tearing his stories into shreds and throwing them under the table. "I'll get old man Decker instead," he said, and after making a few minatory flourishes over the key he tapped off the following message:

"John J. Decker, Commonwealth Ave., Boston. Deckerville dam broke. Village washed away. Come at once. Your daughter here nearly caught in wreckage. Injury and damage not yet ascertained. Obadiah E. Middleton."

"That'll get him," he winked to himself. "Can't tell from that whether his daughter's hurt or not. Now we'll see how thick his hide is."

Another inspiration struck him, struck him so forcibly that he leaped to his feet and shouted a shrill "Hurrah!" "Say!" he cried, spinning round toward the girl. "What's the name of that young doctor you were telling me about—the one in Boston—you know ——"

"Oh! Dr. Edgar J. Lapham."

"Address?"

"—— Beacon Street. Why?"

But he had turned to his telegraph key and was already sending a wire to the doctor:

"Deckerville carried away by flood. Miss Fanny Decker here nearly caught in wreck. Extent damages not yet ascertained. Have wired her father. Get in touch with him and come at once. This message confidential. Obadiah E. Middleton."

"Confidential!" he beamed, smacking his lips over the last word. And in truth it appealed to him as few words could, savoring, as it did, of secrets, intrigues, machinations, plots and counterplots. "By the Lord Harry!" he chuckled, "but I'm certainly stirring things up to-night! What a night! What a night! I'll give old man Decker half an hour to answer."

But in less than twenty minutes the reply came cracking over the wire:

"Leaving Boston special train. Do everything possible Miss Decker. Am bringing doctor. John J. Decker."

Obadiah E. sprang to his feet and banged the table with the flat of his hand.

"Yes, mother, yes!" he shouted. "I always knew it!"

"Knew what?" he asked, deepening his voice.

"If it hadn't been for those dratted birds, I could have been President of these United States! And you know it, too, mother, as well as I do!"

"D-d-d-did you speak to me?" asked Miss Decker in a frightened voice.

"Speak to you?" he demanded, spinning round. "No. I forgot you were there. Just heard from your father—he's coming. What are you chattering your teeth for?"

"I d-d-don't know. I'm afraid I have a chill. It's the excitement, I guess."

"Feverish, too, from the flush on her face," he exulted, rushing upstairs for blankets. "Oh, but I can see the hand of Providence in this!"

XIV

COMMODORE DECKER'S special train covered the ninety miles in a little more than an hour and a half. He was a large, impressive man, more like an institution than a human being, gray and dignified like some old lion who regards himself as unspeakably superior to the other beasts.

"I'm Commodore Decker ——" he announced as he stepped off the train.

"I'm Judge Middleton!" snapped Obadiah E., who had shaved himself and donned his Sunday suit.

"Where's Miss Decker?"

"Deppo. Deppo. This the doctor?"

"Yes," said the latter. "Doctor Lapham."

Obadiah E. winked his eye at him with the benevolence of a facetious and clean-shaven father who gives a son-in-law his blessing.

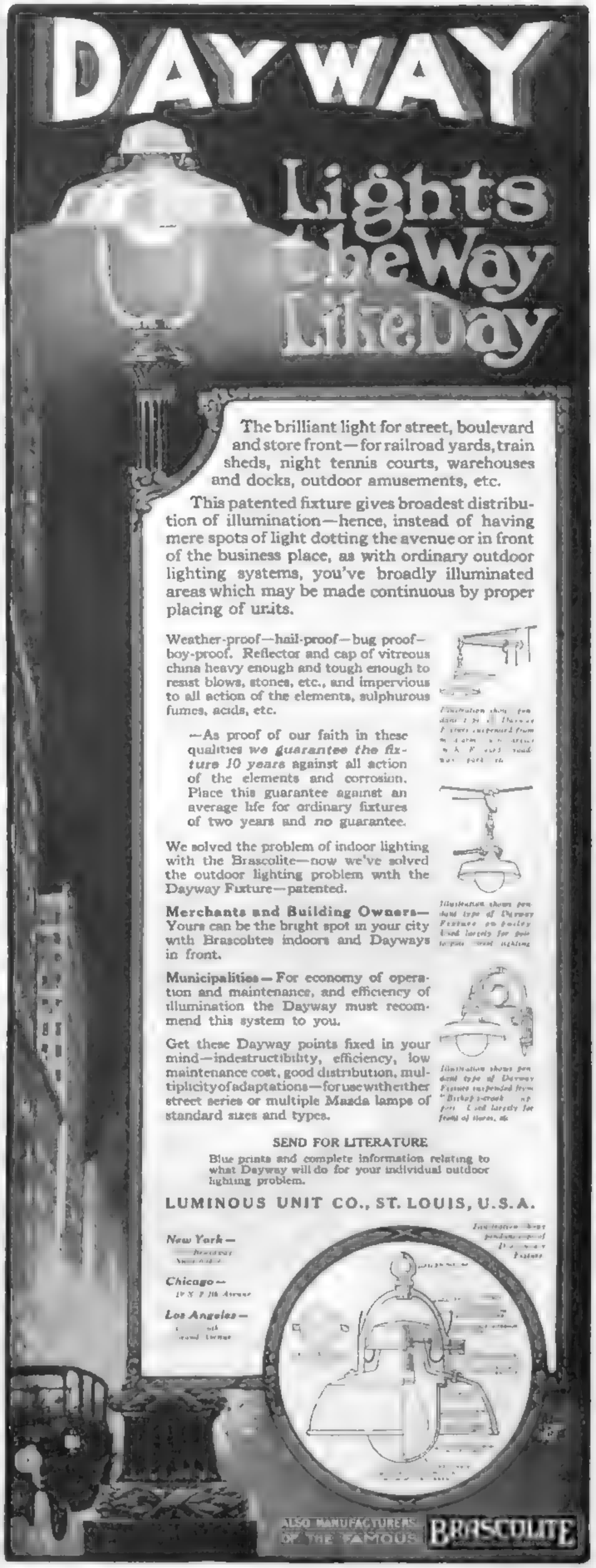
"Is Miss Decker hurt?" asked Doctor Lapham.

The local correspondent loudly cleared his throat and addressed himself to the back of Commodore Decker, who was majestically moving toward the station door.

"Prostration, I believe," he loudly announced, "brought on by exhaustion induced by exposure. I have no doubt, however, that with the help of a skilled physician ——"

"When did she arrive here?" asked Mr. Decker over his shoulder.

"Four-thirty. Four-thirty. I telephoned your residence this noon, and she came right on down to see what she could do."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This patented fixture gives broadest distribution of illumination—hence, instead of having mere spots of light dotting the avenue or in front of the business place, as with ordinary outdoor lighting systems, you've broadly illuminated areas which may be made continuous by proper placing of units.
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—As proof of our faith in these qualities *we guarantee the fixture 10 years* against all action of the elements and corrosion. Place this guarantee against an average life for ordinary fixtures of two years and *no* guarantee.
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Merchants and Building Owners—Yours can be the bright spot in your city with Brascolites indoors and Dayways in front.
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Get these Dayway points fixed in your mind—indestructibility, efficiency, low maintenance cost, good distribution, multiplicity of adaptations—for use with either street series or multiple Mazda lamps of standard sizes and types.
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Blue prints and complete information relating to what Dayway will do for your individual outdoor lighting problem.
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People are attracted by something more than price or they would not wait for deliveries as thousands have waited.

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The wheelbase is 110 inches
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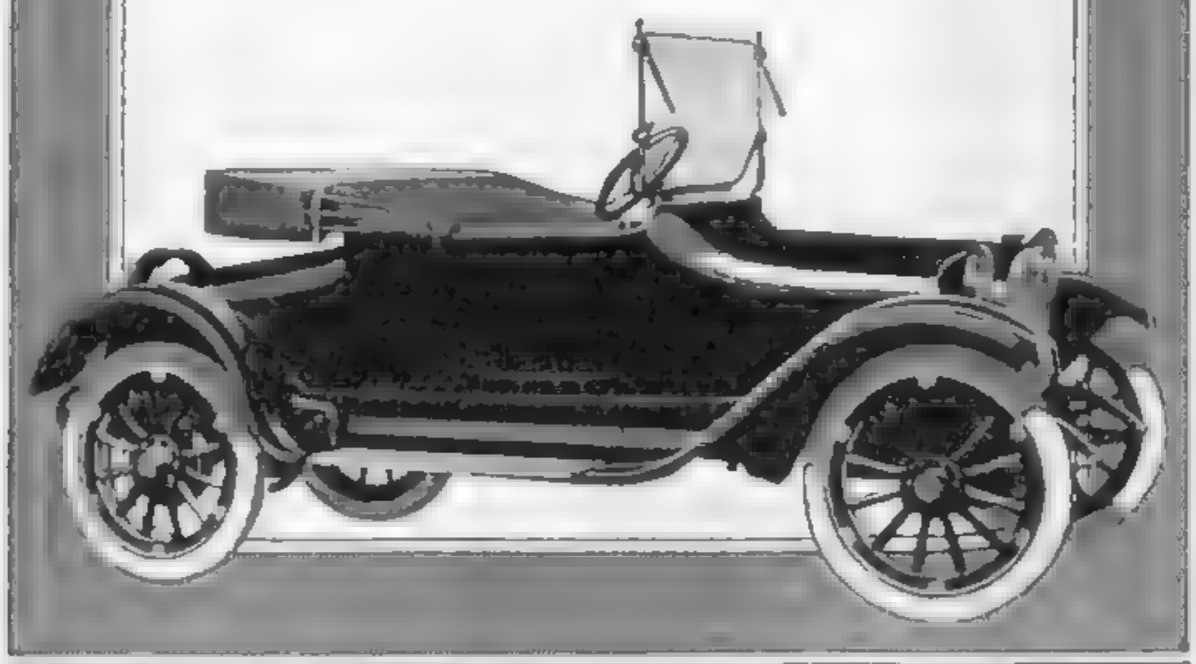

A pure thread silk sock that gives *good wear*

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Try this beautiful pure silk hose. The colors are black, white, grey, navy, golden tan, dark tan and Palm Beach—sizes 9 to 11½. If you cannot get No. 699 from your dealer, send us order, with remittance, stating size and colors wanted—we send postpaid.

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The father and the doctor went inside, Obadiah E. staying out to show the train crew the wreck of the dam. Five minutes later, when he entered the station, Miss Decker was sitting in the chair by the window, a little color in her cheeks, and the young doctor was trying to start conversation. But every time he made a statement the Commodore gave him a cold institutional stare, and every time he asked a question the Commodore gave him a colder, more institutional monosyllable. It was evident that as soon as Mr. Decker had found his daughter uninjured he had returned to his accustomed state of superiority to all mankind. Bit by bit Obadiah's fidgets grew, until at last, receiving a plaintive glance from the girl, he simply couldn't stand it any longer.

"Unless he's attended to, this old fossil is going to spoil everything again," he fumed. And suddenly boiling over, he arose with a bounce, saying: "Commodore Decker, I want to speak to you outside a moment."

"You want—to speak ——" The question seemed to die away in dignified astonishment at such a cool suggestion.

"Yes, you old plum thief, I want to speak to you outside! Remember how you and Oby Middleton used to rob Deacon Miller's plum trees? Well, I'm Obadiah—Judge Middleton now. Remember how we used to chase the two ——"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Decker, arising with elephantine haste. "Yes, yes. Yes, yes. I understand. You want to speak to me outside."

XV

THE two gray-haired men passed through the doorway, the Commodore and the Judge, one a world figure and with the majestic set of an immovable body, the other a local correspondent and with all the nervous energy of an irresistible force.

"Ah!" said Mr. Decker. "Ah! So you are Obadiah Middleton, are you?"

"Forget it!" barked the other. "You know who I am as well as I do. That's not what I want to talk to you about. I want to tell you this: You've got no sense at all—the way you're treating that girl of yours. You've got to give her a different sort of a deal or there's going to be trouble!"

"Trouble?" It was more of a verbal castigation than a question. "What do you mean by that?"

"What do I mean? I'll tell you what I mean! Your girl would have married a crook to-morrow if I hadn't been here to stop her to-day! Now do you begin to see what I mean?" He told the story, adding various gallant inventions—all of which served to make Miss Decker a heroine second only to Charlotte Corday and the mother of the Gracchi. "So you see," he concluded, "if I hadn't acted quick and drowned the car and chased the crook, you'd be in a pretty kettle of fish, you would—you and your ding-basted dignity! And now, by tarnation, John J. Decker, I'm going to blackmail you!"

"Nonsense!"

"I'll show you whether it's nonsense or not! I'm correspondent of some twenty different papers and associations, including four New York papers, two in Boston and the Associated Press. You understand me. And if I want to write up this elopement and how it was stopped I can have the story in every paper from Boston to San Francisco to-morrow."

"Nonsense!" But it was more reflective this time than exclamatory.

"Yes? I'll tell you something else then: You've got a name as a banker second to none in New England. But if you can't manage your daughter I want to tell you that people will begin to doubt if you can manage their money. I know I would. Think it over! You've never given anybody a chance to laugh at you yet. But, by Hesper, they'll make up for lost time if they ever have a chance!"

Thus attacked at his vulnerable point Mr. Decker examined the arrow that had wounded him, and though it was tipped with bitterness he found it was feathered with truth. An uneasy thought began to rankle in his mind: Surely it wasn't possible that he had bungled such an important matter as the upbringing of his daughter!

"That girl needs company of the right sort," continued Obadiah E. earnestly. "She favors her grandmother, and her grandmother was never so happy as when she had a houseful of lively company. You know that as well as I do. But if you try to lock the door on Miss Fanny you'll find her flying out of the window again. She's apt to make a slip—same as I did with those dratted birds. And if she does it will ruin her whole life—same as the birds ruined mine!"

"Birds? Birds?" asked Mr. Decker. "What birds are you talking about?"

"Game birds!" he snapped. "Partridge and quail! I was game warden and they caught me selling and shipping 'em out of season. I had to skip—it ruined me—a little thing like that! Couldn't come back at all, till they agreed to fine me. And do you know who lent me the money to pay that fine? It was your mother, Fanny's grandmother, and I was never able to pay it back. So I'm paying it back now. That's the reason I'm telling you this. That's the reason I'm telling you about Fanny. If you drive her into making another slip like she nearly made to-day, you'll be fastening a tag on her that'll stay there all her life—same as mine did—yes, and worse!"

He made a grimace which summarized the sour reflections of a lifetime, but putting his own grievances behind him he returned like a tiger to the matter in hand:

"And so, by the Lord Harry, I'm going to blackmail you, like I said I would. I'm going to give the whole story of Fanny's elopement to the papers, unless you agree to do two things ——"

There was no mistaking the earnestness of his voice, and Mr. Decker rubbed his chin with an uncertain hand, the while he blinked a pair of eyes that had gradually lost their sovereign stare.

"First," exclaimed Obadiah E., "you've got to let Fanny mix with young people of her own age, so she can marry some decent young fellow—like the doctor, for instance. And, second, you're never to tell her you know she eloped this afternoon!"

Slowly, ponderously, John J. Decker began to nod his head. "Is that all?" he cautiously asked.

"Yes, sir!"

Slowly, ponderously, then, he finished his nodding and held out his hand.

"It's agreed then?"

"Yes, yes. Yes, yes." And dropping his voice to a key that was strangely human he added: "And now, Obadiah, what can I do for you?"

"You? Do for me? Nothing!" And having scored that point, Obadiah E. scored another by amending himself: "Come to think of it, I had to swill Deckerville off the map to do what I've done for you to-day. Suppose you build it up again better than ever!"

For the second time that night Commodore Decker slowly, ponderously, swung out his right hand.

"You leave it to me," he whispered. "Yes, yes! Yes, yes!"

XVI

ON THE first of August the local correspondent sat in the Deckerville station writing his weekly Deckerville Doings for the Journal:

"Poor old Paxson! It used to look down on Deckerville, but it's certainly playing second fiddle now."

"Abe Willets, while shingling one of the new mill tenements yesterday, fell to the ground—a distance of twenty feet. Fortunately, however, he fell on his head, breaking no bones."

"Visitors are flocking daily from all parts of New England to see the new Deckerville concrete dam. In Paxson they call it the dam-dam. Poor old Paxson!"

"Deacon Tarbox was a visitor here yesterday. Come again, Deacon! Come again when melons are ripe!"

"The little dog is getting a big dog now, but he still runs under the wagon."

He sat then for a time, staring out of the window at the busy scene below, clicking his pen against his teeth and smiling with great content.

"Oh, mother!" he shouted over his shoulder. "Shall I tell 'em the news from Boston?"

"Yes, tell 'em!" he answered in a deeper voice.

Whereupon Obadiah E. dipped his pen in the ink with a proud gesture and wrote:

"The Boston papers announce the engagement of Miss Fanny Decker to Dr. Edgar J. Lapham of the same place. Congratulations, Doctor! You're going to hear from Deckerville on your wedding day, say we!"

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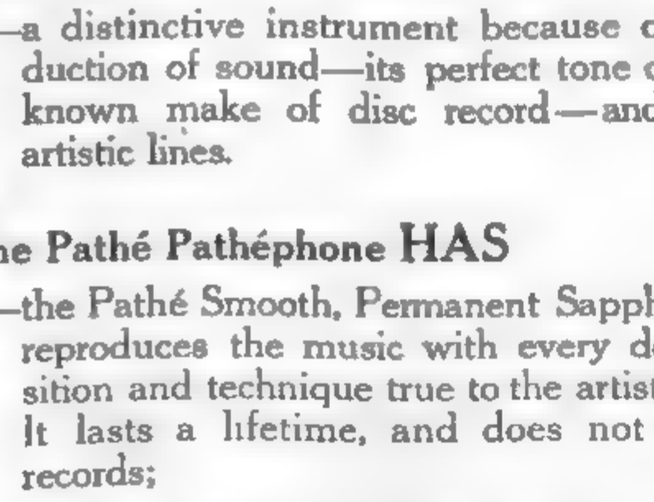

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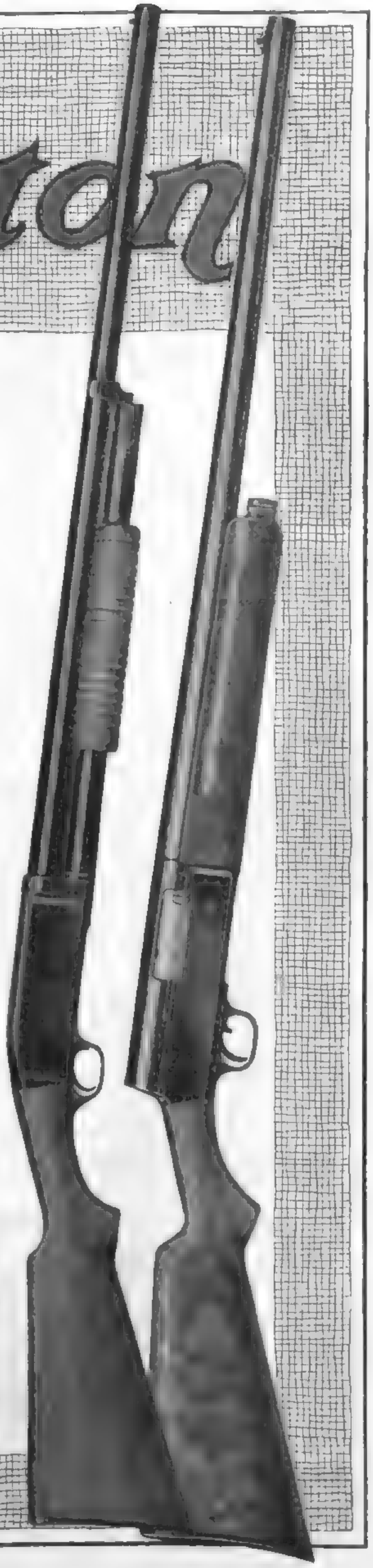

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IT'S BORN IN THEM

(Continued from Page 13)

That seemed to comfort her; and she returned to her war map, which she rearranged each day with little colored pins with flags on them. She invariably gave the British the benefit of any doubt in the dispatches; so that she generally had one army in the suburbs of Berlin, while the others were forming in line behind it, ready to step up as soon as the traffic eased a trifle.

Sentiment in Kenilworth had shifted since Payson sailed away on his nickel-plated yacht. Other men we knew had gone over as correspondents, or ambulance drivers, or curiosity seekers—and not one of them stayed longer than the second rainstorm; but Payson had gone and had not come back.

Kenilworth read the papers each morning, half expecting to see a paragraph about the well-known young millionaire, now aid to Mister the Count-General of the Tooral-Loorals, and one of the most popular officers at headquarters—a hundred miles to the rear. Kenilworth took it for granted that a man of Payson's prominence would not remain a private more than a week or two, for form's sake; but eventually Kenilworth began to hunt for a display head and the information that the well-known young millionaire—and so on—was among the missing.

Mr. Stevenson declared that no man of similar importance was ever so modest or so democratic. Garfield alleged that the community would suffer more than we were yet prepared to acknowledge. McKinney prophesied that within two years Payson would have been a twelve-handicap man and a credit to the club professional. Dorothea explained that nothing but the exigencies of the social season made her appear so pale and tired. And I—realizing what a waste of time it was—I used to stand in front of the bulletins for an hour or two, and then go down to the consulate for the latest news.

Now and then I found in the financial sections reports that distressed me beyond measure. I did not know who administered Payson's estate in his absence; but I did know that it required expert administration. The railroad of which he claimed to be the largest individual stockholder went into a receiver's hands, and Payson's friend, the president, retired with a pleasant competence.

In March alone three enterprises backed by Payson made compositions in behalf of creditors. A Western gentleman removed from the country, leaving a healthy residue of liabilities and a note of hand, due and payable, and indorsed by this same George Payson. The amount was in six figures. Then there was a mine—a gold mine—but, from all I could learn on the outside, the gold was Payson's too.

One day McKinney said to me behind the caddie house:

"Suppose he didn't make good? Suppose he isn't at the front at all, but up in Northumberland drilling recruits, or substituting for a mail clerk ——" He stopped there and motioned toward the Stevensons' lawn, which we could overlook through the budding trees.

"Cut it out!" I said. "That sort of conversation won't get us anything."

"But he should have written," said McKinney slowly. "If anything had happened to him every newspaper in the country would have had it. He must be alive and kicking; and I just thought ——"

"You'd better keep those just thoughts to yourself," I said, "or, at least, learn to think without saying anything."

In spite of which I finally began to wonder too; but by the time I found it difficult to pacify Dorothea it was May. And on the fifth of the month I had a cable from Payson, which said he was coming home.

We managed to blackguard some official acquaintances to let us go down the harbor and board the steamer in the Narrows. Payson was on deck, but we did not recognize him until he shouted to us, for he had grown inconceivably brown and gaunt; and across his forehead he had the sort of scar that comes from being hit with something less elastic than a golf ball.

Dorothea took one look at that scar and started forward; and the rest of us—who had also traveled forty miles for this reception—turned back to the rail and tried to amuse ourselves with the scenery.

So, as a reception, it was a notable failure. There wasn't any reception. Even on the way up to Kenilworth the major part of our committee sat in the smoker and let Payson and Dorothea talk together in the last car; and when we came to the station we scattered like scared partridges, met at the clubhouse in ten minutes, and got up a poker game.

Late that night, when I was in my room at the Inn, reading, I heard a door slam and somebody take the stairs three at a time. I got Payson on the threshold.

"Gad! I'm glad to see you!" he said.

"George! You old reprobate! How are you? Why the devil didn't you write?"

"Didn't have time! Say, I'd forgotten you have such a bully room! Where's a pipe?"

We were still shaking hands.

"Cigars on the table," I said.

"Couldn't think of it! I wouldn't know how to smoke 'em! I want a pipe. This is great!"

"How you've sunburned! Where'd you collect that scratch on your head?"

"This looks like Buckingham Palace! Say, I wish you could taste the stuff they gave us for tobacco." He sat down, using two chairs.

"You've had us all up in the air for six months. Why in thunder didn't you let us have a line once in a while?"

"I couldn't have told you anything interesting."

"You couldn't! What were you doing all that time?"

"Why, for three months," said Payson, "I was one of a detachment to guard the commissary tents. Fellows used to get so hungry they'd crawl up and try to snitch a biscuit—it was livelier than it sounds, but it wouldn't read so well. I didn't see much action."

"But could you square yourself with Dorothea?" Payson began to smile. "Really?" said I, making the correct diagnosis.

"I guess it's all right," he confessed. "It's practically settled."

We shook hands again—but with a trifle more restraint.

"That's splendid!" I said. "Congratulations! You certainly put it over in fine shape."

"Better than you think. Take a look at that!" Out of his pocket he produced an emblem, stamped out of metal and adorned with a soiled and faded ribbon, and tossed it over to me. You've read of them; have you ever seen one—granted to a friend?

"Why, George!" I said. "Why—this is the real thing!"

"It's the regular pattern. Care for it?"

"Care for it! What's the story? Don't be so secretive! Hurry up with it."

"Driving a motor truck—eight of 'em laid for us—cavalry. We ran 'em down, got six, and caught the others."

"What were you driving a truck for? Go on; tell me the whole thing! I want to hear it."

"Oh, they had to have a driver. I'll have to admit it was a tickash job."

"What was it a cargo of eggs?"

"No. Lyddite," said Payson. I stared, incredulous. "The funny part of it was," he added slowly, "the brakes weren't working and the clutch had jammed half a mile back. I didn't dare to stop the engine, because if I had we couldn't have started her up again—so we just opened her up . . . ging!"

"Good Lord!" said I. "Why didn't we get this in the papers?"

"Perhaps you did—only my name over there was Rufus Smith. I adopted an alias as soon as I hit London. I told you I wanted the credit—if I'd used my own name nobody would have believed anything I did. They'd have talked graft and politics. So Rufus Smith got decorated."

"And that's something," I said, "which Dorothea will value above everything else you own."

"She doesn't know about it," he said shortly. "Do you recall a remark of mine on that ride we had together? Something about an arm for England? Well, it wasn't an arm—it was a couple of feet and a stomach."

He got up and took to pacing the floor.

"That," he said, taking the medal from me and stuffing it into his pocket, "that's what I've paid for! The government grabbed the yacht, of course—and what I

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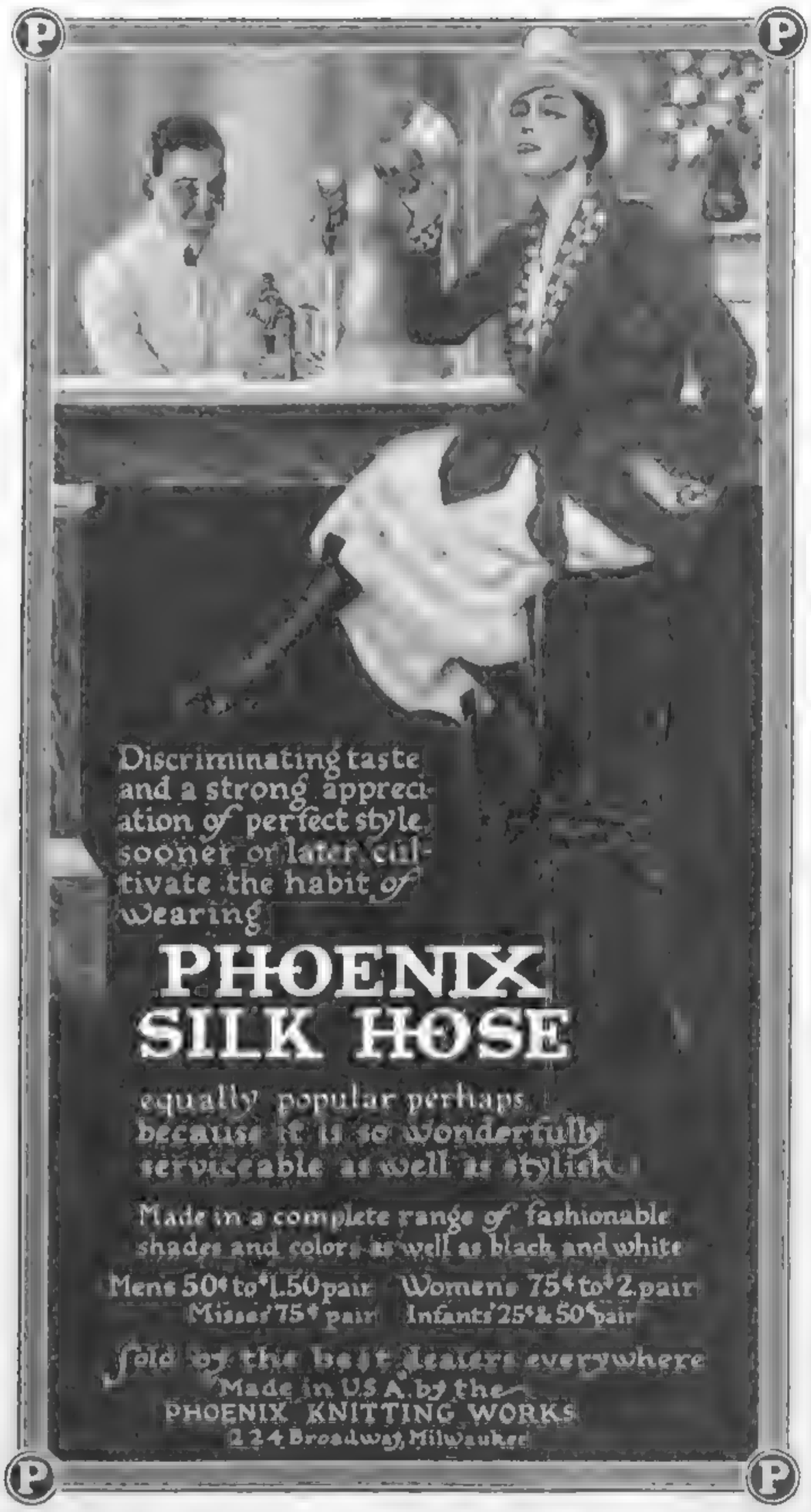
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put out in actual cash would have given a square meal to twenty thousand men this winter. It would have bought thousands of tons of ice and the Lord knows how much milk for my people over on the East Side.

"And when I wasn't looking they got me, out West. You know that, I suppose. They got me hard -I haven't a tenth of it left! I went out to mix in an affair that wasn't mine and never should have been mine; and what I got for it was fifty cents' worth of base metal on a colored string! I brought it back to show to you—I wanted somebody to see it—and I'll heave it into the lake ——"

"Listen, George! That isn't yours now—it's hers!"

"Forget it!" he said sharply. "I've just come from the Stevensons'. I've got the point of view of the world, I think. For the rest of my life I'm going to be judged by the last few months—I'm a veteran; a patriot; an adventurer! Not a word for the good, sound, sincere, solid effort I was making to pull men up instead of shooting them down! Not a word for any of that—but Payson's a hero; Payson went to war; Payson got a cut on his head—bully for Payson! Do I want this tin medal to keep reminding me of what I once did because I couldn't help myself? It's the visible evidence of what I most want to forget.

"I can't go ahead spending money for charities any more—I can't help my friends. My income isn't going to be any more than yours is. And what I was doing—that was patriotism; that was citizenship! I've sacrificed all that sacrificed it for reputation! And every time I see that piece of gun-jacketing it simply reminds me of the good I could have done with what I paid for it. I don't want Dorothea to know I ever had it. I couldn't stand it in the house. I let you see it because—well, I'm just human enough and just childish enough, that's all! It belongs to Rufus Smith—and he's dead!"

"No, George," I said. "You've got it all wrong. The decoration's immaterial. War didn't make you a hero; England didn't do it; your medal didn't do it. Dorothea did it! She made you a hero the day you left—because you left! You were a hero to her, and that's all that counts. We won't argue about the ethics of the thing; but don't you think that, since you actually have made great sacrifices and lost great possessions, you ought, at least, to show her the merit card you got for being a good soldier? Wouldn't it be a little compensation for the loss of those other things—after she begins to realize what they were?"

"Perhaps it would please her," he said thoughtfully. "And if it would I'd be ungenerous to keep it back, wouldn't I? And I've always believed in giving women whatever they want."

So, a few weeks later, they were married in the church under the hill; and at the altar Dorothea looked up at him shyly, admiringly, reverently, as befitted a sensible girl in the presence of a true hero—with the governmental proof thereof—who adored her. She never appeared more beautiful; and I never envied a man so much as I did Payson. But, as it happened to be the sultriest kind of day, I could not help wondering how those on the East Side whom Payson had once called his people were getting along for ice.

Royal Bait

ACCORDING to Harry Sparrow, business manager of the New York team in the American League, he was in South Sea Island waters once on a pleasure trip. His ship touched at a port with an unpronounceable name. Accompanied by his harem, his suite and most of his subjects, the reigning ruler, a fat half-caste, came down to welcome the visitors. The subjects jumped off the little dock and swam about the steamer, while His Majesty was received aboard in due state. Strange to say, the official interpreter and general factotum of the imperial outfit was a little cockney.

The tourists began pitching copper coins over the sides in order to see the common herd dive for them. Presently a wealthy San Francisco man decided to do something really generous. He hauled a ten-dollar gold piece out of his pocket and poised to fling it out across the surface of the water. Instantly the cockney had him by the arm.

"Ow, sir, don't do that, sir, if you please, sir," he implored. "You'll be 'avin' 'Is Royal 'Ighness in the water next, sir."

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Blanche Sweet in "Stolen Goods"; "The Warrens of Virginia"; "The Captive", and "The Clue".—*Lasky.*

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Charlotte Walker in "Kindling" *Lasky*

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Replaces old fan in ten minutes.

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Horn in Center of Fan

Fan Horn $5.00
Fan Pump $2.50

Write for full particulars or dealers' proposition.
THE OAKES COMPANY Indianapolis, Ind.

Ride a RANGER

1915 Models

bicycle and know you have the best. Buy a Ranger direct from factory and save $10 to $25 on the price. Choice of 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous Ranger line. DELIVERED FREE on approval and 30 days' trial. NO EXPENSE to you if not satisfactory after trial. Ship promptly. LOW FACTORY COST and exceptional offers to first buyer in each locality. WRITE TODAY for our big catalog and special offer now on 1915 Models. TIRES, lamps, wheels, parts and sundries at half usual prices. We want to tell you how we can save you money and we will give you Actual Motorcycle Supplies at Half Prices. Do not buy or sell until you know what we can do for you. A postal will bring everything.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. W-55, CHICAGO

POMPEIAN
OLIVE OIL
PURE SWEET WHOLESOME

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Patents secured or our Fee Returned

Victor J. Evans & Co., 1 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

SOMETHING NEW

(Continued from Page 18)

There are many kinds of walk. George Emerson's was the walk of mental unrest. His hands were clasped behind his back, his eyes stared straight in front of him from beneath lowering brows, and between his teeth was an unlighted cigar. Plainly all was not well with George Emerson.

Aline had suspected as much at luncheon; and looking back she realized that it was at luncheon her depression had begun. The discovery startled her a little. She had not been aware, or she had refused to admit to herself, that George's troubles bulked so large on her horizon. She had always told herself that she liked George, that George was a dear old friend, that George amused and stimulated her; but she would have denied she was so wrapped up in George that the sight of him in trouble would be enough to spoil for her the finest day she had seen since she left America.

There was something not only startling but shocking in the thought; for she was honest enough with herself to recognize that Freddie, her official loved one, might have paced the grounds of the castle chewing an unlighted cigar by the hour without stirring any emotion in her at all.

And she was to marry Freddie next month! This was surely a matter that called for thought. She proceeded, gazing down the while at the perambulating George, to give it thought.

Aline's was not a deep nature. She had never pretended to herself that she loved the Honorable Freddie in the sense in which the word is used in books. She liked him and she liked the idea of being connected with the peerage; her father liked the idea and she liked her father. And the combination of these likings had caused her to reply "Yes" when, last autumn, Freddie, swelling himself out like an embarrassed frog and gulping, had uttered that memorable speech beginning, "I say, you know, it's like this, don't you know!"—and ending, "What I mean is, will you marry me—what?"

She had looked forward to being placidly happy as the Honorable Mrs. Frederick Threepwood. And then George Emerson had reappeared in her life, a disturbing element.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THRIFT, WITH A SPORTING SLANT

(Continued from Page 15)

have not yet learned that American trick. They issued very few standing tickets and there was plenty of room.

There were twenty thousand Chinese standing in a closely packed crowd in front of the main pavilion when I arrived at about a quarter of eight, mostly without hats, and almost to a man without queues. Here and there was a tall Manchu who wore his queue defiantly; but most of those in that crowd in front had close-cropped heads. The predominating color was blue the blue cotton tunic of the lower-class Chinese. On the stage there were many high officials, robed in bright brocaded silks and wearing little round black caps.

Ten great copper globes stood in a row along the front of the stage—globes about four feet in diameter and polished until they shone in the sun. There were cranks to turn them, extending from each side of the axles on which they hung, and they were upheld by frames of elaborately scrolled ironwork. These globes stood five on each side of two smaller globes, which were in the middle. The smaller globes were about two feet in diameter. They had handles to turn them, like the larger ones. There was a tube at the top of each globe, with an automatic valve. This tube was about six inches long. Back of the globes there were ten frames, on each of which were hanging a hundred wires. Each wire had strung on it a thousand wooden balls about the size of the "Chinese alley" of our marble days, and each wooden ball had stamped on it a number in Chinese characters. There were a hundred thousand balls in each frame and ten frames—a million balls in all.

At the front there was another frame in which, hanging strung on wires, there were two thousand wooden balls of the same size, stamped with Chinese characters in red, indicating First Prize, Second Prize, and

Steady—Steady

The battery is all right if it's a Columbia. High in amperage, absolutely uniform, every Columbia battery is packed full of ready, steady energy.

For dependability—say Columbia
For long life—say Columbia
For rough service—say Columbia
For general superiority—say Columbia

For all battery purposes—say Columbia and don't take anything else. Maker's name on every cell is a guaranty of quality.

Columbia Batteries are sold all over the world. Cost no more, last longer

National Carbon Company, Cleveland, Ohio
Factories in U. S. A. and Canada

Convenient Fahnestock Spring Clip Binding Posts—no extra charge

Richmond Straight Cut Cigarettes *Cork Tip or Plain*

The delicate aroma of their fine old Virginia tobacco has been known and loved for 44 years.

Have *you* tried them lately?

Also packed in attractive tin boxes, 50 for 40c; 100 for 75c. Sent prepaid if your dealer cannot supply.

Allen & Ginter
RICHMOND VIRGINIA, U.S.A.
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO. Successor

The sleeveless gown and the popularity of the dance have led everywhere to an increased exposure of the arm.

This new fashion has created a need for "Milady Decolleté Gillette"—the newest adjunct to the dressing table of the woman of fashion—brought out by the Gillette Company in response to many letters received in the last few months, particularly from the resorts and metropolitan fashion centers, relative to a Gillette Model for underarm use.

Milady Decolleté Gillette affords the safest and most sanitary method of keeping the underarm as smooth as the face.

Requires but a few minutes, and only occasional use is necessary. Shown by good dealers everywhere.

For full particulars about Milady Decolleté Gillette and its use, write us direct

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Yet This Guides Any Ford Straight

Yes! the famous little Steer-ezeR rights both front wheels automatically the instant they start to wabble on rough roads. This ends the [illegible] like grim death to keep your car out of the ditch. That spoils the pleasure of motoring. It's dangerous.

Walker Steer-ezeR For Ford Cars $3.75

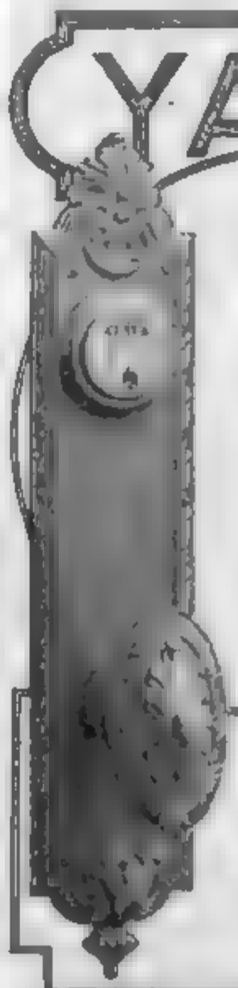
[illegible] Now for $3.75 [illegible]

Try It 10 Days FREE!

The ease, the delight, the safety of driving a Ford [illegible] Steer-ezeR are [illegible] So we [illegible] FREE! Return it [illegible] If [illegible] name and [illegible] Steer-ezeR on trial [illegible] Send no money.

WALKER MFG. CO., 1514 Michigan Ave., Chicago
Factory: Racine, Wis.

YALE



YOUR architect will be in full agreement with you when you tell him you want Yale locks and hardware on your house. He knows your decision is sound.

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Makers of Yale Products [illegible]
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CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
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LOCKS AND HARDWARE

so on. There was a table for checkers and recorders in front of each ball, and frames for stringing the prize-winning balls. Seats were provided in the rear, and refreshment rooms, where tea and cakes and biscuits and fruit were served. Near the main pavilion there was a small stand on which was a printing outfit for the preparation of bulletins announcing the winning numbers.

The Chinese came by thousands. The stand fronted the main entrance, which was a long avenue. And even at that early hour there was an unending procession of jinrikishas; of people on foot—coolies and merchants, and women hobbling along on their deformed feet; of Manchu women, painted vermilion and blue and yellow and pink and wearing their big black headdresses; of beggars and hawkers; of men who wore robes of the most wonderfully brocaded silk; coolies who were barely covered with filthy rags; girls in black satin trousers, their hair ornamented with glittering gauds; jugglers and sword swallowers; people from the country; Mongolians, in their magenta-colored robes; priests; old men and old women with staves—the great conglomerate of Peking, all eager to know who was to win; all thrifty with a sporting chance. They massed themselves in front of the main pavilion.

At eight o'clock a detachment of police marched on the stage—the pick of the Peking police, in their dressiest uniforms. Their coats were of dark navy blue and cut frockwise. They had great epaulets of bright yellow and had white plumes on their caps. The collars and cuffs of their coats were magenta. Back of these were khakied soldiers with rifles, and with big automatic pistols strapped to them; and outside the building and round the grounds there were files of soldiers, all shouldering rifles with bayonets fixed.

The police were to turn the globes, and they took their stations importantly behind the glittering copper receptacles. Officials went to the frames with great wire baskets and cut the wires, letting the numbered balls drop into the baskets. Then, with due ceremony, the balls were poured through copper funnels into the globes and the vents were screwed fast.

The boys took their places. It had been decided, in order that there could be no possible talk of unfairness, to have the balls picked up as they dropped from the globes, and the numbers announced by little lads from the Peking Orphanage. These boys, sturdy, red-cheeked little chaps, had been drilled in their duties for three weeks. They were provided with specially made blouses and knickerbockers of green cloth, cut foreign style, and had been scrubbed until they shone.

Ballyhooing in Chinese

Each boy had a short wire and it was his part to put his wire through the hole in the ball as it dropped out, hold up the ball and read out the number. Then a larger boy, dressed in a gray blouse and knickerbockers and wearing purple stockings, took the ball from the little chap's wire with another wire and carried it to the table of the recorders and checkers which was in front of his particular globe. One checker wrote down the number and another checker marked the number off on a printed list. Then the balls were strung on wires hanging in small frames that stood on the tables of the checkers. Each globe had a Chinese scrutinizer, who looked over the shoulder of the little chap to make sure he called his numbers correctly; and there was a long table of censors and other supervising officials behind. Two policemen, with their plumes and their epaulets, manned the handles for each globe. The globes were given preliminary turns so the balls within might be well mixed.

It took about two hours to get the two thousand balls from the ten big globes. After that there were three more balls chosen by lot, making a total of two thousand and three.

The policemen ground steadily, the orphans shrilled the numbers, the officials moved about and kept tabs, and from time to time new files of gaudy police marched in for relief, and new orphans were produced to take the places of the tired little chaps, most of whom shouted so loudly at the beginning of their task that their throats became sore and their voices husky.

Meantime the Chinese kept coming. If one had not seen them it would be impossible to believe there are so many jinrikishas in the world as brought the Chinese to the park that Sunday morning—jinrikishas of all kinds, from the ornate ones with silver-plated appointments and four lamps, to the solid-tired, rusty, rickety, ragged and dirty ones with paper lanterns—jinrikishas of every age and style, and drawn by coolies who in a few instances were spick and span in uniform, but in most cases ragbags and dirty.

The wide road leading up to the pavilion was a panorama of changing color. The Chinese jammed in and jammed in. Bevies of highly illuminated Manchu ladies strode sedately along on their big flat feet, and jostled with trousered Chinese ladies who hobbled in their tiny slippers. The paths were gay with hawkers selling artificial flowers. The red-coated band blew American ragtime into the garlicked air. The crowd in front of the stand watched impassively, their yellow faces turned up and their garments giving an indigo tone to the whole space. The hawkers had spread out their wares. The sweetmeat sellers shouted their confections.

There were a dozen tea houses open and ready for business. The toy sellers and nut sellers and watermelon-seed sellers, and the venders of those innumerable fried-flour concoctions in which the northern Chinese delight vociferously ballyhooed. Here and there a money-changer with his rack of coppers set up business, changing silver coins to coppers and to cash for a small percentage. Most of the things offered to eat and drink cost a copper or two. There were a dozen stands where glass tubes, filled with red and yellow and purple water, which are favorite toys with Chinese children, were sold; and the fancy and complicated windmills and pinwheels that the Chinese love were offered for sale in great quantities. Old-clothes dealers and old shoe-dealers and cutlery merchants, bird sellers and ice-cream makers, were there by the score. It was a gala day.

Garlic in the Air

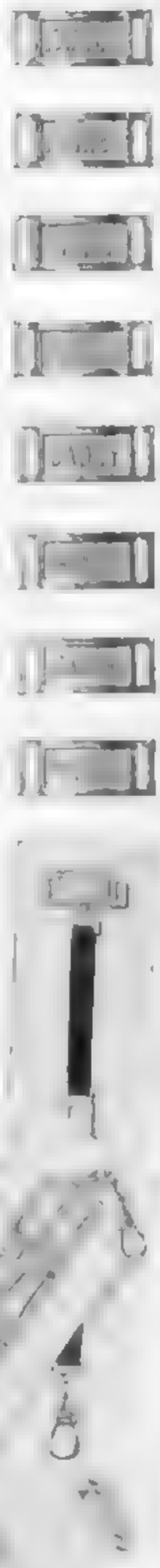
After the two thousand and three balls were out of the big globes, they were compared with the numbers recorded by the checkers. Then the two thousand and three balls stamped with red, which had been hanging on their frame in front, were taken down and poured into one of the smaller copper globes. The two thousand and three that had been dropped from the ten big globes were poured into the other small copper globe. Fresh relays of police were brought in. Some more soldiers arrived, and a cabinet minister or two, together with some officials from the Ministry of Finance. Two specially selected orphans were placed in position. All was in readiness for the prize drawing; and just at that moment the band began playing Onward, Christian Soldiers!

The dinner bell jangled. The police turned the small globes. The orphan at one globe picked up the wooden ball that dropped and announced the number. The orphan at the other globe picked up his ball and read what was on it. A number in the five hundred thousand had won an eleventh prize, or one hundred dollars. The two balls were placed together on the frame where the six hundred eleventh prizes were to be strung and the globes were turned again. There was a succession of eleventh and twelfth prizes, which comprised sixteen hundred of the total of two thousand and three. It was an hour before a large prize came out; but the fifty thousand Chinese stood quietly and waited.

By noon the grounds of the Temple of Agriculture swarmed with people. They were mostly Chinese, too, for very few foreigners went out. The various roadways in the grounds were lined with hundreds of hawkers of everything a Chinese is likely to buy on a holiday, but mostly with sellers of food and sweetmeats. Coolie after coolie stood with his two baskets of fried food suspended from a pole laid across his shoulders—long, twisted chunks of dough; small balls of dough; flat cakes of dough; all fried to a brown and dripping with grease. Stand after stand showed round lumps of boiled dough filled with chopped meat and sticky sweets. Men rushed about shouting their cakes, made of sugar and millet seed, and candies of kernels of nuts stuck together with glucose.

A favorite confection was a big yellow cake, six inches thick and as large round as a wagon wheel, made of bean flour and filled with prunes. A slab of this as big as half a loaf of bread cost two coppers.

(Concluded on Page 44)



This name, "Bob-o-link," is your protection against imitation, infringement, inferior quality and disappointment

"Bob-o-links" were the original friendship bracelets. Instantly they became nationally popular. A million friendship bracelets were started with "Bob-o-links," and require "Bob-o-links" to complete them.

Some manufacturers, seeing a chance for profit, began making links as nearly resembling "Bob-o-links" as they dared, thinking the public would buy them. But people wanted genuine "Bob-o-links," to match the "Bob-o-links" they and their friends were wearing.

These imitations are now being foisted upon the dealers and the public as "Bob-o-links."

Genuine "Bob-o-links" are protected by patent application, and by registration of the name, "Bob-o-link," in the United States Patent Office.

Look for the name on the reverse side of each "Bob-o-link" before you buy; it is your absolute protection against substitution.

Every genuine "Bob-o-link" is a piece of quality jewelry, of exactly the quality of gold or silver it is represented to be. "Bob-o-links" are sold by reputable jewelers at a fair price for their quality. They are never found on bargain counters or offered at reduced-price sales or given as souvenirs or premiums.

Everyone with friends wants "Bob-o-links"

Girls are measuring their popularity by the number of "Bob-o-links" they get. Each "Bob-o-link" is a friendship token—each has some association that makes it treasured. Engraved with the initials of friend or sweetheart, or the date of some happy occasion, "Bob-o-links" gather, with years, memories more fragrant than frankincense.

There is no limit to the number of "Bob-o-links" one may have. Several complete bracelets may be worn, and each adds to the effectiveness of the others. "Bob-o-link" necklaces are very popular and beautiful. Jewelers have simple attachments for making "Bob-o-links" into hat pins, watch chains, stick pins, fobs, bar pins, cuff links and rings (see illustration). "Bob-o-links" are also made bearing the emblems of the different fraternities. When schools open these will be in great demand. No girl will be satisfied until she receives a "Bob-o-link" for every fraternity in which she has friends.

"Bob-o-links" are used not only to remember friends by but also occasions. It is quite a fad to start "Bob-o-link" jewelry, each link bearing the date of some event or occasion in the life of the wearer and donor. Only these two know what the dates represent. Friends and rivals would give worlds to know.

How to Start "Bob-o-link" Jewelry

Arrange with a friend to exchange "Bob-o-links"; then go to your jeweler and buy the first "Bob-o-link," engraved with your initials. Present it to your friend, who will reciprocate; and you both will have a start. With your first "Bob-o-link" your jeweler will give you a narrow, black velvet ribbon, so that you can wear your "Bob-o-link" at once. Friends will see it, and other "Bob-o-links" will come quickly.

"Bob-o-links" are made of sterling silver at 25c each; also in gold filled, at 25c and 50c, according to quality, in 10k gold at $2.00 each and 14k. gold at $2.50; and can be set with precious stones if desired. Jewelers will engrave and clamp them without extra charge. Sterling silver "Bob-o-link" rings complete, 50c, 1/10 gold filled 75c, solid gold $4.00. These are suitable either for boys or girls, and also make fine sport scarf rings.

Nearly every jeweler has "Bob-o-links" in stock. Insist on the genuine "Bob-o-link," and accept none unless the name "Bob-o-link" is on the back. This will avoid disappointment and ensure your getting genuine "Bob-o-links," the kind that will match those your friends are wearing. If your jeweler can't supply you with genuine "Bob-o-links," write us and we will see that you get them.

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Makers and distributors under License of H. B. Pratt, Inventor

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gives you just the keen, lively relish you want—full of tasty mellow flavor of your favorite tobacco. That's why men who know always use these world-famous cigarette papers—Riz La Croix *Quality* guarantees 100% smoke-satisfaction.

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FAMOUS CIGARETTE PAPERS

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Rolled in a jiffy—presto! A round, smooth, firm cigarette that holds shape, smokes perfectly and doesn't "come undone"—that's Riz La Croix.

The thinnest, lightest, purest "papers" made. Their combustion perfect, no "paper taste" in the smoke.

Naturally adhesive, because made of best flax-linen, a pure, vegetable product.

You *try* Riz La Croix—*today*.

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Why not send TODAY for our free Booklet "M," explaining fully why people all over the World use and endorse our system of Banking by Mail, which brings this bank—the Oldest and Largest Trust Company in Ohio—right into your home?

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CLEVELAND, OHIO 50

You Owe Yourself This Convenience

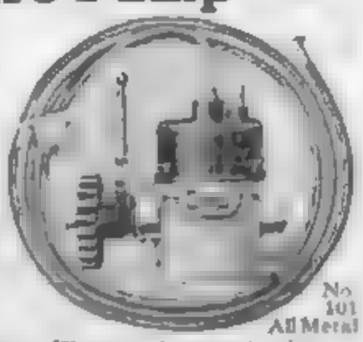
You should guard against a makeshift tire pump that is designed to meet a demand without giving adequate value for the money asked. You should buy for your old car and you should make sure that your new car has the

Engine Driven KELLOGG Tire Pump

Several models designed to meet the requirements of different cars.

For 1916 Kellogg Pumps are Regular Equipment on — Special Equipment on

Thousands sold to Dealers, with attachments, for



Model 101 with Complete Attachments $15.00
Dodge Outfit 10.00
Ford Outfit 9.50

No. 101 All Metal

Guaranteed Not to Spray Oil with the Air

All Kellogg pumps are made with metal piston rings—grey iron cylinders. We use only poppet valves on intake and exhaust. These do not leak or heat the air.

Stock carried by other leading Distributors and Dealers everywhere. Save time by writing to $15 with name and model of your car and by mail. Send for descriptive booklet. We protect our dealers.

Descriptive booklet free. Give name of car and year.

Kellogg Mfg. Co., 10–24 Circle St., Rochester, N. Y. Tire Pump Specialists No Other Business

(Concluded from Page 42)

There was fried fish of every kind, and fried everything else; and the Chinese bought liberally and smeared themselves with the grease, and had a good time. The better classes sat at ease in the numerous tea houses and sipped tea, and ate fried things also. It was one grand carnival of grease and chance.

The drawing went on. The policemen whirled the two copper globes. The red-printed and the black-printed balls came out. The announcers shouted the denomination of the prize and the number that won it. The third prize came out about half past twelve, and then there continued a dreary procession of elevenths and twelfths. Most of those on the platform had tea and cakes. Still the Chinese came. At one o'clock there were undoubtedly seventy-five thousand of them on the grounds, and probably more. You could smell the garlic for two miles.

At fifteen minutes after one o'clock the patient Chinese in front of the stand had their thrill.

"*Ling-seh-liu-wan-ss-isien-pai-pai-erh-seh-liu!*" sang out the small boy. The checker repeated the number after him. The boy who picked up the red-marked ball rose on his toes.

"*Ti Ih Tun Tsing!*" he screamed. The first prize was out—the hundred thousand dollars had been won, and the man who had the bond numbered 0164826 had won it.

There came a great rumble of "*Ho! Ho!*" from those in front. The five-starred president of police, and the Minister of the Interior, and the Assistant Minister of Communications and all the other officials, of high and low degree, said "*Ho! Ho!*" too. They examined the two balls. It was correct. Number 0164826 had won the first prize, of one hundred thousand dollars, Chinese money, less five per cent; and the man who won it was a man who lived in Kiang-su, one of the central provinces.

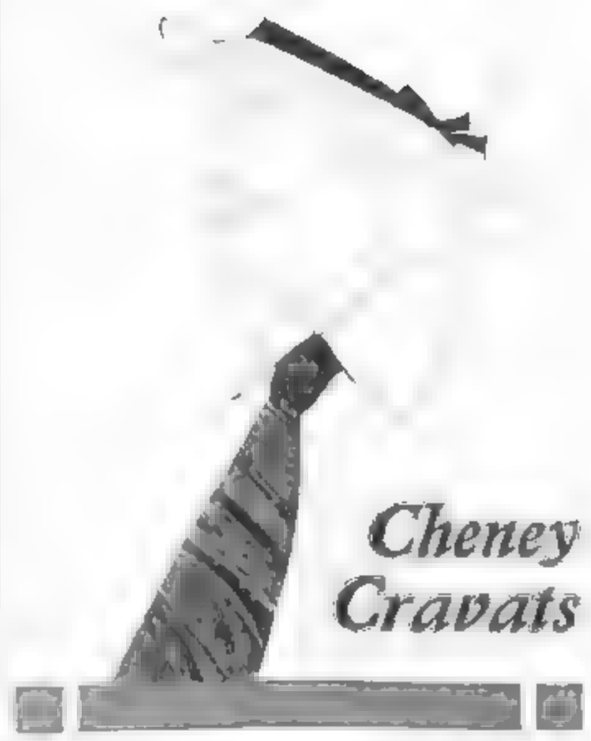
The Real Thing in Beggars

That settled it! There was nothing more to see and we started back to the hotel. Thereupon ensued as crowded a two hours as there has ever been in a reasonably crowded life. I have been in jams in many big cities on many occasions, but never in a jam like that one in Peking on that Sunday in April when I was trying to get from the Temple of Agriculture to the hotel. We jostled our way through the thousands of Chinese who were still standing and silently watching the drawing. They moved aside willingly enough, and made no protest over an elbow in the ribs or a scrunch on their cloth-shod feet; in fact, they did not look at the struggling persons who were trying to get past them.

We figured that there were ten thousand jinrikisha men on the edge of the crowd—probably twice that number. Every one of them was bidding for custom at the top of his voice. Hundreds of ragged women and still more ragged children ran about, carrying feather dusters, brushing the dust off the shoes of those who took jinrikishas and whining "*Cumshaw!*" which means alms or a present.

We took our time in picking out our jinrikisha men, for it was then apparent that the trip was to be a hard one and a slow one, the congestion was so great. Finally we selected two long-legged, sturdy chaps, and, surrounded by a hundred pleading, cursing, begging and ragged suppliants, moved away. I have seen ragged beggars in other parts of China, but the raggedness of the Peking beggars passes belief. Apparently they get bits of any sort of old cloth and sew them or tie them on what was once a tunic. Their rags flutter as they run, and no garment has been washed in years. And the garlicky smell of them!

We swung into a procession of jinrikishas that filled the road, twenty abreast and as closely following one another in long ranks as their shafts would permit. We were the only foreigners in the lot, and the Chinese laughed at us and joked at us, and told us we should soon see what a Chinese crowd was like. The crowd, back yonder, they said, was not a marker! But our men got us through. Two hours from the time we started we were landed at the hotel and were busy at ourselves with hot water and carbolic soap. And, so far as my own ticket is concerned, it is Number 0823800. No matter what may befall me in the next three years, I shall not be absolutely broke. I shall have ten dollars, Mex., on deposit in the Sin Hua Savings Bank, of Peking, China.



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CHENEY SILKS

in the neckband of every Cheney Cravat *assures* satisfactory service.

CHENEY BROTHERS
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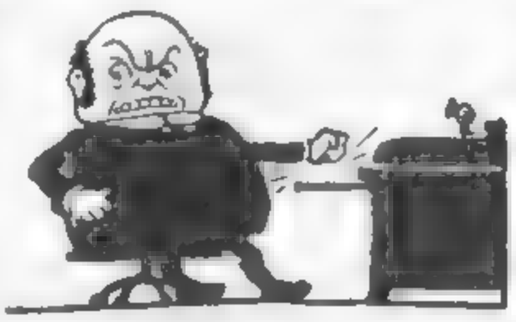

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You do not want your boy to be a misfit. Neither will the man who employs him; he will want a young man whom he can train to shoulder responsibilities, but he won't want to have to do all the training.

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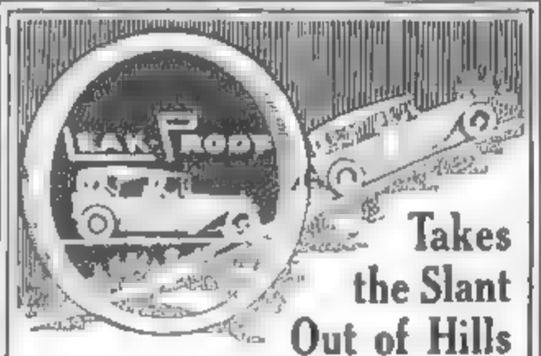

Takes the Slant Out of Hills

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The piston rings in your motor are giving out. They are worn and fit badly—they leak compression. You can't get full power with them.

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Piston Rings

MADE BY McQUAY-NORRIS MFG. CO.

will take the "slant out of the hill" by restoring proper compression and making each fuel charge deliver maximum power

The two-piece, angle-to-angle interlocking construction of the LEAK-PROOF Ring is the only mechanical principle for securing equal, firm and sustained bearing on the cylinder wall, while preserving exact fit to piston head. Identify the genuine LEAK-PROOF Ring by this exclusive feature. Be sure you get it when you ask for LEAK-PROOF

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NO LITTLE girl can play [illegible] with this exact reproduction of FRANTZ-PREMIER ELECTRIC CLEANER. Looks like the real one, only smaller

It is 14 inches in height, highly polished aluminum nozzle, with revolving [illegible] just like the [illegible] It is beautifully [illegible] every detail and [illegible] desire to [illegible] It is beautifully [illegible] Address Dept. A

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Your little girl would love to play with one of these handy little cleaners. We will send you one free

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(Also Manufacturers of the Famous Dictograph)

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$1 Soft Felt Hat

Can be shaped to suit your fancy. Folds into compact roll. Silk Ribbon Leather sweatband [illegible] Head sizes 6½ [illegible] Black, Brown, Steel-gray, Navy blue, White. Actual value $2.00

Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Money refunded if not satisfied. Style book of higher priced felt hats, free.

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 330 Broadway, New York City

JUDGE PRIEST COMES BACK

(Continued from Page 5)

His manner was paternal where it was not fraternal. His eye, though, remained as before—a sharp, greedy, appraising eye. There is no alibi for a bad eye. Still, a lot of people never look as high as the eyes. They stop at the diamond in the scarfpin.

When a vacancy occurred in the district chairmanship it seemed quite in keeping with the trend of the political impulses of the times that Senator Maydew should slip into the hole. Always a clever organizer, he excelled his past record in building up and strengthening the district organization. It wasn't long before he had his fences as they should be—hog-tight, horse-high and bull-strong.

Yet in the midst of manifold activities he found time to be an attentive and indulgent husband. If the new Mrs. Maydew did not enjoy the aloof society of those whom we fondly call down our way The Old Families, at least she had her fine new home, and her seven-passenger car, and her generous and loving husband. And she was content; you could tell that by her air and her expression at all times. Some thought there was just a trace of defiance in her bearing.

It was just about a year after her marriage to him that the Senator, in response to the demands of a host of friends and admirers—so ran the language of his column-long paid-for card in the Daily Evening News and other papers—announced himself as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for congressman. Considering conditions and everything, the occasion appeared to be propitious for such action on his part. The incumbent, old Major J. C. C. Guest, had been congressman a long, long time—entirely too long a time, some were beginning to say. He had never been a particularly exciting personage, even back yonder in those remote dim days of his entry into public life. At the beginning his principal asset and his heaviest claim upon the support of his fellow-citizens had been an empty trouser-leg.

In eighty-four, a cross-roads wag had said he didn't believe Major Guest ever lost that leg in battle—it was his private opinion that the Maje wore it off running for office. At the time this quip was thought almost to border upon the sacrilegious, and nobody had laughed at it except the utterer thereof. But fully sixteen lagging years had dragged by since then; and for the old-soldier element the times were out of joint.

Nevertheless, Major Guest was by no means ready to give up and quit. With those who considered him ripe for retirement he disagreed violently. As between resting on his laurels and dying in the harness he infinitely preferred the chafe of the leather to the questionable softness of the laurel-bed. So the campaign shaped itself to be a regular campaign. Except for these two—Maydew and Guest—there were no openly avowed candidates, though Dabney Prentiss, who dearly loved a flirtation with reluctant Destiny, was known to have his ear to the ground, ready to qualify as the dark horse in the event a deadlock should develop and a cry go forth for a compromise nominee. Possibly it was because Dabney Prentiss generally kept his ear to the ground that he had several times been most painfully trampled upon. From head to foot he was one big mental bruise.

Since he held the levers of the district machinery in the hollows of his two itching hands, Senator Maydew very naturally and very properly elected to direct his own canvass. Judge Priest, quitting the bench temporarily, came forth to act as manager for his friend, Major Guest. At this there was rejoicing in the camp of the clan of Maydew. To Maydew and his lieutenants it appeared that providence had dealt the good cards into their laps. Undeniably the Judge was old and, moreover, he was avowedly old-fashioned. It stood to reason he would conduct the affairs of his candidate along old-fashioned lines. To be sure, he had his following; so much was admitted. Nobody could beat Judge Priest for his own job; at least nobody ever had. But controlling his own job and his own county was one thing. Engineering a district-wide canvass in behalf of an aging and unenspiring back-number was another. And if over the bent shoulders of Major Guest they could strike a blow at Judge Priest, why, so

SPRING-STEP HEELS

Walk on Rubber Cushions

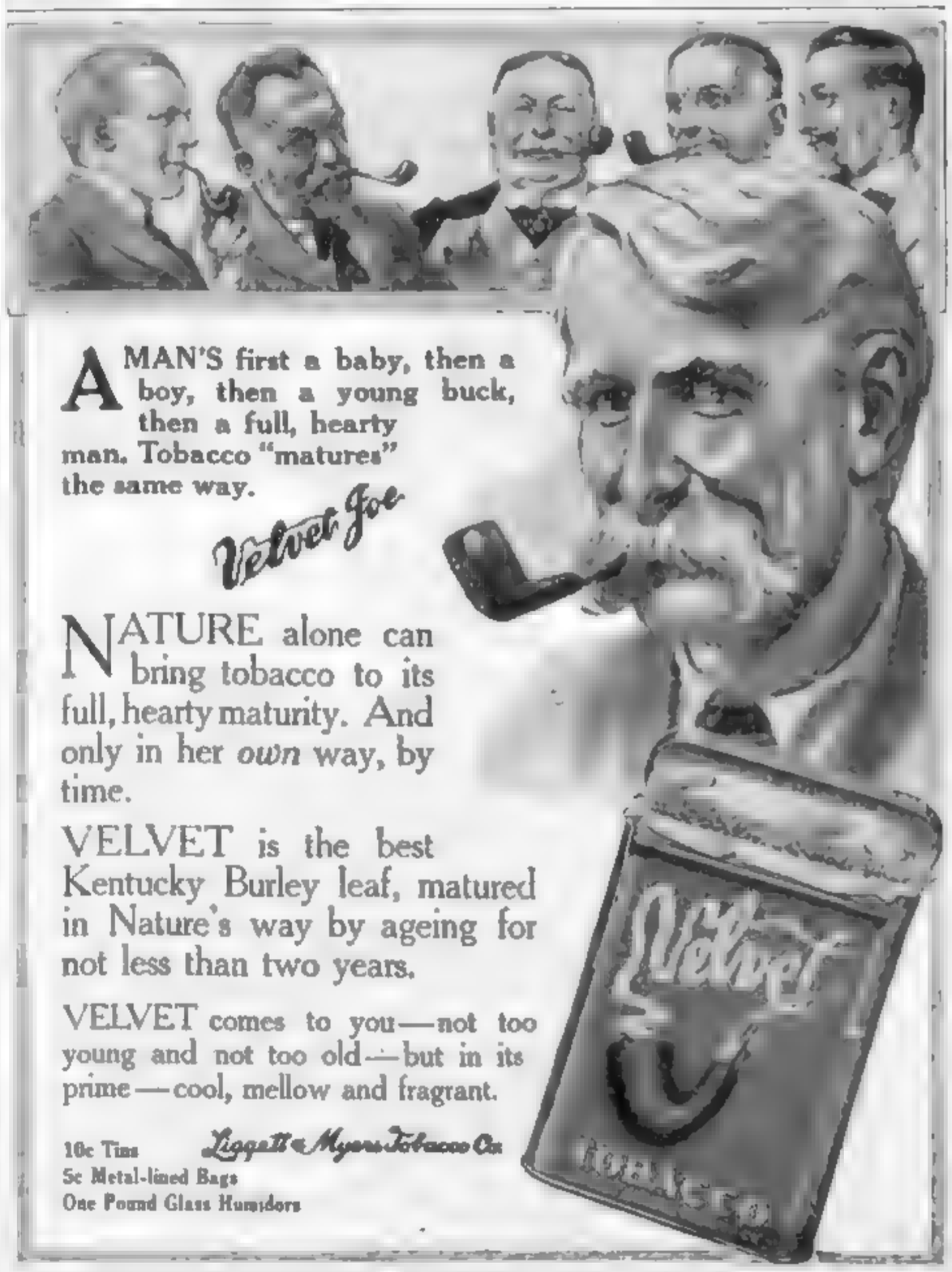
Don't miss the comfort that Spring-Step Heels give. They are a real economy. Have them put on your shoes at once. 4 million up-to-date people already wear them.

Learn the real joy of walking on Spring-Step Rubber Heels.

These new Spring-Step Red Plug Heels cost no more than ordinary rubber heels. Don't accept inferior heels—get "Spring-Steps."

Ask for the Heel with the Red Plug

Spring-Step Rubber Heels are made by the Largest Rubber Company in the World.



A MAN'S first a baby, then a boy, then a young buck, then a full, hearty man. Tobacco "matures" the same way.

Velvet Joe

NATURE alone can bring tobacco to its full, hearty maturity. And only in her *own* way, by time.

VELVET is the best Kentucky Burley leaf, matured in Nature's way by ageing for not less than two years.

VELVET comes to you—not too young and not too old—but in its prime—cool, mellow and fragrant.

10c Tins
5c Metal-lined Bags
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Ivory Garters feel good to bare legs

IVORY GARTERS, without metal or pads, are comfortable any time, but in scorching weather they are doubly welcome.

Ivory Garters lessen sweating. They are light as silk socks, cool and sanitary. No pads or extra material on them. Ivory Garter fasteners can't rust or corrode, tear your sock or chafe your skin. Every pair of Ivory Garters is satisfactory or your money comes back.

Altogether the Ivory is a most amazing garter, that shatters every garter grudge you ever had. 25c and 50c at haberdashers. If not at yours, buy from us.

Ivory Garter

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Dealers: Ivory Garters make friends with men who want comfort. Write for our proposition.

IVORY GARTER CO., New Orleans.

Without Investing a Cent

This young man started a business of his own that has netted over $125.00 a month. His name is Ralph W. Young, of Ohio. His business keeps him out of doors and brings him into contact with congenial people. The actual time that he devotes to the work is only two or three hours of each day. He is one of the many young men that have found the way both to independence and to the money that they need, by taking up subscription work for the Curtis periodicals, *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. He says:

"In comparison with the time that I give to the work, my profits on subscription orders for your publications beat any other method of money-making that I have tried. The business is permanent. I keep a record of all the orders that I take, and secure almost 100 per cent of the renewals in succeeding years."

With the Curtis periodicals, once a subscriber always a subscriber. An order for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* or *The Country Gentleman* secured today means a renewal with the same salary and commission next year, and the year after. If you want to start a business of your own, without a cent of investment, a business that is permanent and beyond the reach of business depressions, let us tell you how to do it.

AGENCY DIVISION, BOX 12

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

much the better for Maydew now, and so much the worse for Priest hereafter. Thus to their own satisfaction the Maydew men figured it out.

The campaign went forward briskly and not without some passing show of bitterness. In a measure, Judge Priest justified the predictions of the other side by employing certain time-hallowed expedients for enlisting the votes of his fellow Democrats for Major Guest. He appealed, as it were, to the musty traditions of the still mustier past. He sent the Major over the district to make speeches. He organized schoolhouse rallies and brush-arbor ratifications. He himself was mighty in argument and opulent in the use of homely oratory.

Very different was the way of State Senator Maydew. The speeches that he made were few as to number and brief as to their length, but they were not bad speeches. He was a ready and a frequent purchaser of newspaper space; and he shook hands and slapped shoulders and inquired after babies without cessation. But most of all he kept both of his eyes and all of his ten nimble fingers upon the machine, triggering it and thimbling it and pulling at secret wires by day and by night. It was, perhaps, a tribute to his talents in this direction that the method that he inaugurated was beginning to be called Maydewism—by the opposition, of course—before the canvass was a month old. In an unusually vociferous outburst of indignation at a meeting in the Independent Order of Odd Fellows' hall at Settleville, Major Guest referred to it as "the fell blight of Maydewism." But if Maydew made enemies he made friends too; at any rate he made followers. As the campaign drew near to its crackling finish it was plain that he would carry most of the towns. Major Guest's strength apparently was in the country, among the farmers and the dwellers in small villages.

County conventions to name delegates to the district conventions which, in turn, would name the congressional nominee were held simultaneously in the nine counties composing the district at two P. M. of the first Tuesday after the first Monday in August. A week before, Senator Maydew, having cannily provided that his successor should be a man after his own heart, resigned as district chairman. Although he had thrown overboard most of the party precedents, it seemed to him hardly ethical that he should call to order and conduct the preliminary proceedings of the body that he counted upon to nominate him as its standard bearer—standard bearer being the somewhat ornamental phrase customarily used among us on these occasions. He was entirely confident of the final outcome. The cheering reports of his aides in the field made him feel quite sure that the main convention would take but one ballot. They allowed, one and all, it would be a walk-over.

Howsoever, these optimists, as it developed, had reckoned without one factor: they had reckoned without a certain undercurrent of disfavor for Maydew which, though it remained for the most part inarticulate during the campaign, was to manifest itself in the county conventions. Personalities, strictly speaking, had not been imported into the fight. Neither candidate had seen fit to attack the private life of his opponent, but at the last moment there came to the surface an unexpected and, in the main, a silent antagonism against the Senator which could hardly be accounted for on the ground of any act of his official and public career.

So, late in the afternoon of the first Tuesday after the first Monday, when the smoke had cleared away and the shouting and the tumult had died, the complete returns showed that of the nine counties, totaling one hundred and twenty delegate votes, Maydew had four counties and fifty-seven votes. Guest had carried four counties also, with fifty-one votes, while Bryce County, the lowermost county of the district, had failed to instruct its twelve delegates for either Maydew or Guest, which, to anybody who knew anything at all about politics, was proof positive that in the main convention Bryce County would hold the balance of power. It wouldn't be a walk-over; that much was certain, anyhow. Maydew's jaunty smile lost some of its jauntiness, and anxious puckers made little seams at the corners of those greedy eyes of his, when the news from Bryce County came. As for Judge Priest, he displayed every outward sign of being well content as he ran over the completed figures. Bryce was an old-fashioned county, mainly populated by a people who clung to old-fashioned notions. Old soldiers were notably thick in Bryce too. There was a good chance yet for his man.

To Marshallville, second largest town in the district, befell the honor that year of having the district convention held in its hospitable midst; and, as the Daily Evening News smartly phrased it, to Marshallville on a Thursday all roads ran. In accordance with the rote of fifty years it had been ordained that the convention should meet in the Marshallville courthouse, but in the week previous a fire of mysterious origin had destroyed a large segment of the shingled roof of that historic structure. A darky was on trial for hog stealing upon the day of the fire, and it may have been that sparks from the fiery oratory of the prosecuting attorney, as he pleaded with the jury for a conviction, went upward and lodged among the rafters. As to that I am not in a position to say. I only know this explanation for the catastrophe was advanced by divers ribald-minded persons who attended the trial.

In this emergency the local committee on arrangements secured for the convention the use of the new Marshallville opera house, which was the pride of Marshallville—a compact but ornate structure having on its first floor no less than one hundred and fifty of those regular theater chairs magnificently upholstered in hot red plush, and above, at the back, a balcony, and to crown all, two orthodox stage boxes of stucco, liberally embossed with gold paint, which clung, like gilded mud-daubers' nests, at either side of the proscenium arch, overhanging the stage below.

In one of these boxes, as the delegates gathered that very warm August afternoon, a lady sat in solitary state. To the delegates were assigned the plush-enveloped grandeurs of the main floor. The spectators, including a large number of the male citizens of Marshallville with a sprinkling of their women-folk, packed the balcony to the stifling point, but this lady had a whole box to herself. She seemed fairly well pleased with herself as she sat there. Certainly she had no cause to complain of a lack of public interest in her and her costume. To begin with, there was a much beplumed hat, indubitably a thing of great cost and of augmented size, which effectively shaded and set off her plump face. No such hat had been seen in Marshallville before that day.

The gown she wore was likewise of a fashion new to the dazzled gaze of her more plainly habited sisters in the balcony. I believe in the favored land where they originated they call them princesse gowns. Be its name what it may, this garment ran in long, well-nigh unwrinkled lines from the throat of its wearer to her ankles. It was of some clinging white stuff, modeled seemingly with an intent to expose rather than to hide the curves of the rounded figure which it covered. It was close at the neck, snug at the bust, snugger still at the hips, and from there it flowed on tightly yet smoothly to where it ended, above a pair of high-heeled, big-buckled slippers of an amazing shininess. The uninitiated might well have marveled how the lady ever got in her gown unless she had been melted and poured into it; but there was no mystery concerning the manner in which she had fastened it, once she was inside of it, for, when she turned away from the audience, a wondrously decorative finishing touch was to be seen: straight down the middle of her back coursed a close row of big, shiny black jet buttons, and when she shifted her shoulders these buttons undulated glisteningly along the line of her spinal column. The effect was snaky but striking.

The lady, plainly, was not exactly displeased with herself. Even a rear view of her revealed this. There was assurance in the poise of her head; assuredly there was a beaming as of confidence in her eyes. Indeed, she had reasons other than the satisfaction inspired by the possession of a modish and becoming garb for feeling happy. Things promised to go well with her and what was hers that afternoon. Perhaps I should have stated sooner that the lady in question was Mrs. Senator Maydew, present to witness and to glorify the triumph of her distinguished husband.

For a fact, triumph did seem near at hand now—nearer than it had been any time these past forty-eight hours. A quarter of an hour earlier an exultant messenger had come from her husband to bring to her most

(Continued on Page 49)

Public Demonstration at the Official Dedication of Carnation Milk Model Condensery, Panama Pacific International Exposition

This book instructs in home demonstration.

Carnation Milk demonstrated to thousands of men and women

Many thousands of men and women from all parts of the country are visiting the model Carnation Milk condensery at the San Francisco Exposition. There they see every step in the production of Carnation Milk, and they also taste it in coffee, ice cream, home-made candies—salad dressings and whipped. They enjoy it in the many dishes cooked with it. They learn at first hand its convenience, economy, purity and safety.

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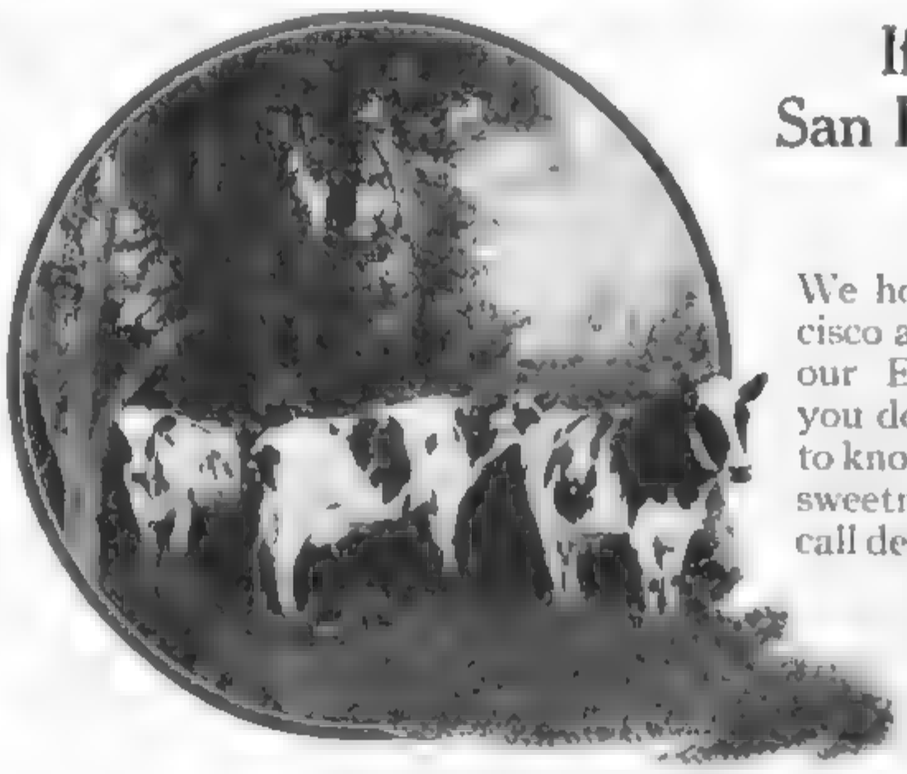
Carnation Milk is just fresh, pure, cows' milk, reduced to the consistency of cream by evaporating part of the water. The Exposition visitors see the Carnation herd of pure-bred Holsteins one of the hundreds which supply the pure milk for our fourteen great condenseries. They see in our model condensery the exact methods by which this milk is evaporated, then hermetically sealed and sterilized to retain its purity, richness and wholesomeness unchanged.



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We hope you are to be in San Francisco and that we may welcome you at our Exposition condensery. But if you do not visit the Fair, we want you to know and enjoy Carnation Milk. Its sweetness and *flavor*, which you will call delicious after trying it a few times, are due to the concentrated quality and flavor of the butterfat and milk solids, and the richness and purity of the fresh milk.

The safe milk for summer

Carnation Milk comes to your home in the can, pure, sweet, rich and safe for kitchen and table use and for the baby or children. It absolutely solves the summer milk problem. Keep several cans on the pantry shelves, opening it as you need it. Use it every day in every way milk and cream are ordinarily used. Carnation is the *ideal* milk to take on camping and fishing trips, automobile and launch parties.

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Write for our new Cook Book

The coupon below will bring you a free copy of our *new* collection of special evaporated milk recipes. Many of the dishes are illustrated in actual colors. Every recipe has been tested in home kitchens so that we know they are not only good, but that any housewife or cook can easily follow them and secure the best results. It is a most practical every-day help for the housewife and hostess, and demonstrates the convenience, economy and satisfaction of Carnation Milk which adds a delicious flavor to vegetables and a rare richness to pastries, cakes, etc. The recipes for whipping and for making Carnation ice cream are alone worth many times the effort of writing for this book.

Buy it of your grocer—"The Carnation Milkman"

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232 Stuart Building, Seattle, Wash., U. S. A.

Please send me by return mail a copy of your new cook book, filled with special evaporated milk recipes and containing "The Story of Carnation Milk" as it is demonstrated at the San Francisco Exposition.

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A postal card will answer the same purpose as this coupon

This sign on Service Stations throughout the United States and Canada guarantees expert care for your Hupmobile when and where you want it—without cost to you

The Squarest Deal for You and Your Hupmobile

At last, a tangible, national service plan which insures against motor car troubles

In line with our policy of producing the best car of its class in the world, we now announce what we believe to be the first and best plan of ***national*** service-to-the-owner yet devised.

This plan is so simple, and so complete, that its basic principles are almost certain to be insisted upon by all car owners as a standard of what motor car service should be.

Its distinctive feature is a book of 100 coupons which every buyer receives with a 1916 Hupmobile, and which ***can be cashed at any Hupmobile service station in the United States or Canada.***

These coupons entitle the owner to 50 hours of free labor—sufficient, under ordinary circumstances, to keep the car in perfect running condition.

And this service, mark you, is over and above the company's regular guarantee against defective parts and materials. It is paid for, moreover, out of a fund established jointly by the Hupp Motor Car Company, its distributors, dealers and sales representatives.

As each car is shipped from our factory, a definite amount of money is set aside for free service to you on that particular car.

This service which you buy with your Hupmobile is for your car only; the labor cannot be performed on another Hupmobile; it is for your satisfaction alone.

The new plan provides for the regular care, inspection and adjustment without which no automobile can remain at its best. It relieves you of labor which is irksome to the average man.

To give our system national scope, we have established hundreds of service stations throughout the United States and Canada.

Everywhere you go, you will see the white and blue signs that mark Hupmobile service stations.

So, no matter where you buy your car—no matter where you desire service—you get it from a trustworthy Hupmobile representative, and at no cost to yourself.

Here is service so tangible, so definite and so practical, that you cannot afford to purchase any car without first learning all of the details of the Hupmobile plan.

The 1916 Hupmobile—$200 greater in worth and $115 lower in price—is the greatest automobile value this company has ever built. When we add to this wonderful car the guarantee of satisfaction resulting from the Hupmobile service system, we offer, we feel sure, the most exceptional car value in the world.

We urge you to have your Hupmobile dealer give you the full particulars.

Or write us, and we will tell you how the plan works, and send you the catalog of the seven beautiful new Hupmobiles.

Hupp Motor Car Company
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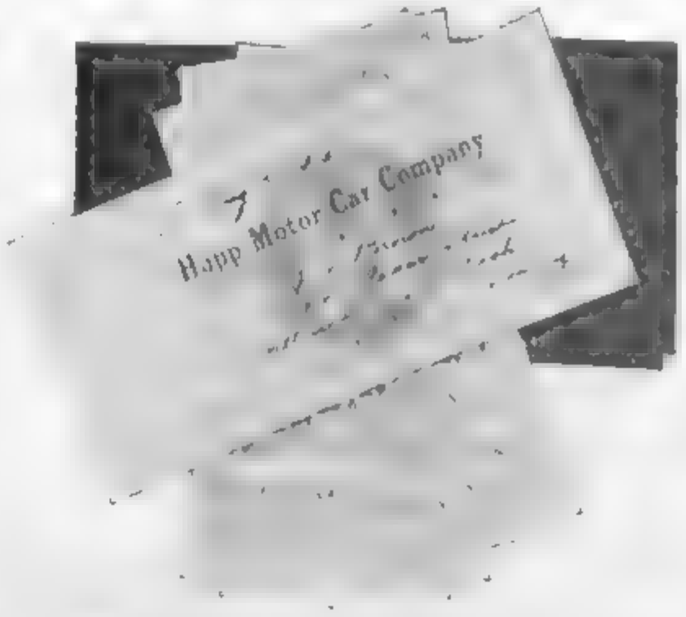

This leather-bound coupon book is given you when you purchase a 1916 Hupmobile.

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1916 Hupmobile Prices

5-Passenger Touring Car, $1085	2-Passenger Roadster, $1085	5-Passenger Sedan, $1365
7-Passenger Touring Car, $1225	7-Passenger Limousine, $2365	2-Passenger All-year Coupé, $1165

5-Passenger All-year Touring Car, $1185. All U. S. prices f. o. b. Detroit

Canadian prices f. o. b. Windsor as follows: Five-Passenger Touring Car, $1385; Roadster, $1385; Sedan, $1820; Limousine, $3185; All-year Touring Car, $1525; All-year Coupé, $1500; Seven-Passenger Touring Car, $1635

(Continued from Page 46)

splendid and auspicious tidings. Luck had swung his way, and no mistake about it: of the doubtful delegates from Bryce County only two had arrived. The other ten had not arrived. Moreover there was no apparent possibility that they would arrive before the following day, and by then, if the Senator's new-born scheme succeeded, it would be all over but the shouting. A Heaven-sent freshet in Little River was the cause. Sitting there now in her stage box, Mrs. Senator Maydew silently blessed the name of Little River.

Ordinarily Little River is a stream not calculated to attract the attention of historians or geographers—a torpid, saffron-colored thread of water meandering between flat yellow banks, and owing its chief distinction to the fact that it cuts off three-quarters of Bryce County from the remaining quarter and from the adjoining counties on the north. But it has its moods and its passions. It is temperamental, that river. Suddenly and enormously swollen by torrential summer rains in the hills where it has its rise, it went, the night before, on a rampage, overflooding its banks, washing away fences and doing all manner of minor damage in the low grounds.

At dawn the big bridge which spanned the river at the gravel road had gone out, and at breakfast time Ferris' Ford, a safe enough crossing place in times of low water, was fifteen feet deep under a hissing brown flood. Two of Bryce County's delegates, who chanced to live in the upper corner of the county, had driven through hub-deep mud to the junction and there caught the train for Marshallville; but their ten compatriots were even now somewhere on the far bank, cut off absolutely from all prospect of attending the convention until the roiled and angry waters should subside.

Senator Maydew, always fertile in expedient, meant to ride to victory, as it were, on the providential high tide in Little River. Immediately on hearing what had happened, he divined how the mishap of the washed-out bridge and the flooded ford might be made to serve his ends and better his fortune. He was keeping the plan secret for the moment; for it was a very precious plan. And this, in effect, was the word that his emissary brought to his wife just before the convention met. He could not bring it himself; custom forbade that a candidate show himself upon the floor in the early stages, but she was told to wait and watch for what would presently ensue, and meanwhile to be of good cheer. Which, verily, she was.

She did not have so very long to wait. The convention assembled on the hour—a block of ten vacant seats in the second aisle showing where the missing ten of Bryce should have been—and was called to order by the new district chairman. Up rose Judge Priest from his place in the middle of the house, flanking the center aisle, and addressed the chair. He had just learned, he stated, that a considerable part of the number of duly chosen delegates had not yet reached Marshallville. It appeared that the elements were in conspiracy against the extreme lower end of the district. In justice to the sovereign voters of the sovereign County of Bryce he moved that a recess of twenty-four hours be taken. The situation which had arisen was unforeseen and extraordinary, and time should be granted for considering it in all its aspects. And so on and so forth for five minutes or more, in Judge Priest's best ungrammatical style. The chairman, who, as will be recalled, was Maydew's man, ruled the motion out of order.

I shall pass over as briefly as possible the proceedings of the next half hour. To go fully into those details would be to burden this narrative with technicalities and tiresomeness. For our purposes it is sufficient, I think, to say that the Maydew machine, operating after the fashion of a well-lubricated, well-steered and high-powered steam roller, ran over all obstacles with the utmost dispatch. These painful crunching operations began early and continued briskly. On the first roll call of the counties, as the County of Bryce—second on our list after Bland—was reached, one of those two lone delegates from the upper side of Little River stood up and, holding aloft his own credentials and the credentials of his team-mate, demanded the right to cast the votes of the whole Bryce County delegation—twelve in all.

The district chairman, acting with a promptness that bespoke priming beforehand for just such a contingency, held that the matter should be referred to the committee on credentials. As floor leader and spokesman for the Guest faction, old Judge Priest appealed from the ruling of the chair. A vote was taken. The chairman was sustained by fifty-seven to fifty-one, the two indignant delegates from Bryce not being permitted, under a ruling from the chair, to cast any votes whatsoever, seeing as their own status in the convention was the question at issue. Disorder ensued; in the absence of a sergeant-at-arms the services of volunteer peacemakers were required to separate a Maydew delegate from Bland County and a Guest delegate from Mims County.

Dripping with perspiration, his broad old face one big pinky-red flare, his nasal whine rising to heights of incredible whininess under the stress of his earnestness, the Judge led the fight for the minority. The steam roller went out of its way to flatten him. Not once, but twice and thrice it jounced over him, each time leaving him figuratively squashed but entirely undismayed. He was fighting a losing but a valiant fight for time.

A committee on resolutions was named and went forth to an anteroom to draw up a platform. Nobody cared much about that. It was the committee on credentials upon which everything now depended. Being chosen it likewise retired, to return in a miraculously short space of time with its labors completed.

And this in brief was what the majority of the committee on credentials—all reliable Maydew men—had to report:

There being no contests, it was recommended that the sitting delegates from the eight counties fully represented upon the floor be recognized as properly accredited delegates. But in respect to the ninth county, namely Bryce, an unprecedented situation had arisen. Two of Bryce's delegates were present, bearing credentials properly attested by their county chairman; unfortunately ten others were absent, through no fault of their own or of the convention. As a majority of the credentials committee viewed the matter, it would be a manifest injustice to deprive these two delegates of their right to take a hand in the deliberations; on the other hand, the committee held it to be equally unfair that those two should be permitted to cast the ballots of their ten associates, inasmuch as they could have no way of knowing what the personal preferences of the absentees might be. However, to meet the peculiar condition the committee now made the following recommendation, to wit as follows: That the secretary of the convention be instructed to prepare an alphabetical list of such delegates as were present in person, and that only such delegates as answered to their own names upon roll call—and no others whatsoever—be permitted to vote upon any question or questions subsequently arising in this convention. Respectfully submitted.

For a period of time to be measured by split seconds there was silence. Then a whirlwind of sound whipped round and round that packed little martin-box of an opera house and, spiraling upward, threatened the integrity of its tin roof. Senator Maydew had delivered his king-stroke, and the purport of it stood clearly betrayed to the understanding of all. With Bryce's voting strength reduced from twelve votes to two, and with all possibility of voting by proxy removed, the senator was bound to win the nomination on the first ballot. The Maydew men foresaw the inevitable result, if the recommendation of the committee should prevail, and they reared up in their places and threw their hats aloft and yelled. The Guest forces saw it, and they howled their disapprobation until they were hoarse.

The tumult stilled down to a ground breeze of mutterings as Judge Priest got upon his feet. To him in this dire emergency the Guest forces, now neck-deep in the last ditch, looked hopefully for a counterfire that might yet save them from the defeat looming so imminent. There and then, for once in his life, the judge failed to justify the hopes and the faith of his followers. He seemed strangely unable to find language in which effectively to combat the proposition before the house. He floundered about, making no headway, pushing no points home. He practically admitted he knew of nothing in party usage or in parliamentary law that might serve as a bar to the adoption of the proposed rule. He proposed to vote against it, he said, but in the event that it be adopted he now moved that immediately thereafter the

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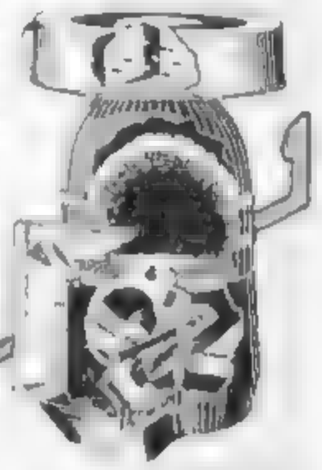

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convention take an adjournment, thus giving the secretary time and opportunity in which to prepare the alphabetical list. With that he broke off suddenly and quit and sat down; and then the heart went out of the collective body of the Guest adherents and they quit, too, waiting in sullen, bewildered, disappointed silence for the inevitable.

After this it was felt that any further opposition to the Maydew program would be but a perfunctory opposition. The majority report of the committee on credentials was adopted by fifty-seven to fifty-three, the two Bryce delegates voting in the negative, as was to be expected. Even so, Maydew had a lead of four votes, which was not very many—but enough. To the accompaniment of a few scattering and spiritless *Nays* the convention took a recess of one hour. This meant a mighty busy hour for the secretary, but Maydew, from his temporary abiding place in the wings, sent orders to his floor managers to permit no more than an hour's delay at most. He was craving for the taste of his accomplished triumph. Besides, there was no trusting so mercurial a stream as Little River. It might go down with the same rapidity that had marked its coming up. So an hour it was.

The delegates flowed out of the Marshallville opera house into the public square of Marshallville, and half of them, or a little more than half, were openly jubilant; and half of them, or a little less than half, were downcast, wearing the look upon their faces of men who were licked and who knew it, good and well. Moving along through the crowded aisle, a despondent delegate from Mims, a distant kinsman of Major Guest, found himself touching shoulders with Sergeant Jimmy Bagby, who was a delegate from our own county.

The Mims County man, with a contemptuous flirt of his thumb, indicated the broad back of Judge Priest as the judge ambled deliberately along toward the door.

"I knowed it," he said in the tones of bitter recapitulation; "I knowed it from the start and I told 'em so; but no, they wouldn't listen to me. I knowed old Priest yonder was too old to be tryin' to run a campaign ag'inst a smart feller like Maydew, dern his slick hide! When the real test come, what did your Jedge Priest do? Why, he just natchelly curled up and laid flat down—that's what he done. I reckin they'll listen to me next time."

For once in his life, and once only, Sergeant Jimmy Bagby teetered just the least bit in his unquestioning allegiance to his life-long friend.

"Well, I don't know," he said, shaking his head; "I don't know. You might be right in what you say, and then ag'in you might be wrong. It shore did look like he slipped a little, awhile ago, but you can't jest always tell what's on Jedge Priest's mind," he added, pluckily renewing his loyalty.

The Mims County man grunted his disgust.

"Don't be foolin' yourself," he stated morosely. "You take it from me—when old men start goin' they don't never come back. And your old Jedge is plumb gone. A baby could 'a' seen that frum the way he acted jest now."

The object of this criticism plowed his slow way outdoors, all the while shaking his head with the air of one who has abandoned hope. In the street he gently but firmly disengaged himself from those who would have speech with him, and with obvious gloom in his manner made a way across the square to the Mansard House, where he and Major Guest had adjoining rooms on the second floor. His gait brisk-ened, though, as soon as he had passed through the lobby of the Mansard House and was hidden from the eyes of friend and enemy alike.

From the privacy of his room he sent out for certain men. With Captain Buck Owings, a small, grayish, resolute gentleman, and with Sheriff Giles Birdsong, a large, reddish, equally resolute gentleman, he was closeted perhaps ten minutes. They went away saying nothing to anyone, for the gift of silence was an attribute that these two shared in common. Then the Judge had brief audience with Major Guest, who emerged from the conference a crushed and diminished figure. Finally he asked to speak with Sergeant Bagby. The sergeant found him sitting in his shirt-sleeves, with his feet on a window ledge, looking out into the square and gently agitating a palm-leaf fan.

"Jimmy," he said, "I want you to run an errand fur me. Will you go find Dabney Prentiss—I seen him down there on the street a minute ago—and tell him I say to git a speech ready?"

"What kind of a speech?" inquired Sergeant Bagby.

"Jimmy Bagby," reproved Judge Priest, "ain't you knowed Dab Prentiss long enough to know that you don't have to tell him what kind of a speech he's to make? He's got all kinds of speeches in stock at all times. I'll confide this much to you though—it'll be the kind of a speech that he would 'specially prefer to make. Jest tell him I say be ready to say a few burnin' words when the proper time comes, ef it does come, which I certainly hope and trust it may."

Not greatly informed in his mind by this somewhat cryptic explanation, the Sergeant withdrew, and Judge Priest, getting up on his feet, actually began humming a little wordless, tuneless tune which was a favorite of his. However a thought of the melancholy interview that he had just had with Major Guest must have recurred to him almost immediately, for when he appeared in the open a bit later on his return to the opera house his head was bent and his form was shrunken and his gait was slow. He seemed a man weighed down with vain repinings and vainer regrets.

It would appear that the secretary in the interim had completed his appointed task, for no sooner had the convention reassembled than the chairman mounted to the stage and took his place alongside a small table behind the footlights and announced that nominations would now be in order; which statement was a cue for Attorney-at-Law Augustus Tate, of the County of Emmett, to get gracefully upon his feet and toss back his imposing mane and address the assemblage.

Attorney Tate was an orator of parts, as he now proceeded to prove beyond the slightest peradventure of a doubt. He was known as the Black Eagle of Emmett, for it had been said of him that he had an eye like that noble bird, the eagle. He had a chin like one, too; but that, of course, had no bearing upon his talents as displayed upon the stump, on the platform and in the forum, and in truth only a few malicious detractors had ever felt called upon to direct attention to the fact. In flowing and sonorous periods he placed in nomination the name of the Honorable Horace K. Maydew, concluding in a burst of verbal pin wheels and metaphorical skyrockets, whereat there was a great display of enthusiasm from floor and balcony.

When quiet had been restored Judge Priest got slowly up from where he sat and took an action which was not entirely unexpected, inasmuch as rumors of it had been in active circulation for half an hour or more. In twenty words he withdrew the name of the Honorable J. C. C. Guest as a candidate before the convention.

Only a rustle of bodies succeeded this announcement—that and an exhalation of breath from a few delegations, which attained to the volume of a deep joint sigh.

The chairman glanced over the house with a brightening eye. It was almost time to begin the jubilation. As a matter of fact several ardent souls among the Maydewites could hardly hold themselves in until the few remaining formalities had been complied with. They poised themselves upon the edges of their chairs, with throats tuned to lead in the yelling.

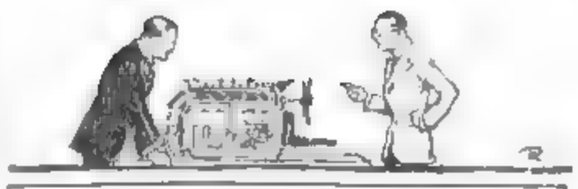
"Are there any other nominations?" asked the chairman, turning this way and that. He asked it as a matter of form merely. "If not, the nominations will be closed and the secretary will ——"

"Mister Cheerman, one minute."

The interrupting voice was the high-piped voice of Judge Priest, and the chairman straightened on his heels as though he had been bee-stung, to find Judge Priest still upon his feet.

"The chair recognizes Judge Priest again," said the chairman blandly. He assumed the Judge meant to accept his beating gracefully and, in the interest of party harmony, to move the nomination of Maydew by acclamation. On his part that would have been a fair enough presumption, but the first utterances that came now from the old Judge jerked open the eyes and gaped the mouth of the presiding officer. However, he was not alone there; nearly everybody was stunned.

"It was my painful duty a minute ago to withdraw the candidate that I had been privileged to follow in this campaign," said



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Judge Priest in his weedy notes. "It is now my pleasure to offer in his stead the name of another man as a suitable and a fittin' representative of this district in the National Halls of Congress." He glanced about him as though enjoying the surprised hush that had fallen upon the place, and for just a fraction of a second his eyes focused upon the lone occupant of the right-hand stage box, almost above his head. Then he went on, deliberately prolonging his syllables:

"The man whom I would nominate has never so fur as I know been active in politics. So fur as I know he has never aspired to or sought fur public office at the hands of his feller-citizens; in fact, he does not now seek this office. In presentin' his name for your consideration I am doin' so solely upon my own responsibility and without consultin' anyone on this earth.

"My present candidate is not an orator. He is not a mixer or an organizer. I am constrained to admit that, measured by the standards of commerce, he is not even a successful man. He is poor in this world's goods. He is leadin' at this moment a life of retirement upon a little barren hillside farm, where the gulleys furrow his tobacco patch and the sassafras sprouts are takin' his cornfield, and the shadder of a mortgage rests heavy upon his lonely roof tree.

"But he is an honest man and a God-fearin' man. As a soldier under the stars and bars he done his duty to the sorrowful end. As a citizen he has never willfully harmed his feller-man. He never invaded the sanctity of any man's home, and he never brought sorrow to any hearthstone. Ef he has his faults—and who amongst us is without them?—he has been the sole sufferer by them. I believe it has been charged that he drank some, but I never seen him under the influence of licker, and I don't believe anybody else ever did either.

"I nominate——" His voice took on the shrillness of a fife and his right fist, pudgy and clenched, came up at arm's length above his head—"I nominate—and on that nomination, in accordance with a rule but newly framed by this body, I call here and now fur an alphabetical roll call of each and every delegate—I offer as a candidate fur Congress aginst the Honorable Horace K. Maydew the name of my friend, my neighbor and my former comrade, Lysandy John Curd, of the voting precinct of Lone Ellum and the County of McMillan."

There was no applause. Not a ripple of approbation went up, nor a ripple of hostility either. But a gasp went up—a mighty gasp, deep and sincere and tremendously significant.

Of those upon the stage it was the chairman, I think, who got his wits back first. He was naturally quick-witted, else his sponsor would never have chosen him for chairman. In a mute plea for guidance he turned his head toward the wing of the stage where he knew that sponsor should be, and abruptly, at a distance from him to be measured by inches rather than by feet, his gaze encountered the hypnotizing stare of Captain Buck Owings, who had magically materialized from nowhere in particular and was now at his elbow.

"Stay right where you are," counseled Captain Buck in a half whisper. "We've had plenty of these here recesses—these proceedin's are goin' right on."

Daunted and bewildered, the chairman hesitated, his gavel trembling in his temporarily palsied hand. In that same moment Sheriff Giles Birdsong had got upon the stage, too; only he deemed his proper place to be directly alongside the desk of the secretary, and into the startled ear of the secretary he now spoke.

"Start your roll call, buddy," was what Mr. Birdsong said, saying it softly, in lullaby tones, yet imparting a profound meaning to his crooning and gentle accents. "And be shore to call off the names in alphabetical order—don't furgit that part!"

Inward voices of prudence dictated the value of prompt obedience in the brain of that secretary. Quaveringly he called the first name on the list of the first county, and the county was Bland and the name was Homer H. Agnew.

Down in the Bland County delegation, seated directly in front of the stage, an old man stood up—the Rev. Homer H. Agnew, an itinerant preacher.

"My county convention," he explained, "instructed us for Maydew. But under the law of this convention I vote now as an individual. As between the two candidates presented I can vote only one way. I vote for Curd."

Having voted, he remained standing. There were no cheers and no hisses. Everybody waited. In a silence so heavy that it hurt, they waited. And the secretary was constrained to call the second name on the Bland County list: "Patrick J. Burke!"

Now Patrick J. Burke, as one might guess from his name, belonged to a race that has been called sentimental and emotional. Likewise he was a communicant of a faith which long ago set its face like flint against the practice of divorce.

"I vote for Curd," said Patrick J. Burke, and likewise he stood up, a belligerent, defiant, stumpy, red-haired man.

"Rufus Burnett!"

This was the first convention Rufus Burnett had ever attended in an official capacity. In order that she might see how well he acquitted himself, he had brought his wife with him and put her in the balcony. We may figure Mrs. Burnett as a strong-minded lady, for before he answered to his name Mr. Burnett, as though seeking higher guidance, cocked a pestered eye aloft to where the lady sat, and she, saying nothing, merely pointed a finger toward the spot where old Judge Priest was stationed. Rufus knew.

"Curd," he said clearly and distinctly. Somebody yelled then, and other voices took up the yell.

There were eleven names on the Bland County list. The secretary had reached the eighth and had heard eight voices speak the same word, when an interruption occurred—perhaps I should say two interruptions occurred.

The Black Eagle of Emmett darted out from the wings, bounded over the footlights and split a path for himself to the seat of Judge Priest. For once he forgot to be oratorical. "We'll quit, Judge," he panted, "we're ready to quit. Maydew will withdraw—I've just come from him. He can't stand for this to go on; he'll withdraw if you'll take Curd's name down too. Any compromise candidate will do. Only, for heaven's sake, withdraw Curd before this goes any farther!"

"All right, son," said Judge Priest, raising his voice to be heard, for by now the secretary had called the ninth name and the cheering was increasing in volume; "that suits me first rate. But you withdraw your man first, and then I'll tell you who the nominee of this convention is goin' to be."

Turning, he put a hand upon Sergeant Bagby's arm and shook him until the sergeant broke a whoop in two and hearkened.

"Jimmy," said Judge Priest with a little chuckle, "step down the aisle, will you, and tell Dabney Prentiss to uncork himself and git his speech of acceptance all ready. He don't know it yit, but he's goin' to move up to Washington, D. C., after the next gineral election."

Just as the sergeant started on his mission the other interruption occurred. A lady fainted. She was conspicuously established in the stage box on the right-hand side, and under the circumstances and with so many harshly appraisive eyes fixed upon her there was really nothing else for her to do, as a lady, except to faint. She slipped out of her chair and fell backward upon the floor. It must have been a genuine faint, for certainly no person who was even partly conscious, let alone a tenderly nurtured woman, could have endured to lie flat upon the hard planks, as this lady did, with all those big, knobby jet buttons grinding right into her spine.

Although I may have wandered far from the main path and taken the patient reader into devious byways, I feel I have accomplished what I set out to do in the beginning: I have explained how Dabney Prentiss came to be our representative in the Lower House of the National Congress. The task is done, yet I feel that I should not conclude until I have repeated a short passage of words between Sergeant Jimmy Bagby and that delegate from Mims County who was a distant kinsman of Major Guest. It happened just after the convention, having finished its work, had adjourned, and while the delegates and the spectators were emerging from the Marshallville opera house.

All jubilant and excited now, the Mims County man came charging up and slapped Sergeant Bagby upon the shoulder.

"Well, sir," he clarioned, "the old Jedge did come back, didn't he?"

"My son," said Sergeant Bagby, "you was wrong before and you're wrong ag'in. He didn't have to come back, because he ain't never been gone nowheres."

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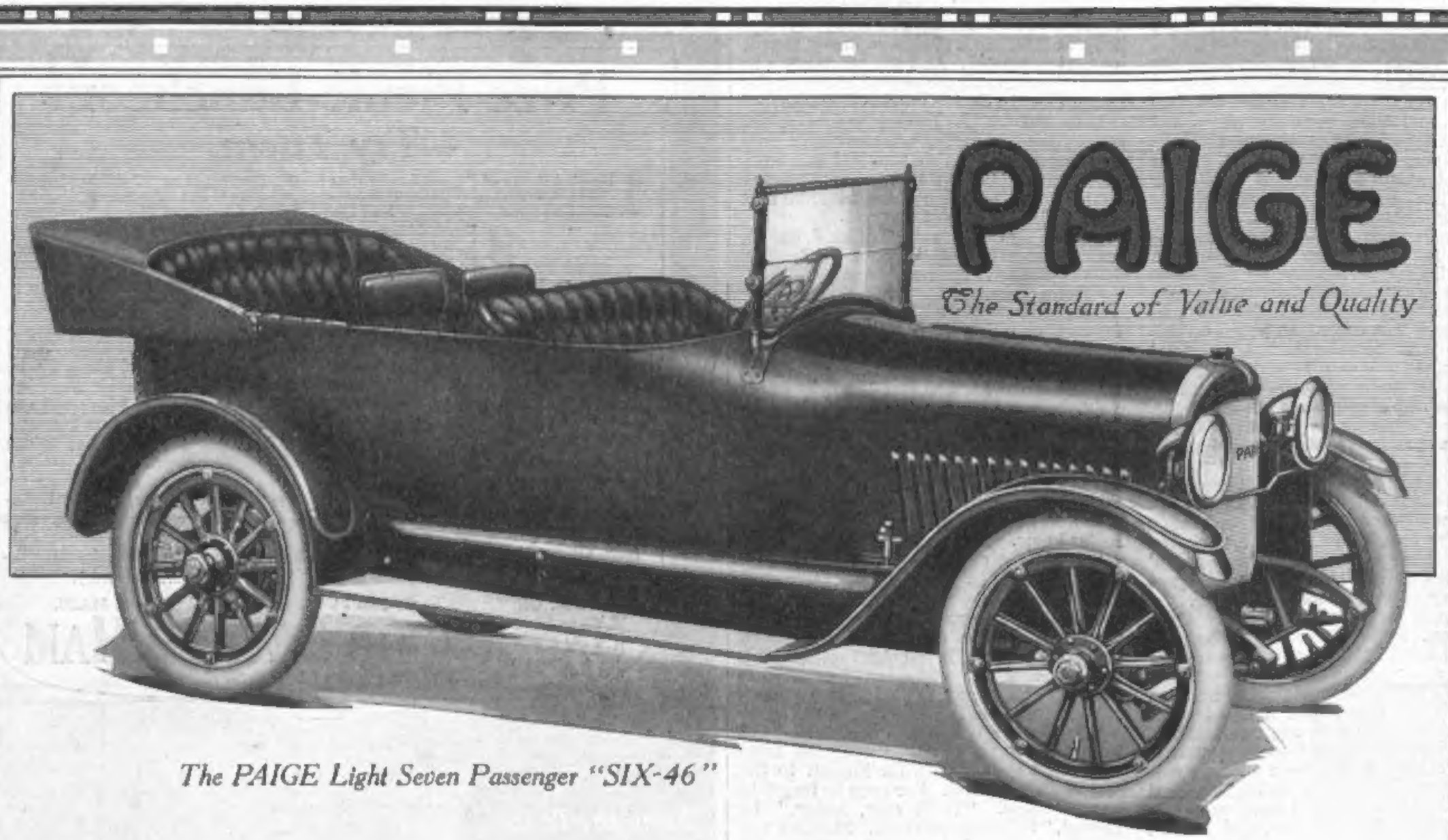

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Five passenger "SIX-36"
$1095

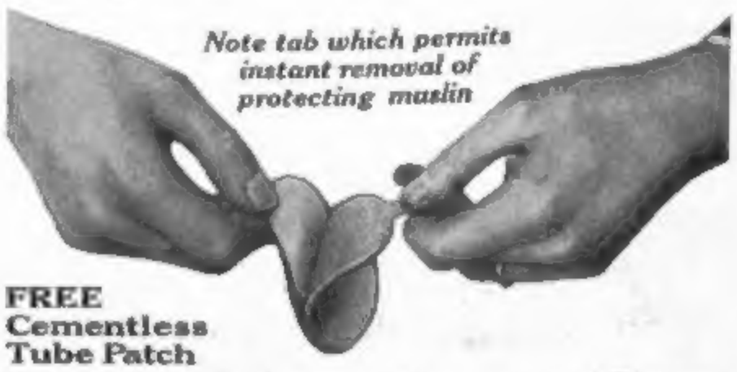
Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company, 1200 McKinstry Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

"—And Five Minutes to Spare
Thanks to That Firestone Cementless Tube Patch"

THE delay wasn't serious of itself—but they had to make that train, and they never could have done it without the help of that Firestone Cementless Patch! It took such a little time to put on, and it held as if a part of the tube. And that's always the way when dealers are "forehanded" enough to provide their trade with the invaluable

Firestone
TIRE ACCESSORIES
For Automobiles and Motorcycles

They come to the rescue just when they are needed most. They furnish that help which often adds hundreds of miles to the life of your tire long after it is supposed to have reached the "age-limit."



FREE Cementless Tube Patch

To prove the superlative working success of Firestone patches we will send one FREE to the address of any car-owner or dealer. A trial is enough to prove the exclusive advantages. Use coupon in opposite corner.

Firestone Accessories are made by experts who specialize in tires—built from the tire-maker's standpoint, especially to meet the needs of the motorist. They cover every possible contingency.

Dealers—You know how big "Emergency Service" counts. Firestone Accessories give that help at a pinch by which you will be remembered to your profit and prestige.

Firestone Non-Skid Tires—Extra Quality—Average Price

The extra endurance of Firestone Tires is the natural result of extras built in to every tire. Yet the price is not extra. Specialized production in the world's Largest Exclusive Tire Plant; specialized marketing methods and volume of output reduce cost. See your dealer today.

Firestone Tire and Rubber Co.

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

Akron, Ohio—Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Pneumatic Tires, Truck Tires, Pleasure Electric Tires, Carriage Tires, Motorcycle Tires, Fire Apparatus Tires, Rims, Tire Accessories, etc.

FIRESTONE Hook-On Boot
For either Clincher or Straight Side Tires.

FIRESTONE Lace-On Boot
Fits any style or type of tire. Furnished with extra long laces. Can be used with our Inside Blowout Patch.

FIRESTONE Inside Blowout Patch
Strong and reliable—holds tire securely after cut or blowout.

FIRESTONE Emergency Blowout Patch
Prevents small cuts or punctures in automobile or motorcycle tires from becoming large and serious.

FIRESTONE "Cure-Cut"
A soft rubber gum for filling in tread cuts and snags. Keeps out dirt and moisture.

FIRESTONE Air Pressure Gauge
Indispensable for tire users who desire longest and best tire service.

Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

Gentlemen:—Please send me FREE one Firestone Cementless Tube Patch.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Town*_____ *State*_____

*My Dealer's Name is*_____

*Address*_____

Cooling Food and Drink

Don't go without oranges this summer because you think they're high priced, or that they are "out of season." These are mistaken ideas.

Sunkist are picked ripe every day the year 'round in California.

Order now from your dealer—ask for Sunkist Valencias, oranges so sweet, tender, juicy and full-flavored that they delight the most jaded of palates.

Free Recipe Books

We will mail you, free, two valuable cook books filled with excellent orange and lemon recipes if you'll send your name and address on a post card to Dept. A55.

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Chicago, Illinois

Insist on Sunkist Lemons

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SELECTED CALIFORNIA VALENCIA ORANGES

All First Class Dealers Sell Them at the Price of Ordinary Oranges